THE American

MAG NOVEMBER 25c

A new challenge to Youth

40 STORIES AND FEATURES..A COMP

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Hawaii will keep you fascinated for as long as you can stay . . .

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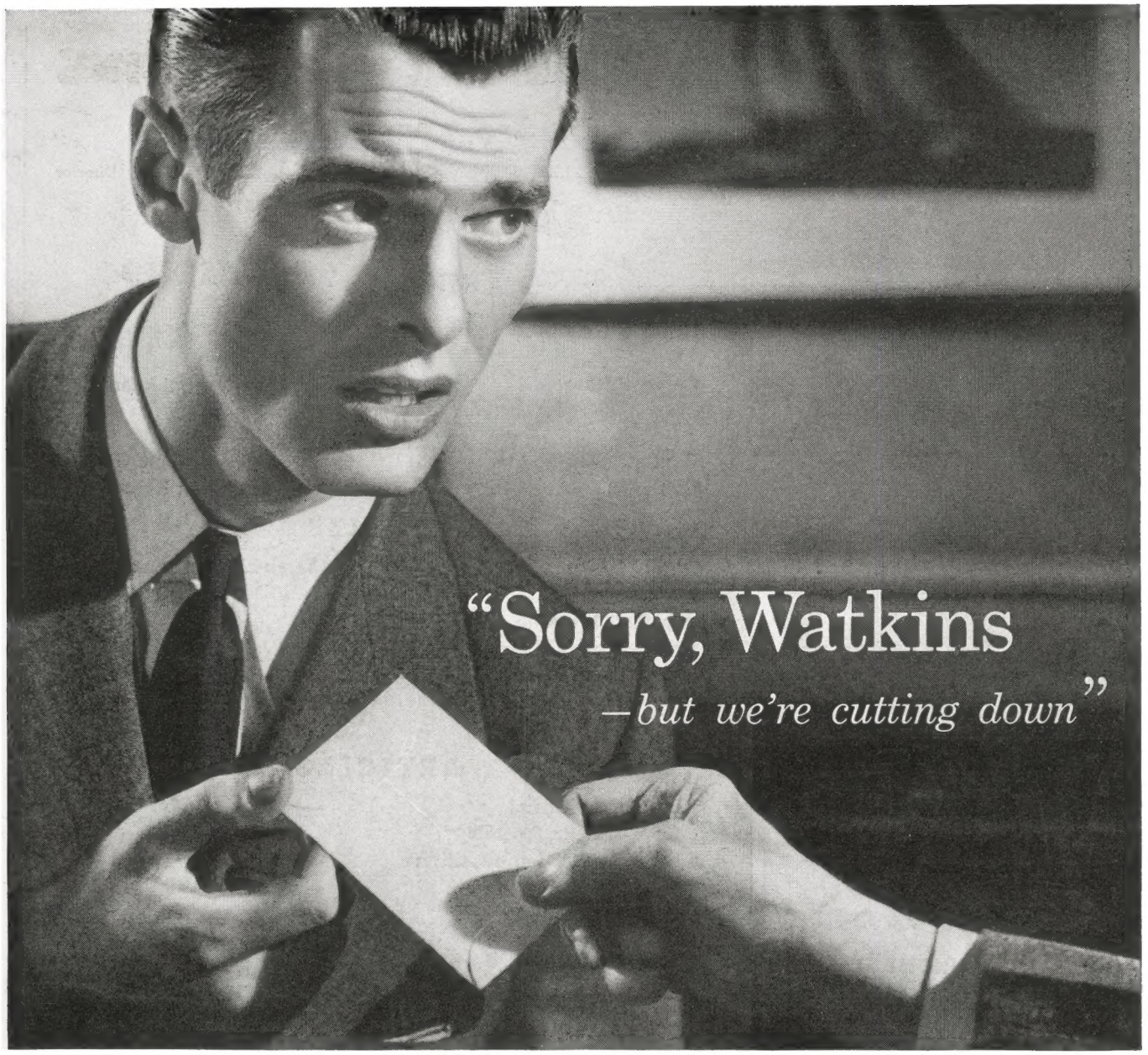

THAT'S the explanation they gave him, but they were letting him go for another reason entirely... one that Watkins didn't even suspect. Without realizing it, he had offended a number of the firm's best customers and they had complained to the boss. It was sort of tragic . . . to have this happen just when he thought he was getting some place. A good man, Watkins — and an ambitious one — but just a little bit careless.*

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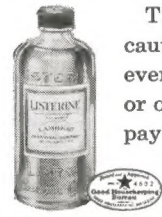

This wholly delightful precaution against a condition that everybody may have at some time or other without realizing it may pay you rich dividends in popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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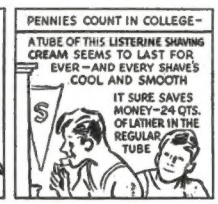

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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Model: Mia Slavenska

The characters in all short stories, novelettes, and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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"IT'S 'PINK TOOTH BRUSH' ALL RIGHT— AND I'VE NO ONE BUT MYSELF TO BLAME!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling with **IPANA AND MASSAGE!**

YES, I'm the one to blame! I'm the one who thought that I would never see a tinge of "pink" on my tooth brush!

Day after day, I just went along in the same old way . . . brushing my teeth so carefully, so faithfully . . . but never bothering at all about my gums!

Well, I've got "pink tooth brush," all right. But I'm not going to ignore it and let it spoil my smile. I'm going to do something about it right now . . . I'm going to see my dentist, today!

* * *

One sensible thing to do—when you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—is to *see your dentist!* It may not mean that you are headed for serious trouble, but get his advice.

Very often, however, it simply means lazy, tender gums—gums cheated of hard chewing by today's soft, creamy foods. They need more exercise—and that's why so many modern dentists often advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and gum massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums as well. Every time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums, they tend to become firmer and healthier.

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• No ONE respects the man who doesn't carry his share of the load.

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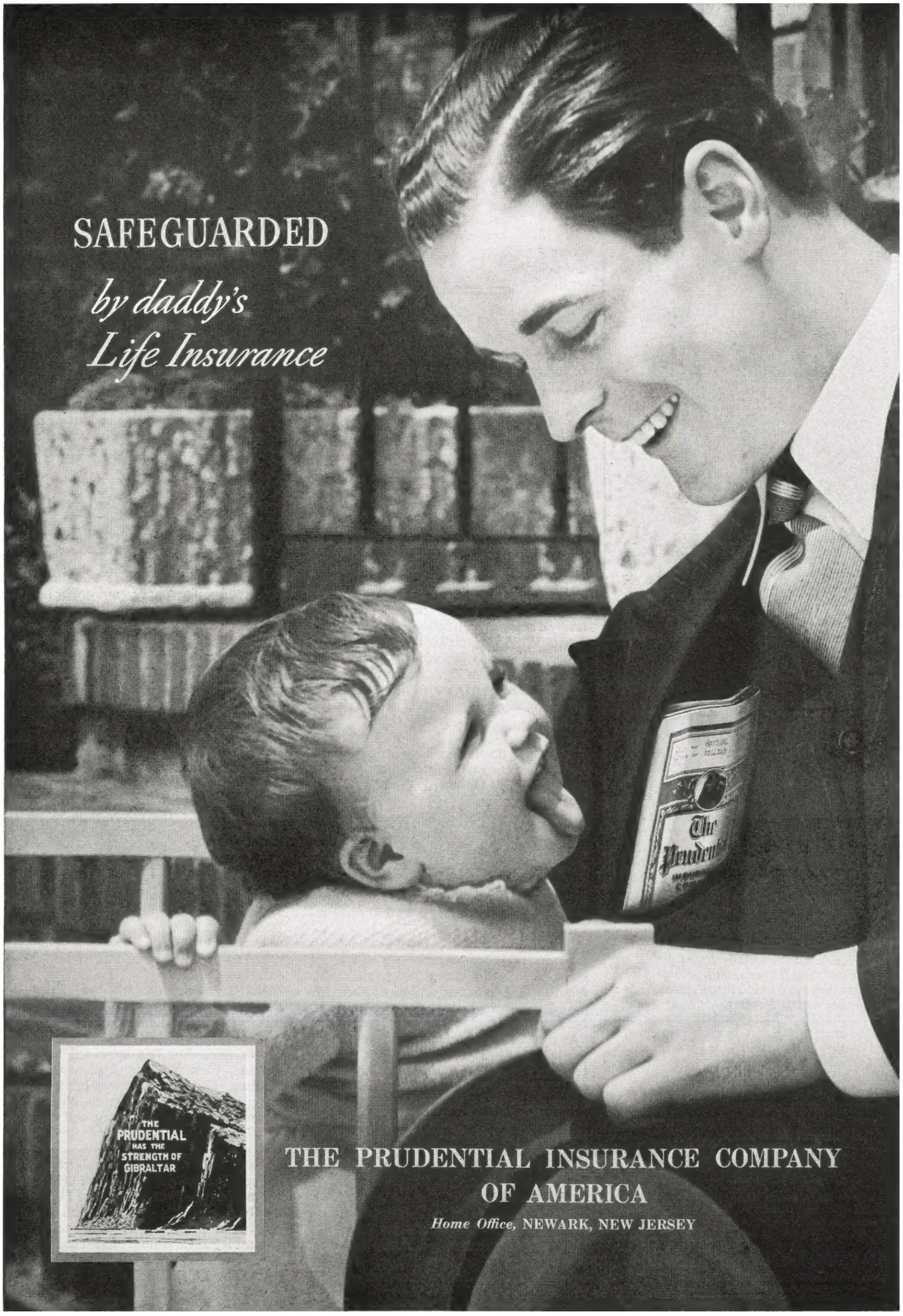
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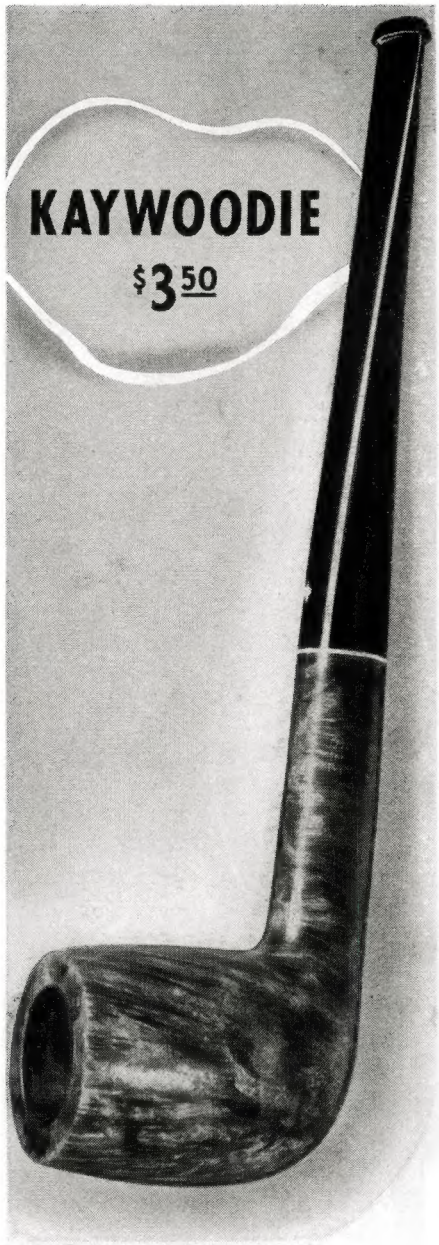
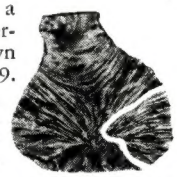


Cooler than your mouth!

Yes, the temperature of the smoke that you so lingeringly and enjoyably draw from your Kaywoodie Pipe is actually *lower* than the *temperature* inside your mouth! No wonder so many men have found that *Kaywoodie* is a pipe they can smoke—one that soothes and pleases the palate, is always satisfying—never strong or irritating. Often, these gentlemen tell us, they have searched for years for real pleasure from a pipe. Kaywoodie for them is an oasis in the desert—so welcome, so refreshingly cool and deeply satisfying that they are devoutly attached to it. Get a Kaywoodie yourself. Even if you have several, it's a pleasure to add a new shape to your cherished collection. Shown above, actual size. No. 29.



This shows the "prime cut" section of a large, mature briar burl—the only part that contains briar of possible Kaywoodie quality.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, New York *and* London
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Along the Way

➔ FROM a woman reader in Chicago comes a letter which poses a vital problem of today so vividly that we are printing it in full:

My son, a freshman in college, spent last week end at home with us. Naturally, we talked a lot about his new life and work, and he told me he was studying history, chemistry, French, economics, and English literature.

"Don't you," I asked, "take any course in religion?"

He looked at me with amazement. "Religion?" he said. "I wouldn't take religion any more than I'd take Greek or Sanskrit. The idea is to study just what will be useful later."

I let it go at that, because I'm not the sort of mother who likes to press a point, but what he said has been on my mind ever since. Is religion, really, as dead as Greek? Doesn't it have as much relation with life today as economics or chemistry? Aren't we taking a dangerous course if we neglect religion in educating our young people? What do you think?

Perhaps you readers have an answer for our correspondent. For the best letter of not more than 300 words on *What Is Religion's Place in the Modern World, and Why?* we will pay $100; for the second best letter, $50; for the third best, $25; and for the next five best, $5 apiece. Address all letters to RELIGION, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No letters can be considered after November 5th, and none returned.

➔ WE'RE introducing two new short story writers to American readers this month. C. D. Frazer, author of *A Perfect Jewel*, is 34, single, a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., and, naturally, a wistful Dodger fan. "As a writer," he informs us, "my background has been embarrassingly true to tradition—newspaper work, publicity, advertising. My only distinction is that I never worked on a freighter. Incidentally, the post office has always been excessively prompt with my rejected manuscripts in the past, but the letter from the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE saying he was interested in this story was lost in transit three days."

While the hero of *A Perfect Jewel* is a young man who delights in surprising his friends by cooking rare and exotic dishes, Mr. Frazer confesses that his own culinary accomplishments extend no farther than corned beef hash.

Our other newcomer is William R. Cox, author of *Slap Happy*, who can be found, at practically any given moment, enjoying the surf and sun on an island off the Florida coast. Mr. Cox was born in New Jersey 38 years ago, descendant of a long line of farmers. His early activities included work in shipyards, stokeholes, fac-

tories, and warehouses. At 21 he edited an Italian newspaper, although he still can't speak a word of Italian. (He had a stooge.) Then he drove a coal truck for seven years without an accident. "I was," he comments, "the best darn' truck driver in the whole state of New Jersey, but today my wife won't even let me drive our roadster. Says she doesn't feel safe with me at the wheel." Nowadays Mr. Cox devotes himself exclusively to writing—and that surf and that sun.

➔ SOME of our readers have been taking us to task for omitting our little sketches about the cover girls in recent issues. Hereafter, we promise to be more considerate, so meet Mia Slavenska, the Yugoslav ballerina who decorates our cover this month. She is a member of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and recently starred in the French motion picture, *Ballerina*, which introduced classic dancing to a lot of people whose previous glimpses of dancing had been limited to jitterbug antics.

Mia has been dancing ever since she started taking most of the leading children's roles in ballets at the opera house in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, at the advanced age of five. She has appeared in Paris, London, New York, and plenty of way stations. Our picture shows her in a rare instant of repose between a couple of hefty leaps—we forget what they call them in Russian.

➔ DON'T miss the streamlined version of the Odyssey which appears in this issue. It's by Munro Leaf, creator of Ferdinand the Bull, and it's Homer as he was *not* taught in school. Mr. Leaf takes the ancient legend and interprets it as if it happened yesterday or today. You'll be surprised how much life those old Greeks had! The illustration is (*Continued on page 8*)

GET YOUR FURNACE OFF YOUR MIND...

TURN TO

Whether you want radiator heat or warm air heat, burning oil or gas, there's a General Electric heating unit to give you clean, comfortable, care-free, automatic heat.

New low prices! Economical to run, too—records kept by hundreds of G-E Oil Furnace users show fuel savings of 25% to 50%! Why not enjoy this money-saving luxury?

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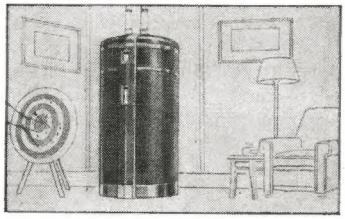

G-E Furnace (oil or gas) for steam, hot water or vapor—gives you the finest, most economical heat—*plus year 'round hot water*—automatically, at minimum cost.

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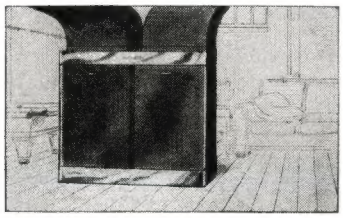
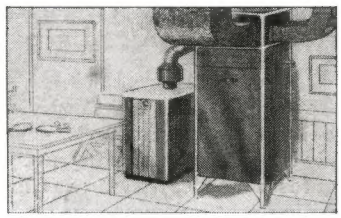


G-E Winter Air Conditioner (oil or gas) gives you abundant heat at low cost—plus *winter air conditioning.* Humidifies, cleans and circulates the warmed air.

IF YOU WANT A COMBINATION



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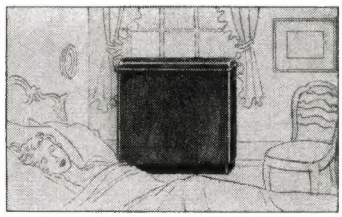

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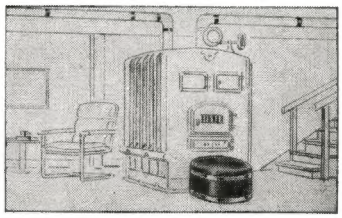

G-E Oil Burner fits your present furnace, whether you have radiator or warm air heat. Low in cost — economical in operation. Quiet — odorless — easy to install.

Get full details from your local G-E distributor (see Classified Telephone Directory) or send coupon.

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Please send me literature on G-E ☐ Oil Furnace for radiator heat; ☐ Oil Winter Air Conditioner for warm air heat; ☐ Oil Burner for my present furnace; ☐ Gas Furnace for radiator heat; ☐ Gas Winter Air Conditioner for warm air heat; ☐ Summer Air Conditioning.

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You've hit your inner stride

....when you regain healthy per·i·stal·sis

You're tingling with vitality...all set to go...once you hit your inner stride!

This inner stride takes its pace within the intestines from a contracting and expanding motion known as per-i-stal-sis. When that motion is rhythmic, you're at ease. When it's sluggish, constipation makes *you* feel sluggish, dull.

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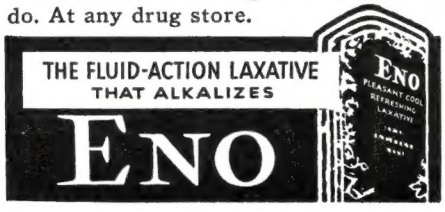
After such encouragement, healthy peristalsis can be set in motion. You can get back in stride!

A refreshing alkalizer

Eno also helps neutralize excess stomach acids. You'll find it a welcome aid in "alkalizing" and you'll enjoy its fresh, bubbly taste.

If you're off-stride, give Eno a trial. See what its alkalizing fluid action can do. At any drug store.



Along the Way

(*Continued from page 6*)

by Peter Arno, the smart cartoonist who is appearing for the first time in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. *Next*—the complicated romance of Romeo and Juliet, brought up to 1939.

➔ IF TOM GILL should ever weary of writing serials (which, judging from the enthusiastic response to *Gentleman of the Jungle*, we hope he doesn't), he can while away a few months at least in a crop-raising contest with Mitchell Jenkins, Jr., assistant horticulturist at the South Carolina Truck Experiment Station.

Mr. Jenkins's patriotic ire was aroused when he came across Mr. Gill's statement in our September issue that the banana produces 7½ tons of human food per acre in Central America and—"try to beat that with any crop in the United States."

"For Mr. Gill's information," writes Mr. Jenkins, "the ordinary potato frequently produces 8 to 12 tons of tubers per acre. Cabbage acquits itself nobly with 12 to 15 tons, and our friend the tomato exerts itself under favorable conditions and manufactures from sunlight, soil, and water fully 20 tons of ripe, red fruit. If Mr. Gill still puts his faith in the

tropical banana, we are willing to challenge him to a production duel. And we'll take the cucumber—since only last year we plucked over 10 tons from one acre."

Okay, boys, pick your fields and go to it—hoes and rakes for weapons, no holds barred.

➔ OUR morning mail was brightened considerably the other day by this cheery note from Arlington, Minn.:

Dear Sir:

I am a poetess. In fact, I am a very good poetess, having read, written, and loved poetry for sixteen years, which is my age. But I not only want to write poetry. I want other people to read it. I am enclosing a poem which I have written.

Yours very truly,
Gloria Lou Vesta

And here is Mistress Vesta's poem, called:

PLAYBOY

He always liked the women
(Not to mention wine and song),
But even to our Parson Jones
He never seemed quite wrong.

He loved to while away his nights
In places not quite good.
But no one ever called him bad,
Because they never could.

He always won his poker games—
You should have seen him cheat!
Yet in respectability
He just could not be beat.

I never could quite comprehend
Just why all this was true—
Unless it is because Grandpa
Has just turned eighty-two.

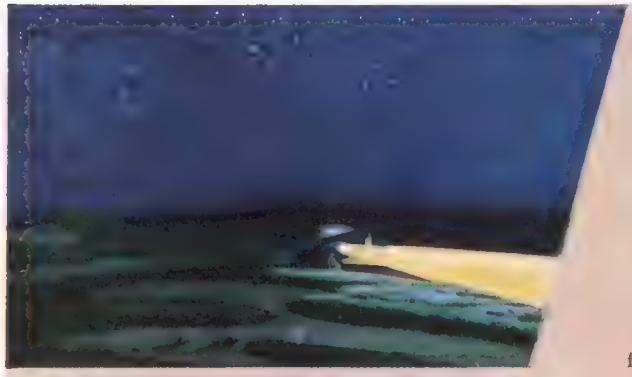
To our way of thinking, Gloria Lou, that's as neat a rhyme as has come our way in weeks. Thanks to you—and here's hoping you inspire other amateur balladeers.

➔ IF a taxi bumped into you in Manhattan and you were rushed to a certain hospital, you might meet the attractive young woman whose picture appears at the foot of this column. She is Louise Skene, a registered nurse who writes our column *Till the Doctor Comes*. Of course, we don't have to wait for a taxi to commit mayhem on us to see her. She drops in every now and then to discuss her column. "Sometimes," she told us the other day, "I think good intentions are worse than accidents. When someone gets hurt, friends try to do things to help him until the doctor comes, and they generally end up by making him worse off than he was before."

Okay, Miss Skene, we'll be more careful next time Uncle Al tumbles down the back stairs. Incidentally, you may remember Miss Skene. She wrote a short story, *Hearts on the Mend*, which appeared in our June, 1938, issue, and she also led off the *Interesting People* section that month. She is one of those rare young ladies who came to New York because she thought it was glamorous—and, after a dozen years, still thinks so.

P.S. We envy her. The only place we think is glamorous is the little New England town we *left* a dozen years ago.

Louise Skene—"Sometimes good intentions are worse than accidents"



CRUISE IN QUIET. Nash's exclusive Super Shock-absorbers combine with Individual Front Wheel Springing to quietly smooth the roughest road. New Sealed Beam lights are glareless, yet 50% more powerful.

You Won't be Home Tonight

YOU'LL see it pass like a ship in the night . . . a silent blur . . . a silver phantom. And you'll know by the sudden thump in your pulse—you've seen your first 1940 Nash!

You won't wait long.

But when you take the pilot's seat, hold on tight! For there's more power under this flashing hood than you've probably ever toed before.

At throttle touch, the country outside becomes a crazy-quilt. Then a Fourth Speed Forward seems to shoot you forward on the giant shoulder of a wave.

When a car looms up ahead, just *nudge* the throttle, and you'll *sprint* by, in Nash's new dazzling Automatic Overtake.

Exciting? Yes—but *wait!*

Head for a road that's full of bumps. Then watch the hood ahead. See if you can make it bobble—try to feel a rise in that airy seat beneath you.

With a baby's grip on the wheel, you feather around sharp curves . . . walk a chalk-line on loose gravel.

Outside, a frosty wind is stripping the trees—but you don't feel it. Nor will you ever know cold, dust, or stuffy air again—thanks to the Weather Eye.

You're having your first Arrow-Flight Ride.

And when it darkens, just pull up—beneath a scarlet tree—and turn into your Nash convertible bed.

As a thousand stars wheel above, you'll forget about business and politics, in learning what living on wheels may be like!

. . .

Five minutes in a new 1940 Nash is more fun than a lifetime in ordinary cars . . . yet a Nash is as easy to own as any. Big as it is, it's priced with the lowest, and a Gilmore-Yosemite economy winner.

Give your Nash dealer those five exciting minutes . . . today!

NEVER FEEL THE FROST or sudden changes in the weather. Nash's exclusive Weather Eye keeps "balanced" conditioned air comfort always in the car. Automatic. No dust or drafts.

EVEN LOWEST-PRICED models flash you from 15 to 50 MPH in less than 13 seconds, high gear. Fourth Speed Forward saves up to 20% on gasoline. Nash long-life means higher resale value. 1800 Nash dealers to serve you.

Again... **NASH**

IT'S THAT NEW

Cheeriest prescription ever written—

Send her flowers—by wire!

IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN ILL, and someone sent you flowers, you know how much it meant.

You smiled and suddenly felt better. That dreary room seemed brighter. All day long, those gay flowers seemed to say, "*Come on—perk up!*"

Flowers will do the trick every time. And you can send them to anyone anywhere in the world —*by wire!*

Just telephone or go to the nearest authorized F.T.D. flower shop displaying the F.T.D. (Florists' Telegraph Delivery) emblem. Give the florist your order. He does the rest. Even thousands of miles away, your flowers are delivered. The freshest, loveliest flowers that ever perked up a patient!

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM! IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF COMPLETE SATISFACTION

It is the mark of the world's top-flight florists —florists pledged to fill every wire order with extra special care.

COST? ANOTHER CHEERFUL SURPRISE! For your F. T. D. florist has dozens of delightful ideas to suit your purse. Boxes of bright, fresh-cut flowers, or vase arrangements at $3, $5, $7.50, and $10. No additional charge to you, except the actual cost of the wire.

WIRE FLOWERS THROUGH AUTHORIZED F. T. D. MEMBER SHOPS

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION ENABLES YOU TO "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS—BY WIRE!"

DRAWING BY STEVAN DOHANOS

NIGHT *without* MUSIC

Even strong-minded men fall under the spell of a tropical moon and whispering palms

BY SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER

PHILIP had recited most of his reasons last night to his aunt, Miss Alicia Hunt, head librarian of the Fillmore Memorial Collection of Americana.

"I'll be paid more for this six weeks than I earn in a year of my more or less desultory practice," he had said.

"Rome wasn't built in a day," replied Miss Alicia tartly.

"No. But you'll admit it doesn't *hurt* a young doctor to meet possible patients?"

"That depends."

He had smiled at her in affectionate exasperation, knowing, as he had since he was a child, that her bark had no bite behind it. "My head doesn't turn easily, if that's what you mean, beloved aunt. Moreover, rich people don't impress me unless their insides are spectacular."

Their good-by was brisk, unsentimental. Yet Miss Alicia, who never kissed her relatives, gripped his hand harder than usual. She said, "Take care of yourself, Philip. I expect you know how."

Her look was grave. It followed him till he fell asleep on the train, and he remembered it in the heady morning sunlight of Miami, on waking.

He boarded the Fillmore yacht in the

Because he could no longer withstand her he bent and laid his lips on hers

Bettina belonged to a world of games and newspaper pictures, of amusement and the fantasy of easy living

forenoon, carrying his small leather doctor's bag himself. It gave him, he thought, a dependable professional air. He was no playboy, going along for the ride or to deepen a sunburn. He was Dr. Philip Hunt, responsible for the health of every man jack aboard. . . .

He reported his presence to the captain according to Mr. Fillmore's instructions, and was shown to a small, neat cabin.

"The family are attending a farewell luncheon in their honor on shore," he was told. "They'll be along later. We sail at four."

Philip stowed his few belongings away and had lunch with the captain and the first officer in the dining saloon. After this he was to have his meals with the family and their guests. He imagined, and was not in the least certain, that the captain's face wore a faintly pitying look as he announced Philip's status.

"Well, amuse yourself, Doctor," he said as he folded his napkin. "Like to go ashore and look around Miami?"

"No, thanks." Philip hesitated a moment, then blurted out the question that had been hammering at his mind: "Look. Have they always carried a doctor along on their cruises?"

"Ever since I've been skipper for Mr. Fillmore. Dr. Marshall used to come aboard at this time every year, but, as I guess you've heard, he died at Newport last summer. He was a grand old doc, he was."

The captain, with a mournful shaking of his large, grizzly head, walked toward the forward deck, and Philip was alone.

HE STOOD by the rail, eyes absently fixed on the other boats in the great, curving harbor, his mind aware of the importance of this day. He was young, reasonably good-looking; he was very sure he knew his business. Where mightn't these contacts lead him? He owed a debt of gratitude to his Aunt Alicia, who, however disapproving, once he had accepted, was the person really responsible for his receiving the offer. She had been in the employ of the Fillmore Foundation for more than fifteen years; she knew all about the Fillmore personnel, from the staff in charge of its charitable enterprises to the crew of the family's private yacht. If it had not been for Aunt Alicia, Philip would not have heard that Mr. Prentice Fillmore was keeping his eyes open for a competent doctor—preferably young, unattached, well recommended, socially acceptable. . . .

He was startled at a cool, amused voice behind him: "Hi, Doctor! You are the doctor, I suppose?"

Philip flushed, unreasonably annoyed at having been caught dreaming. Turning around, he said, "Dr. Philip Hunt. And you?"

It was a girl, a tall, slim-legged creature with a head flung too high for her own good. But Philip thought it a nicely modeled head.

"I'm Bettina," she said flippantly. "The chatter of childish voices and the patter of little feet . . . in other words, the brat."

"Miss Fillmore," he acknowledged gravely.

"No. Bettina Gray, Mrs. Fillmore's daughter."

"I see."

BUT he didn't see. He was puzzled at the look which fell over her face with the finality of a little curtain. It seemed especially significant, her saying she was Bettina Gray. "Are there any other children?" he asked humorously. "I rather fancy myself as a pediatrician."

"I'm the only one, and I'm nineteen," she said, unannoyed, "And never sick." She crossed long, tan fingers and laughed into his eyes.

Philip wondered if his aunt had known there was a daughter, and, if so, if that was what she had meant by her last warnings. . . . He made a mental note to write her that he had met Bettina and she was no glamour girl, just a nice, wisecracking kid who might follow him around—but only because she was lonely.

"Tell me about my patients," he asked her abruptly. "Mr. Fillmore wasn't sure how many were coming when he engaged me."

She was still laughing at him, but she checked off the list of names on her fingers: "My mother, of course. She gets nervous headaches, but all she needs is a little sympathy. Then there's Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Fillmore, my cousins by courtesy. Johnny is Mr. Fillmore's nephew, you see. And Mrs. Fillmore Lathrop, Mr. Fillmore's sister—at present unmarried. I ought to warn you, she overeats and gets indigestion; but you have to call it a heart murmur."

"You're outrageous," said Philip calmly.

"I know. But you wanted to hear the low-down, though you were too polite to say so. . . . There's my stepfather's best friend, Mr. Gustave Knickerbocker. He's a bank president, but really a nice old gent. And there's Miss Hannah Todd, the famous decorator—Mother adores her; she's doing over our house in

town and she needs to get away to attain a new perspective—on the colors and chintzes, I mean. And when we stop at Palm Beach tomorrow a superlative young man is coming aboard. Mother asked him for me." She finished, looking at him expectantly for comments.

"Do you think he's superlative, too?" asked Philip shrewdly.

"No, but then I'm a problem child." She spoke without a trace of a smile. "A girl who's had absolutely every advantage in life and still has no more discrimination than a poor, ignorant little Hottentot."

"Quoting from what source?" he demanded.

But the curtain had fallen again. The young face was as blank as if she hadn't heard him. "There they are," she said suddenly. "Please let them introduce us all over again, won't you?" She left him as noiselessly as she had come.

PHILIP found himself walking over to Mr. Fillmore with his hand extended. It was cordially taken.

"Well, how are you? See you found your way aboard. Delighted to have you with us. Here he is, Elizabeth. All ready for headaches or appendectomies. My wife, Dr. Hunt."

Mrs. Fillmore relaxed her beautiful, discontented face into a brief smile. She gave him her cool, slender hand. "This is Dr. Hunt, everybody. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Lathrop. Miss Todd. Mr. Knickerbocker. And Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Fillmore."

Philip, for some reason, knew their faces. Bettina had put them all uncannily into her voice when she listed them. . . . Mrs. Fillmore Lathrop—at present unmarried, a lady apt to overeat and call it heart trouble. Philip would have recognized her anywhere—she had hair improbably blond, restless, protuberant blue eyes, a thickening, beautifully groomed body. . . . Miss Todd, the decorator, was thin and chic and obviously successful—nothing neurotic about her. . . . Mr. Knickerbocker was exactly what Bettina had said—a nice old gent with an amiable face, now pink with sunburn. . . . The young Fillmores, "cousins by courtesy," were a typical handsome couple you could find in the gravure section of the Sunday papers. Lots of time to play, friends all over the world, plenty of money without working for it—and half sick with boredom.

Philip wondered if they had a baby—but Lita Fillmore looked definitely not the type.

"Well, now you've met us all, Dr. Hunt. I hope we're not too confusing *en masse*," said Mrs. Fillmore in a high, social voice. "Except my daughter," she amended as Bettina stepped in sight. "Really, Bettina, you were very rude to leave before the rest of us. Come here, dear. This is Dr. Hunt, who is going to keep us well on the cruise."

NEXT MONTH

★

THE maestro would sit with her at the piano throughout the night, patiently alert to the faintest blur of a wrongly pedaled passage. He would whisper of Schumann and the loves of Liszt. Then he would play, and break off suddenly to march across the room, waving his arms and shouting a theme: "Play, Myra!" he would say. "Play as I do! You are mine and I made you—play, play, play!"

And because she was his and wanted him to be happy, Myra played, pouring all of herself into the music. . . .

CONCERTO

is the brilliant, passionate story of a woman to whom music brought a sense of power . . . power to create, to conquer, to destroy, and power to love. It's the short novel complete in the December issue . . . by that master storyteller . . .

BORDEN CHASE

The girl gave him an indifferent nod, which he answered with impersonal pleasantness.

He looked at her closely. She had brushed her mane of dark hair, doubtless to please her mother, who would lay stress on grooming, and touched her rather wide young mouth with a flamboyant lipstick that suited its mood. He had made a mistake. Bettina was beautiful—so carelessly, scornfully beautiful that it made her mother look faded and blurred, like a bad photograph.

He thought, "Where have I seen you before?" and suddenly remembered.

One night last fall he had made a late call on a patient at a mid-town hospital and, as he left and walked over to his parked car, a shrieking procession advanced down the street. Blinking tired eyes, he finally registered that it was a hay wagon, pulled by two white horses and driven by a dashing young woman whose sunbonnet had slid back over her dark hair. The back of the wagon was crowded with girls and boys, and placards tacked on the sides and rear announced that this was the Charity Hayride for the benefit of Crippled Children. He saw in the morning papers that it had ended at a night club on Fifty-fourth Street. The same arrogant young face he had seen on the driver's seat stared at him from the society page. He had never bothered to look at the caption underneath. His main thought on the subject had been cynical and somewhat contemptuous: "Have you ever seen a crippled child, I wonder?"

So Bettina Gray was that New York phenomenon, a season's debutante. Still smiling faintly, though there was nothing to smile about, Philip recalled having heard that from two hundred and fifty to three hundred of them were poured out on society every year. Some slipped, some were sent abroad to study, and some were successful. The successful ones were chosen to drive white horses for charity, to be ringleaders in all the stunts a bunch of silly people could think up.

"A nice kid who may follow me around—but only because she's lonely," quoted Philip ironically to himself. He supposed he deserved it. Standing so silently and smugly by the rail, his mind full of beautiful pictures of the future, he must have seemed a fair enough target for Bettina's archery practice.

"THANKS," she whispered to him as the group of people distributed themselves in their staterooms or on deck.

"For what?" he said coolly.

"For not giving me away, goop."

"I can't see how it would have mattered. This is a free country. There are no laws against speaking to strange young men who happen to be going along on your father's yacht."

"Don't be nasty about something you don't in the least understand," she said sharply.

"Then suppose you elucidate—no, that's too many syllables for a current deb. I mean, explain."

Her gray eyes looked stormy.

"Sorry," he said. "That was pretty rude."

Evidently she decided to overlook it. Averting her face till he saw only a cleanly carven, rather chilly young profile, she said, "They're taking me on this cruise to get me away from a man, you see—someone they don't approve of."

"What sort of man?"

"He paints. Oh, you wouldn't have heard of him—yet, but some day he'll be having one-man shows and Mother will be pulling wires to get him to do her portrait; and it'll be too late."

"Too late?" Philip echoed.

"Yes," she said bitterly. "Unless I can leave the boat and get back to New York before he forgets me."

"He must have a poor memory."

"He's wrapped up in his work. Women are—well, just transient, nebulous beings

to him. He never knows they're around."

"Do you want to *marry* the fellow?" Philip felt rather sorry for her. She looked so young, so pitifully vulnerable.

"I don't know," whispered Bettina, with bewildered eyes. "Mother found out I was seeing him and dragged me away."

"Probably she was very wise."

"Probably. But I like to make my own decisions, don't you?" She had become the assured girl he remembered on the hayride again. "Anyway, now you know. Tomorrow Fenwick J. Bellowes, 3rd, is coming aboard. If I ever want to get back to civilization, I'll have to pretend I'm over my—my predilection for dangerous companions."

"Am I a dangerous companion, too?" asked Philip, amused.

"Potentially."

"I take that back about words with too many syllables."

"Thank you."

For the second time, Bettina vanished without a sound. Philip stayed on deck, watching the anchor being raised, then, presently, the crowded harbor receding like a dream. . . .

MRS. FILLMORE was having one of her headaches early in the morning the following day, so Philip did not see Fenwick Bellowes boarding the yacht with his luggage. He heard his voice through the open porthole of Mrs. Fillmore's beautifully decorated stateroom, and found himself agreeing with Bettina somewhat against his will. The voice was higher pitched than was attractive in a male and very British as to accent. It addressed the steward as "my man."

"There's Fenwick," sighed his patient. "I hope Bettina will explain to him why I can't appear till lunch."

"I'm sure she will," said Philip soothingly. He felt he was going well with her. If sympathy was what upper-class patients wanted, he felt perfectly capable of rising to the top. He knew with certainty that his presence, six-feet-two of muscular height, was reassuring, and even his Aunt Alicia had told him that his voice was "well placed."

He had Mrs. Fillmore's head in working condition by noon. "Really, you're wonderful, Dr. Hunt," she said, and called to her maid to bring her make-up box.

But they were not, it seemed, sailing for Key West until later in the afternoon. The ladies had discovered that it was the last day of the Flower Show at Palm Beach and they declared that they couldn't be persuaded to miss it.

"Not for all the fish in the ocean, Prentice," said Mrs. Fillmore smoothly when her husband grumbled. "You boys can simply oil up your reels again—unless you want to go to the Flower Show with us."

Mr. Fillmore, his friend Mr. Knickerbocker, and young Johnny Fillmore beat a hasty retreat. Only Philip was left.

"You'll go along, won't you, Doctor?" said Mrs. Fillmore sweetly. "Sometimes my headaches come back, walking in the hot sun."

There was nothing to do but accept his role, half doctor, half gigolo for the ladies. Anger and self-contempt welling up in his chest, Philip endured the endless afternoon. Mr. Fillmore gave him a crumpled twenty-dollar bill to pay the admissions. It cost two dollars apiece to enter the grounds.

When they returned to the yacht at sundown Bettina and Fenwick Bellowes were lying in deck chairs talking. He could hear the girl's low laughter as he followed Mrs. Fillmore, Mrs. Lathrop, and Miss Todd aboard.

"Hello," she (*Continued on page 98*)

A Cuban boy came out with a guitar and serenaded them with "Estrellita"

Out of the earthquakes which recently toppled Louisiana's bosses emerged a powerful pretender to Huey Long's empire. He is Mystery Maestri, a poultry peddler's son who is making amazing political history

BY DON EDDY

KINGFISH THE Second

Robert Sidney Maestri
© HARRIS-EWING

IN THE pitiless spotlight of a battery of federal investigations, a new Kingfish is rising out of the tempestuous political waters of Louisiana. He is a swarthy, stout, silent, shrewd, unpredictable Kingfish, with a deft mastery of intrigue, a fine passion for doing things, and a contemptuous disdain for orthodoxy.

His name is Robert Sidney Maestri. He is Mayor of New Orleans—a mayor who never was elected, never ran for office. He grabbed control in a coup reminiscent of Mussolini's conquest of Rome. He is fifty years old this December, the multimillionaire son of an Italian-American poultry peddler.

Maestri was the secret political handler of the late Huey Long and a dominating power in Long's invincible monarchy. Eight years ago, little more than a myth, he was called Mystery Maestri. He liked that. He would rather be the man who pulls the strings than the puppet who dangles from them.

As the veil of mystery thins, he emerges as the undisputed ruler of Huey's empire, the unquestioned and unquestionable political boss of Louisiana.

Huey Long's dynasty has fallen. The Maestri dynasty has just begun. What the new dictator intends to do with his power—provided he is able to retain it—is the towering question mark of the deep South.

Early last spring the chief horticulturist of New Orleans was summoned to the mayor's office to explain why the flowers were not blooming in the ornamental parkways on upper Canal Street. The mayor watches details as small as that. The gardener said he thought they needed a different kind of fertilizer. The boss regarded him inscrutably with those sharp brown eyes, a fat cigar tucked in a corner of his mouth. Finally he barked, "You been keeping an eye on your men up there?"

The gardener confessed he had been busy elsewhere. He hadn't been on Canal Street lately.

"Listen," said the mayor, "and remember what I tell you. The best fertilizer in the world is the footprints of the boss."

He applies that homely axiom. You find his footprints all over Louisiana and as far north as Washington, D. C.

Unbiased observers told me that Maestri is stronger today than was Huey Long at his best. The first reason is that he possesses an indomitable force of will; he is essentially a strong man. The second reason is that he has had the active co-operation of the federal administration and the affectionate support of the financial interests, both of which hated and feared Huey like poison.

Nobody, of course, knows what may happen before the lowering storms of federal investigations in Louisiana blow over. They started last spring when Attorney General Frank Murphy announced the federal government was determined to clean up the political corruption which was the heritage of the Long regime.

Not long afterward, Dr. James Monroe Smith, of Louisiana State University, was indicted on forty state and federal counts. Then two of Long's chief heirs—ex-Governor Richard W. Leche and Seymour Weiss, hotel operator—were indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of accepting large sums of money in connection with a "hot oil" deal three years ago. Later another Long aide, Abe Shushan, was accused by a federal grand jury of using the mails to defraud.

As this article is written, the federal investigations are continuing. Louisiana's best elements have cluttered Maestri's office with gold and silver plaques testifying to his good works, but they look with apprehension at the dark scandals jolting the state.

Rumors persist that Maestri himself had a hand in instigating the probes, seeking thus to liquidate certain cliques and individuals who threatened his absolute rule and whom he could not himself remove without embarrassment. The mayor brands this a ridiculous hypothesis—but he is throwing no stones in the path of the investigators.

"If there is any graft in Louisiana," he told me, frowning ominously, "I'll help kick it out."

"The King is dead—long live the King"

DRAWING BY TALBUR.

To date he has apparently been a benevolent if dour despot. He has yanked New Orleans out of bankruptcy, paid all its bills, gnawed million-dollar chunks out of its bonded indebtedness, put it on a cash basis with a $1,000,000 bank balance, revived private business, and welded all classes into one clannish unit fiercely dedicated to the city's progress.

Politically he has thrown his tremendous influence to a new protégé, another Long—Earl K. Long, Huey's ambitious brother and one-time bitter enemy. Six years ago Earl nearly wrecked Huey's career, ergo Maestri's, by denouncing the Kingfish as a taker of bribes. Huey publicly called Earl a liar, and made it stick. Yet now, curiously enough, Maestri has jockeyed Earl into the governor's chair and is warmly supporting him for election in 1940.

Earl threatens to revive Huey's abortive "Share the Wealth" platform. He is known to be ambitious to follow Huey's trail to Washington. Whether he makes it, say the wiseacres, depends upon the silent, strong man behind the curtain.

Maestri's story forms one of the more remarkable undercover chapters of Louisiana's fantastic history. Born in New Orleans in abject poverty, by 1920 he was thirty-one years old and almost a millionaire. He had accumulated a third-grade education and two years of commercial bookkeeping. He had a money-making instinct that amounted to genius.

His father had abandoned the poultry route and started a furniture store. With Bob's help it prospered richly. Both Maestris had taken fliers in real estate. Everything they touched turned to gold.

Bob was getting fat, had time on his hands, and a (*Continued on page 77*)

Mary Pate was an artist. So was her husband . . . but his work on canvas led to Queer Street

Slap Happy

BY WILLIAM R. COX

SHE saw him first in Newark. Almost at once she knew. Not everything, not the end. But she knew that there was something which had not been there before. One moment she was Mary Drew, a competent young woman with an eye for design and color and a deft hand with a camel's-hair brush. The next she was a girl, all warm and glowing inside, as if a poignant need had suddenly taken possession of her.

Whitey Cowl said, "Pate's about the best of the fancy Dans. He'll never be champ but he boxes like a dream. Watch that left, how it leads Maxie around by the schnozzle. Then the right, straight down the alley. He's poetry, Mary."

Even cynical Whitey, long on the sports desk, bored with years of looking at them, got part of it. Up under the scorching white lights the tall, fit youngster moved in a succession of poised, dramatic pictures. Poetry? No. It was not the sweep of his performance, although that was in it, too. It was the pauses when he was limned sharply against the blue haze of smoke, the shadows beyond the calcium glare. When his carved, brown body relaxed momentarily, only to spring to life all in a glorious instant of motion and force.

Pictures formed, static, moving, something to be caught by the lithographer's tools and conveyed through stone. Bellows, she thought, had been so right. Lithographs for boxing men. Sharp lines and black shadows on the white canvas. . . .

Up in the ring Maxie Clink's nose ran red and his eyes glazed slowly. His knees wabbled and his left arm dropped six inches too far.

The darting left was a spearhead probing. The flashing scimitar of the right came whistling, and the head rolled and seemed to plop first upon the canvas. The fight was over.

She stared at him. There was kindness, surely, in the brown eyes. He helped the fallen warrior to his feet, he walked with him to the corner, and lingered while the seconds brought consciousness back to Maxie Clink. Then he smiled, and his teeth were white and straight when the rubber mouthpiece was out.

"Meet him? Sure. He might pose for you, at that. George is a good kid.

Better'n most of the punks. He's a boxer."

He was six feet tall and his face was scarred infinitesimally but not enough to matter. The brown eyes held something for her, as she had known they would. He said, without hesitation, "How about goin' somewheres for coffee? Or something?"

Whitey roared, "Hey! What is this?"

Mary said, demurely enough, "Why, I'd like it, Mr. Pate."

Whitey stared in disbelief as they went off arm in arm. All the way down to the office he kept muttering, "It can't be. Not that kid. She's too smart. It just can't be."

They hit the right note from the beginning, in the restaurant, over the coffee. She said, "Ike, you're a beautiful boxer. I love boxing. You're tops."

He said, "My name is not 'Ike.' But if you want to call me 'Ike' I'll have it changed by law."

She said, "I don't think you should go to law about it. It's not that important."

"Yet," he hinted, hoping that she'd get

the cue, maybe not now, but sometime.

He was not importunate. It was not in him to press her. But when she saw that it had touched him, too, there was no need. They just went along and let it grow until it had full possession of them.

Whitey Cowl's tired mouth twisted. He said, "If that's the way you want it, Mary. I never did put in my bid because I knew it wasn't any use. How you can reconcile art and the way you live with the fight racket is more than I can see."

Ike said, "Mary is twenty-four. I'm twenty-six. We're not kids. The way I go I can last a long time in the business. Mary really knows about boxin'—and about me. We'll be all right, Whitey."

"It's screwy," frowned Whitey.

HE MADE all the arrangements, nevertheless. They were married by the mayor, and the press was mildly interested and gave them a nice small play. They went off to Bermuda and spent a month lying in the sun and learning about each other. They were luxuriously happy.

In the face of all the raised eyebrows they made it stand up. Mary's mercurial, vital spirits complemented the quiet, almost stolid steadiness of Ike. If they never delved deeply into the crevices of life, they managed to live in its bright corners and to enjoy its surface aspects. They were both generous, both lovers of the good things. They were honest with each other, and there was always enough to enable them to move on when bored, to settle down and enjoy a place when happy.

Mary said once, "Whitey said you'd never be champion, Ike. How come, when you're the best boxer in the ring?"

Ike rumpled her hair and said, "It's a

He could lie for hours looking at her, proud that she loved him

queer racket, baby. If I played ball with guys like Stick Jamison and cut back to the racketeers I could have a shot. But I'm not the type."

She said, "No. We're doing all right. Keep it clean, Morrissey. The boxing is clean. It's—beautiful, Ike."

He fought here and he fought there and he whipped a lot of mighty good men, and once in a while he blew a close one to a real top-notcher out in the sticks where it didn't count. But he was never badly beaten.

The boxing saved him, of course. He had the gift. He was born with it. The swaying of the body, the movement of a hand to stave off attack. Light pressure with the gloved left, leading his man, disrupting the delicate center of balance, setting up an opening for the thunderous right. He seldom knocked them out. He never set long enough. He kept his brain unaddled by not setting, by not letting them club him about the ears. He boxed upright, moving swiftly in and out. There was a hint of the ballet in his step, a dash of the swordsman in his grace.

Boxing men loved it, but it lacked the crowd appeal which makes a million-dollar spectacle. Ike could pack the clubs. The regulars were his loyal partisans. He couldn't get into the Garden without paying, but he could make a fine living without the Garden.

They did what they wanted. They lived swift years in a smooth pattern of pleasant associations and events. Mary's oils took on sweep and a new depth. They traveled, that she might reach out for new pictures to spread upon her canvases, new experiences to leaven the expression of herself which was so necessary to her life.

It was Ike's (*Continued on page 157*)

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

ANNOUNCING THE COMPETITION

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE announces in this issue its third annual quest for young men and women to be America's leaders of tomorrow.

Through The American Youth Forum, every high school or preparatory school student in the United States and its territories again has the opportunity to win one of two $1,000 cash awards, or one of 319 other awards ranging from $5 to $500.

These awards are offered for outstanding expressions, in words or in graphic art, of the thoughts, feelings and hopes of youth for its own future and the future of the nation.

The American Youth Forum was established two years ago to stimulate creative thinking in our 25,000 high schools and preparatory schools. Its basic purpose is to assist in the development of youth with vision; to help young men and women to prepare to live purposefully and successfully in our perplexing world; to aid youth to discover for itself opportunities for service in individual communities; and to encourage young men and women to analyze for themselves the meaning of democracy, particularly as it applies to the United States.

In its first two competitions, the Forum enrolled 592,856 students, the greatest number of American young men and women ever to participate in such an undertaking. These young people, toughened by years of depression, face the future with critical but confident eyes. They have demonstrated that they are capable of

WANTED - YOUNG MEN AND

Youth Awards

OF THE AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM FOR 1939-40

thinking clearly in the present era of transition, and that they are prepared to meet squarely the social and economic problems ahead.

To enable students to express their ideas in the medium best suited to their talents, we are offering awards this school year in two divisions —article and art. In each of these divisions participants may select as their themes any one of several subjects specified by The American Youth Forum.

The judges of entries in the art division will be Mr. James C. Boudreau, director, The Pratt Institute of Fine and Applied Arts; Mr. Dean Cornwell, noted illustrator; and Mr. Albert Lefcourte, art director, The American Magazine. For the article division, the judges will be Mrs. Hortense Odlum, prominent business woman and president of Bonwit Teller, Inc., New York; Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of the University of North Carolina; and Mr. Sumner Blossom, editor of The American Magazine.

Every student who is less than twenty-one years of age and regularly enrolled as an undergraduate in a high school or preparatory school anywhere in the United States, its territories, or the Panama Canal Zone, is invited to participate. Awards will be made primarily for originality and soundness of thought. Facility of style and technique will be considered, but they will be of secondary importance in the final decision of (Continued on page 171)

WOMEN WHO WILL BE LEADERS OF TOMORROW

This cooking was getting me down. I was sick and tired of it—it had to stop

1 ★ An American First Story

JUDIE, darling! How are you, anyway? Gleeps, I'm glad to see you! Come on, there's a dandy little table over here in the corner, where we can talk. I'm simply *dying* to hear about Paris. Petey and I had planned to come over this spring, but you know what happened. . . .

You *don't?* I mean, about our separation and all? Why, I thought everybody . . .

Yes, of course we'd only been married six months. But let me tell you, Judie, a woman can learn an awful lot about a man in six months. I mean, a lot that you can't learn until you live with him. Things you'd never even *suspect*. . . .

Oh, no, it wasn't drinking. Petey always falls asleep after the third or fourth. . . .

No, it wasn't women, either. I mean, there was another girl, but the whole problem went much deeper than that. A sort of fundamental clash of egos, as the psychologists say. . . . Oh, I guess this waiter is waiting for us. Maybe we'd better order something. Um-m, let me see. . . .

You know, Judie, whenever I see a menu like that, with all those funny French names, it makes me think of Petey. He understands every one. Half the time it's only roast beef or tripe or a lamb chop with a girdle on or something, but I never met anybody before who . . .

Our separation? Oh, yes. I'd better start at the beginning. I mean, like a playwright, I'll have to do some exposition so you'll get the *feeling*.

You see, at first I was thrilled to death with Petey. He was the intelligent type—a lawyer and all that—and it was marvelous to think of being Mrs. Peter Stuyvesant Trenholm, 3d, and to see your picture in the gravure sections and so forth.

Well, we went to Bermuda on our honeymoon, and it was simply grand. A lot of people we knew were there, and we rode bicycles like crazy, and swam, and picnicked out in Somerset, and bought all kinds of sweaters and gloves and things. It was wonderful.

Then, when we came back, Petey's mother told us we could have part of their house on 64th Street. Petey seemed to think it was a good idea. And, really, it would have been like owning the whole house, because the Trenholms are always at Pinehurst or Easthampton, or some place, you know. Frankly, I didn't know what to do, until Petey told me about the splendid big kitchen there was in the house. Well, that decided me. There's such a thing, Judie, as beginning a marriage on the wrong foot, and I didn't want Petey to think I would spend all day walloping around a kitchen.

So I finally told him no, I'd rather start out just with three or four rooms and two baths of our own. After all, I said, I intended to keep my fashion job with *Gay Set* for a while, anyway. . . .

Why, certainly I kept it! I mean, it really isn't what you'd call work, doing a one-page article each month—the editor rewrites a lot of it, anyhow—but it makes you feel sort of *vital* in the world. I mean, it's not everybody that can write for a smart magazine like *Gay Set*, and it's better than selling testimonials for cigarettes and things that you don't even write yourself, don't you think? . . .

Well, Petey was agreeable to having our own place, so we went apartment-

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY GILBERT BUNDY

Camilla's friends thought Petey was wonderful... She had other ideas about a cooking husband

A PERFECT *jewel*

BY

C. D. FRAZER

hunting, and found a lovely one on East 53d. There was a sunken living-room, and a fireplace, and maid service—nothing primitive, you know, but nothing too lavish, either. Peter liked it enormously, particularly the kitchen, he said. Nice and roomy. When I saw he was still thinking in that vein, I pointed out in rebuttal how handy it was to "21." We could pop in there for dinner almost any time, I said.

Judie, life went beautifully for a while. I had a glorious time furnishing the apartment. Petey let me do exactly as I pleased, because I knew best, he said. And if I must admit it myself, our place looked just like one of the pictures in *Gay Set*—you know, quietly expensive.

The only things Petey bought were some tricky pots and pans. He explained that he always had had a yen to let himself go in a hardware department. Naturally, I didn't object, because, after all, Judie, I don't believe it's wise to keep a husband repressed, even in such a little matter. I mean, an inhibition leads to lying, and lying leads to heaven only knows what.

We had been settled about two or three weeks, I guess, before I got my first premonition. Every night, when Petey came home from the office, I would have the Martinis all ready, and then we would sit down, just the two of us, with candles on the table, looking out the window toward the East River, and

Petey would tell me about his new law case. It was perfect bliss. And then came this Saturday afternoon.

I had made a date with Helen and Jack Baring to play golf out on the Island. Petey couldn't go because he had to work on a special brief or something. So I took the car—we had bought a slick little convertible—and went by myself. Well, you know how it is when you play golf. You never finish on time, and then you sit around talking, and, before you know it, it's late.

I didn't think Petey would mind, though. We could go out to dinner somewhere. I mean, I'd been doing all the cooking for two weeks and felt like a change, anyhow.

Judie, you'd never guess what had happened. Petey was home, in the kitchen, getting stuff ready himself. He was making a terrible racket about it but wouldn't let me help, because he said he preferred it to be a surprise. Well, I thought it was simply darling of him and, as I took my shower, I thought how lucky I was to be married to a fellow like Petey. I mean, with some men, if you came home late, you would find them standing against a bar, nibbling peanuts.

PETEY had the table set and I was sitting there waiting, when I heard him give an awful curse in the kitchen. After a little minute of silence he called me to give him a hand. I rushed into the kitchen, and there stood Petey holding a tremendous frying pan. You'd never guess what he was cooking. Corned beef hash! Well, I gathered that he was trying to flip the hash over in the pan, but he was holding the thing with a dish towel and the towel had somehow caught on the stove. He couldn't let go and he couldn't flip, either. Well, to unhook the towel was only the work of a minute, as they say, and finally Petey got his fingers untangled. Then, as if it were a ceremony or something, he stared hard at the hash and suddenly gave the pan a jerk.

I don't know exactly what happened—I suppose it is quite a trick—but, anyway, the hash went up in the air and came down again in the pan all crumbled and messy, instead of being neatly folded over.

I laughed a little, I guess, because it had been sort of funny and it didn't mean the end of the world or anything. But Petey didn't laugh. He simply stood there, gazing from the hash to me and back to the hash again. And he looked like a man in a Russian novel, with great, haggard eyes and a general expression of utter despair. He was even muttering to himself.

Well, I dumped the hash onto a platter and took it in to the table. We sat down and helped ourselves, but I noticed that Petey just toyed with his own food, watching me in a peculiar kind of way. After a few forkfuls, he said, "How do you like it, pet?"

"It's not bad," I replied. "Really not bad, considering. I mean, after all, you're a lawyer—not a cook, darling."

WELL, Judie, when I said that, Petey rose from the table very stiff and formal, threw down his napkin, and stalked away. I didn't see why he should be offended. Hash is hash, and he couldn't very well expect me to work myself up as though it were guinea hen under glass or

something. It just wasn't reasonable.

I tried to smooth things over later, but Petey just sat in the living-room reading the newspaper and I saw he was going to be very grim about the whole affair. And, incidentally, Judie, I don't believe it pays to be too nice to them when they get that way. I mean, if a man is determined to be grim, he's going to be grim, and it's simply a waste of time to hang around like some women do, cuddling and all that.

Of course, the entire thing soon blew over and we were going along fine again, until the night a crowd of us—young married couples, except for one or two—went to see one of the new shows. We hadn't planned anything for afterward, thinking we'd look in at a few of the usual places and stay at the one that had the best crowd. Well, after the theater, someone suggested the Onyx Club and someone else said the International Casino, and we couldn't seem to decide. Then Petey, with rather an odd look in his eye, spoke up and asked them how they would like to come to our apartment for some Chicken Alexis.

Now, it wouldn't happen again in a thousand years, but everybody agreed it was a good idea. They were sick of night clubs anyway, they said. So, before I could pull myself together, we were in taxicabs heading for home.

"PETEY," I said, as we rode along, "I have never even heard of Chicken Alexis. How am I going to make it? Besides, we have no chicken. Do you take dope or what, Petey?"

Well, he didn't answer my question, but just sat there in the cab, smiling enigmatically and looking down his nose like a Man of Large Affairs. I couldn't let him get away with that, of course. Nothing infuriates me so much as a man when he takes that attitude. You know, the "don't-worry-your-head-little-girl" stuff. So I pestered him and pestered him, my voice growing louder all the time—Petey hates to have taxi drivers tuned in on family discussions—and at last he acknowledged defeat. He smiled self-consciously and said, "Darling, I have never told you this, but I am an expert in gastrology."

I didn't get it. After all, I only went as far as finishing school. "Gastrology?" I demanded. "What is that?"

"Cooking," said Petey. "The preparation of truly fine food. Did you ever hear of the Society of Amateur Chefs?"

"No," I admitted.

"Well, you should," said Petey. "It's a famous and exclusive organization. And I am a member."

Petey triumphantly emerged from the club with two chickens

With that, he sat back in the cab as though France had just tapped him for the Legion of Honor. I was appalled, of course, simply appalled. Imagine! Your husband an amateur chef! At first I couldn't believe it, but Petey went on to tell me all about the Society. It seems that they're men who are bankers, engineers, and so forth in real life but who like to cook. Petey says you have to pass a very rigorous examination to become a member and that he had been cooking for years before his name was even put up before the Society.

Well, Judie, I didn't know what to do. My mind was just *racing*. I mean, you can cope with a husband who throws his clothes on chairs or leaves the Sunday paper lying around. But a *secret cooker*. A girl shouldn't have to face a bitter fact like that.

WHEN the crowd reached our apartment my worst fears were realized. Petey announced with an air that he, and he alone, would prepare the Chicken Alexis. We had stopped a minute in the taxi, while Petey borrowed a couple of chickens from the chef at the Rocket Club. I saw that he really was planning to go through with it.

But here's the disgusting part: The crowd *encouraged* him. Especially Clare Tanner. You know, Clare is one of those single girls who never even look at a man until he's married. In my opinion, she's nothing more or less than (*Continued on page 62*)

DRAWING BY
GEORGE HOWE

Our three children
—"I am frightened
for their future"

the SHADOW

of Anti-Semitism

. . . AND WHAT IT IS DOING TO ONE AMERICAN FAMILY

Here is one of the most amazing documents that ever reached our desk. It is the frank, honest experience of a man—and his family—who stepped squarely into a problem which challenges our American democracy. It answers a whispered question that is asked more and more frequently: Is there a growing undercurrent against the Jews in this country? This article came to us as a letter from a reader. We withhold his name for obvious reasons, but have investigated and substantiated his facts.—THE EDITOR.

ABSTRACT religion has little to do with this, but some background is necessary, and I'll run through it quickly. I was born into an Episcopal family—my mother and aunts went to church regularly, my father occasionally, and my grandfather put on his carefully brushed top hat to turn out with the family on Easter Sunday and Christmas morning.

There was Sunday school, of course, but when I got the opportunity to pitch for the Dutch Reformed team I moved over and went to that school. Then the Methodists. And, at fifteen, a blue-eyed girl was the cause of a year's training by the Lutherans. It made little difference—I accepted the fact that I was a Protestant and a Christian in the same way I accepted my color. My first consciousness of religion, and the differences in religion, came when I was sent to a Jesuit school. As the lone Protestant among a thousand or more Roman Catholics I received many courtesies and privileges and, most important, the opportunity to discuss religion with the priests—pleasant talks, without bias.

I wasn't converted to Catholicism, but later I married a Catholic girl. I agreed that our children would be brought up in this faith. There was one—a boy. His mother died when he was five, and I kept my promise. Or, rather, my mother kept it for me, as she has always been more scrupulous in such matters.

A few years later I met and married a Jewess. She is of a talented and aristocratic family. And she, too, had been married before—to an orthodox Jew. He had been killed in an accident when their child, a girl, was three. When my wife and I met, I was attending church services fairly regularly because of my mother. She was growing old and, as often happens, growing closer to her religion. For my part, the time I spent in church meant little. I believed in God, but could not find myself in accord with any set routine of worship. With a finite mind, I had trouble dealing with the infinite. Some people call me an agnostic.

My Jewish wife became intensely interested in the Episcopalian faith, studied hard, was baptized and confirmed before we were married.

For a time I joked about her seriousness. This hurt and, when I realized I was being unkind, I stopped. Still, I insisted it would be unfair to her child, a born Jewess, to be moved arbitrarily into the Christian religion. And because of my insistence this child's training has been that of her father's faith—orthodox Jewish.

Now we have a third child—four years old and exceptionally beautiful. I'm a Nordic, or an Aryan, or a blond Christian—whichever you prefer. So is my son. My wife is truly Semitic in appearance—dark, olive-skinned, with a tendency toward the Latin. So, to a degree, is her elder daughter. Our youngster has drawn the best features of both, but in the accepted version her appearance is strictly Christian.

This, then, is our situation. Whatever system of worship we may choose, the world regards me as a Christian and my wife as a Jewess. It regards my son as a Christian and my wife's daughter as a Jewess. And it regards our little girl—my wife's and mine—how does the world regard her? Perhaps it will see fit to call her a Christian with a Jewish "taint." But, regardless of what the world calls us, here we are, a family of five bewildered people, bound together by all the mysterious, powerful ties that weave through every family. And what are we going to do about it?

At present we (*Continued on page 89*)

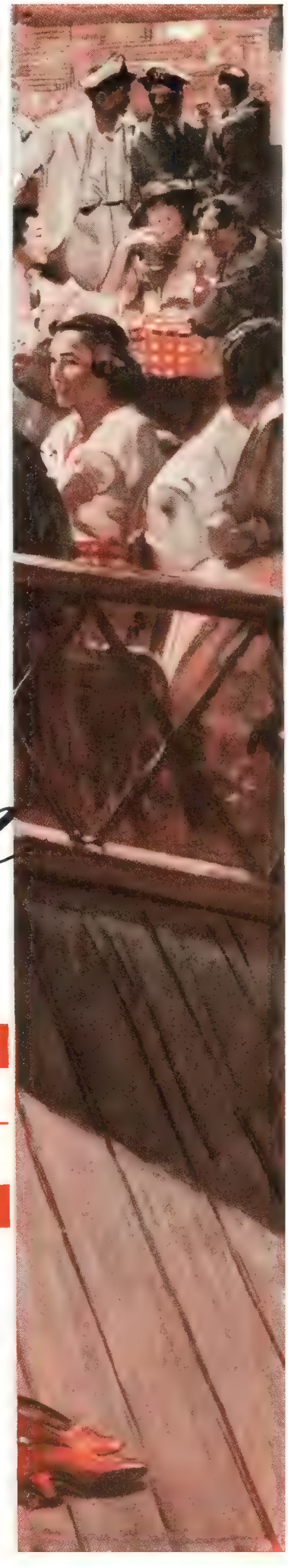
What has happened so far:

DEXTER CLOUD had been in Guaturas, the lush banana country, for two months when the incident occurred that changed his whole life. He had been living in a shack on the beach, picking up an occasional dollar loading fruit. His only friend was Elena, a beautiful dancer at the Casino, who was in love with him. One night at the Casino a drunk attacked Elena, and Dexter rescued her.

The owner of the place, "Boss" Hogan, saw the feat and called Dexter into his office to offer him a job. Dexter refused, disliking the cold and ruthless Hogan. He was then informed that he must take the job or be framed on a murder charge. That would mean his being sent back to Costa Agua, whence he had escaped with a price upon his head. There was nothing for Dexter to do but agree. Hogan ordered him to get himself a job on the White banana plantation and wait there until he received further orders.

Dexter knew that plantation well, having visited there six years before. White was now dead, and his daughter, Flanders, was trying to run the place singlehanded. She agreed to give Dexter a job, but after he had left her he realized that he could not go through with whatever dirty work Hogan had in mind. He must try to stow away on a banana boat —a desperate undertaking, since Hogan would be watching for him.

He went back to the White plantation that night to warn Flanders against Hogan. He found her in a bitter mood. Her bullying overseer, Bert Nelson, had told her about Dexter's friendship with Elena. Flanders now accused Dexter of allowing the dancer to support him. Hurt and furious, he decided that Flanders was not worth trying to help. He held her to her promise of a job. "I'll stay," he told himself. "I'll stay and I'll get her shirt." . . . The story continues. . . .



Gentleman OF THE JUNGLE

HOT with anger, Dexter turned away.

The porch door banged violently behind him; his feet crunched on the gravel walk. Then, halfway to the gate, he stopped and stood stock-still in the moonlight. Had he been a fool to lose his temper—to alter all his plans because of a moment's anger? He had come intending only to warn her about Hogan. Then she had lashed out at him as if he were some night prowler; she had talked to him as she would not talk to one of her own peons.

Again he felt the heat of swift resentment. It had all worked out badly. Things often did. You intended doing one thing and found yourself doing the opposite.

Still standing in the moonlit path he began wondering if it might not be for the best. At least, he wouldn't have to stow away on the fruit boat, with a good chance of being caught. And he wouldn't have to leave Elena. He could merely sit tight and play for time—the next move would be Hogan's.

He heard the long, deep note of the boat's whistle from the pier. They were loading bananas down there. By morning the ship would be gone—and with it his last chance for flight.

Dexter's eyes rose to the rectangle of light that outlined the window of Nelson, the overseer. His face hardened. He had never expected to see that blustering bully again, and now—now he'd have to go back, hat in hand. He drew a deep breath. "Any way you look at it," he reflected, half aloud, "I'm in for no picnic."

Outside Nelson's door, Dexter heard the clink of a glass and caught the reek of whisky. He grated his foot loudly on the walk, and heard the sound of a drawer closing. When Dexter entered, Nelson was standing beside the desk, eyes bloodshot and face more flushed than ever.

At sight of Dexter, his thick lips began moving in a muffled growl that grew louder and finally resolved itself into words: "So you've come back, have you? Come back to knock my ears down!" The challenging voice, the clenched fists, all told of mounting anger. "Well, when do you start?"

Dexter leaned back against the wall. Somehow he had to talk Nelson out of his belligerent mood, but it was going to be harder than he had thought. "Forget about your ears," he said, keeping his own voice low and unhurried. "I came back to find out where you want me to sleep."

"Who cares a damn where you sleep?" Nelson moved closer. "Who in hell do you think you are, talkin' like you did to me?"

A fight seemed unavoidable—and a fight was the one thing Dexter couldn't afford to have. He tried again: "Listen, Nelson. Let's get it straight. I know you're boss. If we're going to get along together—"

"To hell with all that." Nelson's eyes were blazing. "Damn' shame that idea didn't occur to you before." He shook his fist a scant inch before Dexter's nose. "See this? Know what it's for, kid, know what it's for?"

Nelson never knew how close he came to disaster. He did not see the slight shift in Cloud's body or the imperceptible gathering of shoulder muscles. In Dexter's world you struck first and talked later, and Nelson's chin was utterly unguarded. Still smarting under Flanders's words, nothing in the world seemed so desirable to Dexter as a straight, short blow into the reddened, loutish face—but it just wasn't in the

Elena drew him to the door. "Dexter, darling," she said, "all afternoon I wanted to die because you were going away"

By TOM GILL

cards. He must work for this man.

"Nelson"—he spoke slowly and distinctly—"don't get it into your head I'm afraid to fight you. I'll take you on any time you say, and if I do I'll try my best to put you in the hospital. But I need this job—so let's forget it."

Nelson's eyes passed over Dexter's body, as if he was appraising his chance of winning. He licked his lips, but, before he could speak, a sound made both turn to the door.

Eyes bright with interest, Dr. Stockton stood watching them. As if he saw nothing unusual in their attitudes, he smiled and nodded. "May I come in?"

The smile, the words so quietly spoken, dissolved the tenseness. Nelson's hand dropped, and Dexter felt his whole body relax. Apparently oblivious of the dirty, stuffy room, Stockton spoke: "I was going out for a drive and heard your voices." He looked at Dexter. "I've been wondering where you are going to stay. There's an extra cot in the tool shed you might use."

"Fine. I was just going down the beach for my things."

"Then drive in with me. We'll have a beer at the casino and pick them up later." The voice was completely natural, yet Dexter knew the doctor must have heard the quarrel—and perhaps had come in to put an end to it. In any case he was very effectively getting them apart for the night.

DEXTER turned to Nelson: "Is that all right with you?"

The words were not meant as a challenge, but Dexter saw Nelson's face flush, and knew that from now on he might just as well accept the fact that he had made an enemy. He turned and followed Stockton out to the car.

They drove down the avenue of palms and out along the edge of the beach, silver-bright beneath the moon.

"What a night!" Stockton broke the silence. "Even at my age moonlight has a disturbing effect. It is as if anything might be possible on a night like this. Look out there at the sea."

Across the ribbon of sand the bay shore curved in a great crescent, fringed with palms, dusky and spectral in the moonlight. Far ahead the pier thrust its dark length out through the line of surf to the white banana boat that lay moored to its farthermost bulkheads. Once the wind, veering from off the sea, brought the sounds of breakers lazily booming, and the far-off shouts of men. The loading had begun.

Outside the casino Stockton stopped. "Let's have a beer," he said, and led the way to a table on the edge of the terrace. He sat down, but Dexter remained standing.

"There's someone here I must see," he told Stockton, and at the doctor's nod threaded his way down the long line of tables. If he could catch Elena before her dance he could tell her he was not going away.

Crossing the lawn, Dexter reached the patio where only the night before a half-drunken bum had been the unconscious cause of all that followed. He opened the gate, and a second later the marimbas crashed into a tango. It might be Elena's dance. He hurried to the back of the casino and tapped on the door of her dressing-room.

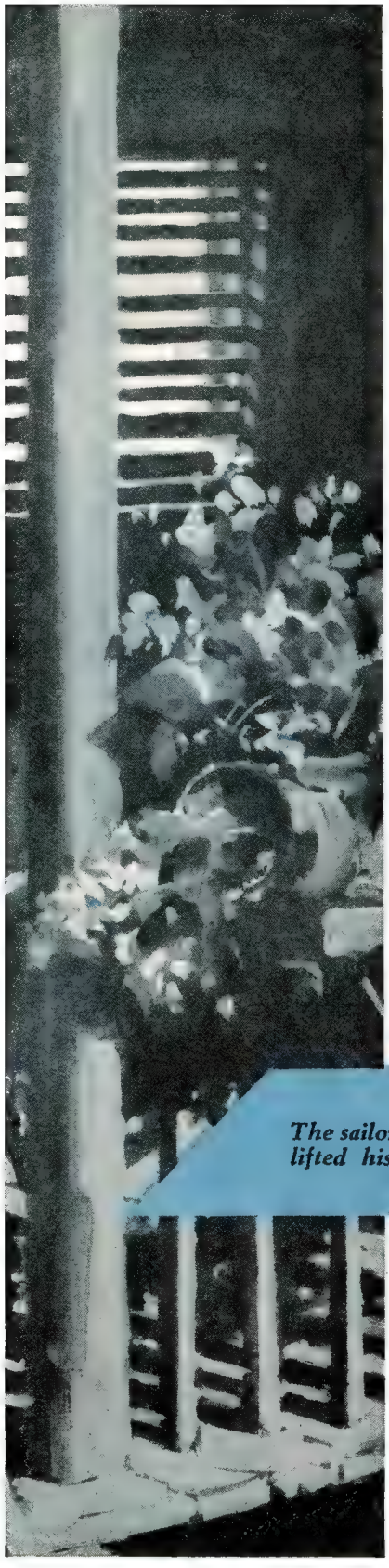
It opened at once. A slender, bare arm pulled him in, and the door closed. Elena was dressed for her dance, but her black hair still hung thick about her shoulder.

"You'll be late," he warned.

"Who cares?" The weariness of defeat muted her voice. "What difference does it make?" She moved to her dressing table and picked up a roll of bills. "This is for you, Dex. You'll need it."

He took her hand and kissed it, then

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



The sailor seized Flanders' blouse and lifted his other hand to strike her

laid the money down. "What would you say, Elena *mia*, if I told you I'm not going?"

He felt her hand tighten. She moved her face close to his, trying to read his eyes. "Dex, don't say it—unless it's true." It was as if she did not dare to hope for so much.

"I'm staying. I've got a job at the White plantation." Hands on her shoulders, he shook her gently. "I'll be here—right here on your doorstep, *chica*. Elena, do you hear what I'm saying?"

She drew a long breath—a breath that was more than half a sigh. "I hear. I can't talk." A pause. "Dexter, you're not just telling me—"

There was a knock on the door, and a voice said in Spanish, "Your next dance, señorita."

"Coming," she answered, but she did not move. "Tell me it's true—you're staying. Dex, tell me."

"It's true."

Arms tight about his waist, she drew herself so close that the perfume of her hair rose up to him. "I want to cry and laugh all together. Dex, Dex, I've never been so happy."

Quietly he raised the clinging hands. "What about that dance?"

SHE ran to the mirror and hurriedly rouged her lips. "I'll have to fly." Frantically she fastened her hair with a high Castilian comb and reached for her castanets. But her voice and her eyes were alive again. She drew him to the door. "Darling, I'm so terribly, terribly happy. All afternoon I wanted to die. I'll really dance tonight, Dex—I'll be on wings." She blew a kiss to him and was gone.

Before he got back to Stockton's table, he heard the burst of applause inside that greeted the entrance of the casino's favorite and widely adored dancer.

The doctor looked up. "I ordered your beer—was that right?" He sipped his with relish. "I hope you'll like working with Flanders."

"Do you think Nelson will let me like it?"

"I don't know. He resents you, of course, and he is of the kind that make up in noise and violence what they lack in gray matter."

"Why doesn't Miss White get rid of him?"

The doctor smiled. "Perhaps she wanted to make sure of a good man to follow—such as yourself."

Was there something quietly mocking behind those smiling eyes? Dexter couldn't be sure. Stockton seemed so unaffectedly friendly, and yet to Dexter it was as if this spare, gently speaking man had insight into the reasons for Dexter's presence there.

"My niece tells me," Stockton was saying, "that you don't entirely approve of conditions on the plantation."

"Everything is wrong with it that can be wrong," Dexter answered bluntly. "It's run down, and it isn't large enough to be an economic unit. Nowadays you have to take advantage of big shipments. Is your niece under contract with the Amalgamated to take all her bananas?"

"No. She sells them as much as they can handle in addition to their own fruit. Sometimes they buy as much as two thousand stems in one shipment. It varies."

"That's the trouble. The Amalgamated are good people to deal with, but Miss White needs something more. She needs a steady contract that she can count on month after month, and where she can be sure of making an open cut and not let her fruit go to rot. That's where Hogan's wise. He ships every banana he grows in his own boats to New Orleans. He doesn't have to depend on anybody. Your niece should get a contract with one of the steamship lines. If her father were here—"

"I know, I know." There was a note of mild impatience in the doctor's voice. "Her father was a very exceptional man, and it's never fortunate to be the child of exceptional men. He bulks very big in Flanders's life. He was practical y her world—which was a world of men. His pride kept him from letting her know anything about the business until he knew he was going to die—and then he made her promise to carry it on after him. When he died, Flanders was faced with the prospect of losing everything or coming down here to take charge of a plantation she knew nothing about running. So let's not be too hard on Flanders, Mr. Cloud, if things, as you say, are all wrong. She is working her heart out, but she's very much alone, and she's terrified of the future."

AS A kind of afterthought the doctor added quietly, "She doesn't even remember her mother."

"I can't even remember my father."

"He died?" the quiet voice asked.

"He ran away. That was in New Orleans. My mother opened up a little flower store, but she wasn't much good at business and we lost everything. I sold newspapers. I shined shoes. It was tough going."

"And you came here later?"

"When I was seven we went to Panama. My mother had studied nursing, and we went to the big hospital near Panama City. In a year she was dead with blackwater fever."

"And you?"

"I ran away into the jungle. I think I hated everybody and everything in those days. I hated any scheme of things that could let people like my mother be crushed and broken in a world of plenty. They were pretty black years. I lived more like an animal than a human being."

"And what (*Continued on page 111*)

Stars over Hollywood

Astrologer Norvell chats with Paulette Goddard on a movie set. Below, some of the signs of the zodiac

ONE day recently I was sitting in a dressing-room with a movie prima donna, when our conversation turned to astrology—which is not so strange, because we were in Hollywood, where nothing is really strange.

"Of course," said the cinema queen, applying a pair of artificial eyelashes, "all this talk about stars and planets sounds silly, but I just know there's *something* in it. Look at what happened to Mary Pickford."

"What," I asked, "happened to Mary Pickford?"

"Well, one day an astrologer warned her that she shouldn't take a flight she was planning. It happened that she didn't—and the plane crashed right at the field. Smashed all to pieces!"

"Coincidence," I snorted.

"Maybe. Maybe not. Anyhow, I don't want to take a chance, so I have my astrologer keep my horoscope right up to the minute," she said, withdrawing a circular chart, covered with hieroglyphics and typewritten notes. "See, it tells me just what I should and shouldn't do every day. It's a great help in making up your mind."

"I can see how it would be," I said. "Who was the fellow who did Mary Pickford that favor?"

She gazed into the mirror, and her eyes widened, as if she were seeing strange sights denied my infidel eyes. "Norvell," she whispered. "Norvell the Great."

In ancient Babylon the two chief means at the disposal of the priests for divining the future were astrology and the inspection of the livers of sacrificed goats, cows, and occasionally human beings. In Hollywood, which is a sort of modern Babylon, the liver trick is virtually unknown, but astrology is flourishing as profitably as it did in its ancient counterpart. In fact, astrology is probably more prosperous in Hollywood,

because everyone there from extra girls to producers is interested in the future—whereas in Babylon such speculation was pretty well limited to the upper classes, the rest of the city apparently being reconciled to letting tomorrow take care of itself.

While the movie capital supports its quota of crystal gazers, tea-leaf readers, palmists, numerologists, mind readers, and other exponents of the occult and generally discredited sciences, astrology is in a field by itself. It occupies a unique position of financial and social impeccability. A promising astrologer, for example, would no more allow himself to be seen on Sunset Boulevard with a tea-leaf reader, than Greta Garbo would drive down to Malibu Beach in a 1927 roadster. Prestige counts for plenty on the Coast.

Kingpin of all the Hollywood astrologers, as my actress friend intimated, is Norvell—formerly Mahlon Norvell, and, before that, Anthony Trupo. This twentieth-century seer, who enjoys a virtual monopoly of the forecasting game in Hollywood since his predecessor, Cheiro, died a few years ago, is a slender, clean-shaven young man who looks like the heroes of most Grade B movies. He exudes efficiency instead of mysticism. He wears gray business suits, instead of the traditional robes of ancient astrologers. He talks rapidly but clearly, with the self-assurance of a bond salesman. He spurns such obvious trickery as filling his consultation rooms with clouds of incense.

"Each of the Quints has an entirely different destiny . . ."

"Hitler's chart indicates a violent end within two years . . ."

"Shirley's marriage has every chance of being happy . . ."

"I predict he will consider it unwise to run for a third term . . ."

A brisk young man named Norvell has turned old-fashioned astrology into modern big business in the movie capital. . . . He doesn't hesitate to predict the future for President Roosevelt, Shirley Temple, Adolf Hitler, and the Dionne Quints

BY FRANK J. TAYLOR

And he makes, all things considered, a very nice thing out of astrology. He has quarters in a Hollywood office building, where ten assistant astrologers answer thousands of letters a year from all over the country (most women want to know if their marriages will stick, most men whether they will ever make a lot of money), and he also has a home in the elite Hollywood hills, which he calls his castle. This is a stucco house perched precariously on a steep slope. You reach the living-room by clambering up two flights of stairs through a turret.

One afternoon not long ago Norvell and I sat in a (*Continued on page 83*)

"TO THE bride and groom!" In rhubarb wine they toasted Mr. and Mrs. George Philbin on their golden wedding anniversary.

"Well, folks," said Mr. Philbin, "a lot of things have happened since I and Ellie here took the big jump back in 1938. Take flying. You youngsters titter at the planes we had then. Guess they must look mighty slow and noisy nowadays when school kids zip round the stratosphere.

"Or take television. When I was courting Ellie there were only a few crude sets. I said, 'It'll never take the place of radio—though I wish *something* would. It's bad enough,' I said, 'to have to listen to some of those goofs, let alone *see* 'em.' And now look! Today the poorest hillbilly, though nobody is real poor now, can sit in his air-conditioned cabin and see on his wall a brown girl in the Fiji Islands doing a hoochie-cooch large as life and twice as natural.

"Lots of times I been asked why I keep my old radio set, and I've always said, 'I'm old-fashioned. I like it. I like to tune in on the few stations that keep going for fogies like me.' But tonight I'm going to break down and confess that I never was a dial-hound. I'm going to tell you the real reason why I and Ellie keep our old radio."

Mr. Philbin beamed round at his children and grandchildren. "It's taken me fifty years to talk Ellie into letting me tell," he went on. "Only last night she gave me an okay. So here it is: If it wasn't for radio none of you would be here. Yes, sir, that's a fact—hey, Ellie?"

Mrs. Philbin nodded.

"Go right ahead, George," she said, "if you want the children to know what a pair of young fools we were."

"Now, Mother, they won't mind," said Mr. Philbin. "Most things have changed, but young folks in love still act silly. Well, sir, back in '38 I was a hardened bachelor of twenty-two doing fine in the furniture game, and with no more idea of taking a wife than of keeping a hippopotamus, when one spring day Ellie here walks into the store to buy a bridge lamp. I took one look at her—at her eyes mostly—and said to Charley Burr, the manager, 'Charley, let me wait on that little lady,' and he said, 'Do you know her?' and I said, 'Not from Eve's aunt; but she's the party I'm going to marry.' I sold Ellie one of our three-bulb specials, and she went out, all sore and snooty, because I tried so hard to make her buy a love seat. Later she told me she thought I'd been drinking, and the only thing she remembered about me was that I had the biggest, pinkest, and funniest ears she ever saw.

"When I insisted on delivering the lamp to her dad's house in person, the boys ribbed me raw. 'George,' they said, 'you got termites in your roof if you think a de luxe number like her will ever tumble for a popeyed, freckle-necked runt like you.' For a long, miserable while I was afraid they were right. Ellie as good as told me that if her choice of a husband lay between me and a chimpanzee, she'd get ready then and there to live in a tree. Just the same, I kept coming to her house as regular as the milk, till one day she admitted that I might make a better mate than a monkey, though not by much, maybe. We set the date late in the fall, and I made a down payment on that diamond she's wearing, and life was all roses and honey.

"Then Bob Hempel hit town. He worked in a bucket shop—that being in the days when Wall Street was run by private parties. Bob was one of those handsome, husky, charming fellows that right off give every girl a pain in the heart and every man a pain in the neck. He made a play for the prettiest girl in Duluth—quit blushing, Ellie—and she went all limp and dizzy over the big stiff. . . . You did, too, Ellie. . . . Well, sir, one blue day I crawled round to see her, and got the chilly news I was back in the ape class, ring and all. I sat, a hundred-and-forty-pound lump of misery, in the living-room. I didn't leave, because I couldn't lift my heart out of the chair and get away from there.

"Then Bob Hempel breezed in. He

knew the best way to get rid of me, which was to turn on the radio, and he did so. A crooner was bleating. Then, all of a sudden, a voice boomed out:

"'Emergency flash! Stand by, everybody! Terrible news! The earth has been invaded by an army of men from Mars! There are millions of them, fierce, one-eyed giants, armed to the teeth. They just destroyed Jersey City and Topeka. Killed every man, woman, and child. Where will they strike next? Flash! Detroit is in flames. So is Buffalo. More and more Martians are pouring from the skies like rain. Flash! They've got Minneapolis—'"

Mr. Philbin stopped for breath, then continued: "Well, sir, Ellie began to whiten and whimper, and she turned to cling to Bob, only Bob wasn't there. But I was. I jumped up and grabbed her dad's lodge sword off the wall, put one arm round her, waved the sword with the other, and Ellie claims I hollered, 'Come on, you fiends! Though scorned by her, I'll die in the defense of the woman I love.' Maybe I did. I was upset. Of course, the fiends didn't come. It was all a radio man's idea of a joke.

"We found Bob in the vegetable cellar, trying to hide under some Brussels sprouts. When I gave him a poke in the pants with the sword, he thought I was one of the visiting firemen from Mars, and he tore out of the house, squealing.

"I ran back to Ellie, and she grabbed me, and cried, 'Oh, George, you're the man I want to be near always.' Well, she got her wish. I hope she's not sorry."

Mrs. Philbin smiled.

"Don't be a dope, dear," she said.

Mr. Philbin pointed to the corner. "There it sits," he said. "That same little old ten-buck radio, just as it was, except for new tubes." He turned it on. From it came the drawl of a comedian:

"—but when Pat and Mike got to the giraffe's cage, Mike said, 'Be jabers, Pat, there ain't no such animile.'"

The littlest grandchildren laughed.

Mr. Philbin nodded sardonically. Then a brisk voice barked:

"Emergency flash! The earth is being invaded by men from Venus! Several thousand have just lit in Central Park. But don't get alarmed. They are fat little creatures with square heads and three eyes. They are unarmed, and seem harmless and friendly. Flash! A swarm of Venusites just came down near Quincy, Illinois. Flash! Another swarm is reported over Racine. Flash!—"

Mr. Philbin bounced up and twitched off the radio. "The gall of those guys!" he snorted. "They got a crust trying to pull a whiskery wheeze like that in this day and age. By golly! That finishes me with radio for good and all."

He snatched up the radio set. "Out the window you must go!" he declared.

He marched to the window, flung it open, and drew back his arm to cast the set into the night. But he did not throw. Grinning in amiably at him was a squat, plump figure with a square head and three bright green eyes.

I gave Bob a poke with the sword and he fled

DRAWING BY FREDERIC CHAPMAN

Golden Lady

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

What has happened so far:

SHORTLY before her twentieth birthday, Darnley Carfax met her first artist, Peter Orrick, who had come to the village of Colby to recuperate from an illness. Darnley's beauty fascinated him, and he persuaded her to pose for him—in a red bathing suit. The appearance of the almost nude Darnley on the cover of the *Metropolis Magazine* caused the local preacher to class her with harlots.

With the blessing of her grandfather, who was proud that his granddaughter was "blasted beautiful," Darnley left for New York to become a professional model. On the day of her arrival in the big city, by saying that she worked for Wolfgang's Model Agency, she got a job posing for a young photographer named Clyde Farrish. When Wolfgang heard about it he was so entranced by both her nerve and her beauty that he "listed" her.

It was only natural that Darnley should look up Orrick. When the latter learned what had happened to her in Colby as the result of the *Metropolis* cover, he called in his columnist friend, Adrian De Groot, and the two of them decided to sponsor her. On her own she was doing all right, too! She had found a roommate in Jerry Shafto, another Wolfgang model; had entered herself in the Golden Blend contest—an attempt on the part of a cigarette company to find the most beautiful girl in New York to represent their product; had met Lacey Gorse, a rival of Farrish's; and had accepted a dinner invitation tendered her by Henry Garden, New York's most noted horse fancier, dog fancier, and girl fancier.

The dinner date with Garden proved to be at Chico Sanson's, the heir apparent to the Intercontinental Tobacco Corporation, makers of the Golden Blend cigarette. There, Darnley learned that Sanson was planning to switch the Golden Blend account to another advertising agency. The next day she relayed this information to Clyde Farrish, and, after a conference with Sam Britton, the owner of a small agency, the two decided to go after the account.

It was that day, too, that Jerry and Darnley posed for Farrish in fur wraps including a $40,000 Russian sable. Imagine Darnley's feelings when, later, Farrish called her at her home to say: "Both of you girls had better get down here quick. That Russian sable has disappeared." . . . The story continues:

The man had genius, and his genius controlled her for the moment

DARNLEY CARFAX and Jerry Shafto rapped on the door of Clyde Farrish's studio. Jerry was interested and excited; Darnley was apprehensive, for this was her first encounter with crime or with police.

A patrolman opened the door and confronted them. "What you want?" he asked forbiddingly.

"Isn't he big!" Jerry exclaimed admiringly. "I bet he's got a wife that high," she went on, illustrating the height of the officer's wife, "and I bet she chases him around with a broom."

"Fresh, eh?" demanded the officer. "Well, scram."

"You don't realize," said Jerry, "that everything's at a standstill till we get here. So lift your feet out of the way if they aren't too heavy. We got special invitations to this party."

"Are you them models?"

"What do *you* think?" Jerry asked.

Darnley was frightened at this beard-ing of a uniformed representative of the law. "We were sent for," she said.

"Then what you standin' here gabbin' for? Hixon wants to see you."

"It must be love," said Jerry.

"Here's them models, Lieutenant," bellowed the policeman, and they walked past him into the studio, where were several strange men, obviously policemen of various grades, several members of Farrish's staff and Farrish himself.

"These the girls?" asked an elderly

huge man with a mustache and a jaw.

"Yes," said Farrish.

Lieutenant Hixon glowered at him. "What d'ye know about this sable coat?" he demanded.

"Nothing," said both girls in unison.

"Saw it, didn't you? You, I mean," pointing suddenly at Darnley.

"Yes, sir."

"Which one of you wore it—to get that picture taken?"

"I did," said Darnley.

"Pretty swell, wasn't it?"

"It was beautiful," Darnley said.

"Yeah. And once you'd had it on you couldn't bear not to have it on again, eh? Thought you looked mighty cute in it, didn't you? Eh? And the temptation was too much for you. How'd you get it out of here and where is it?"

Darnley was terribly frightened. She heard Farrish speaking: "I tell you, Lieutenant Hixon, neither of these girls took the coat. They couldn't have."

"I'm askin' the questions," Hixon said. And then, cajolingly: "It'll be a lot easier for you if you come clean. Just a sudden temptation, and the first you knew there it was. Wasn't that how it happened?"

DARNLEY'S terror was giving place to anger, to a burning resentment, a sense of unfairness. No one had ever spoken to her in such a tone or with such a manner. Back in the little town where she was born she had been one of the socially elect. She had been unconscious of social position because it had always been hers—such as the town afforded. But this policeman was speaking to her as if she were common, as if she were nobody. And he dared to accuse her of theft! For a space she was so affronted, so angry, that she could not speak. She was afraid no longer. "I never spoke to a policeman before," she said.

"So what?"

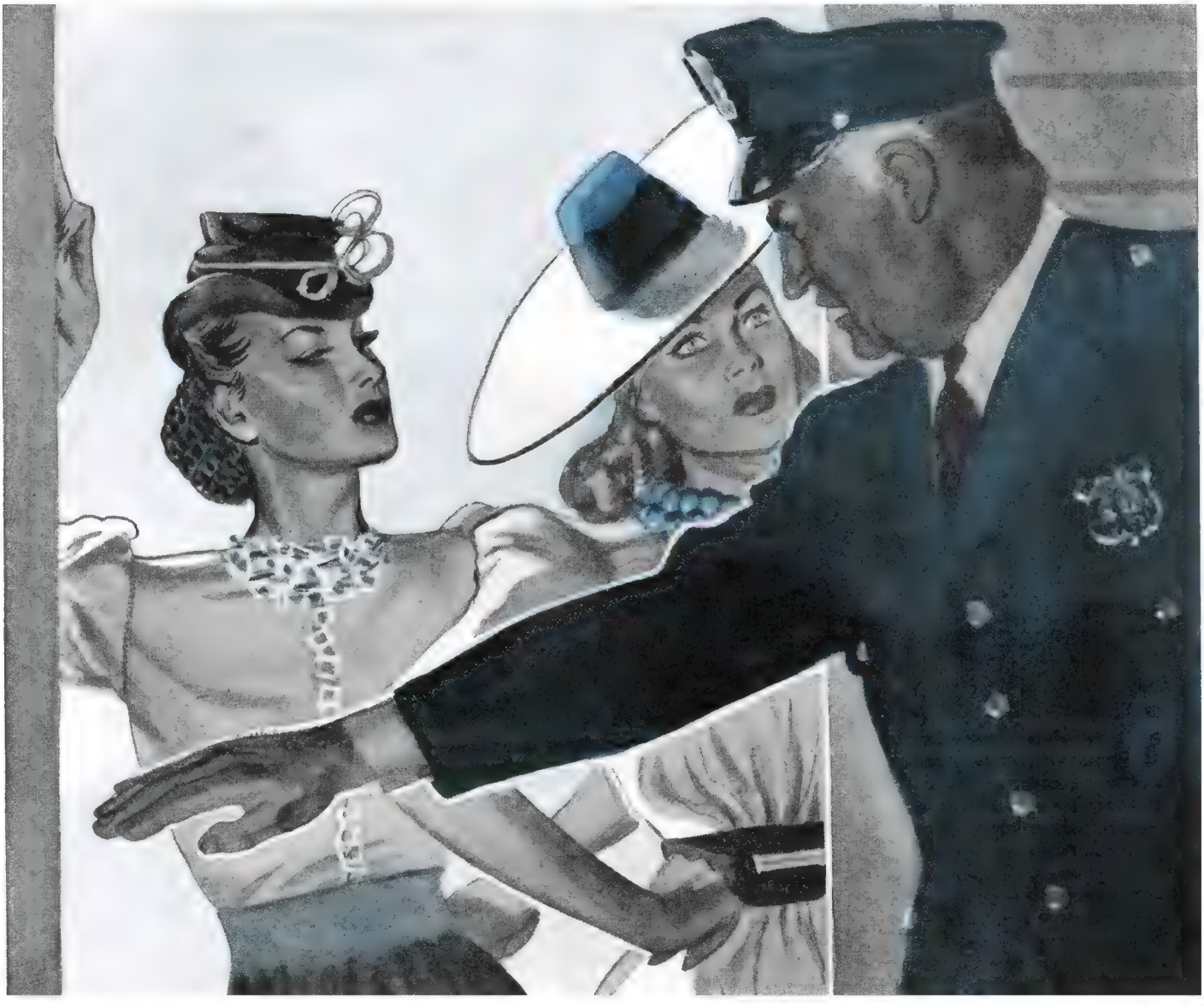
"I thought," she said, "that policemen were hired to protect people, not to bully them. I thought a detective's business was to find out the truth and arrest the one who committed the crime. I had no idea an officer—they called you 'Lieutenant'—would be nothing but a loud voice trying to frighten one. I thought that a lieutenant of detectives would know how to eat with a fork. I thought you would have the common intelligence to know the difference between people. Now, if you want to ask me any proper questions in a proper manner I will answer them."

"Hot damn!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"What she said goes double," interjected Jerry, "and you can make mine vanilla."

"Now, I sure beg your pardon, Mrs. Astor. You won't hold it against me, will you? Eh? I didn't recognize you right off," Hixon said with heavy sar-

"I'll have you know," cooed Jerry, "that we were invited to this party"



"But I'm just out of my bath," said Darnley

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARKER

casm. "My mistake. Yeah. I thought you were just a cheap little skirt that earned a living having her picture taken without her clothes on. A little gold-digging broad."

Darnley did not lose her head. She never in her life felt more icily mistress of herself. Certainly she never acted more deliberately. She stepped daintily one step toward Lieutenant Hixon and swung her little hand from her side in an upward arc, so that its palm resoundingly slapped the policeman's cheek.

"Do something about that," she said softly. "There's a commissioner, isn't there? Perhaps he would like to know all about it. I'll be very glad to explain why I did it."

HIXON rumbled in his throat and scowled at her. He half lifted his great ham of a hand as if to retaliate. Then his eyes narrowed. He turned his head. "If one of you newspaper lugs print that," he said, "I'll have your heart out." Then to Darnley, "What's your name?"

"Carfax," she said.

"Well, Miss Carfax, maybe we didn't understand each other at first," he said. Then concisely, efficiently, without raising his voice, uttering accusations, or attempt at bullying, he questioned the two girls, and each of them answered, describing her movements from the time she arrived in the studio until she left it. Neither could throw the faintest light upon the method of abstracting the sable coat, nor supply a fact that could cast suspicion upon anyone. At the end Hixon turned to Farrish: "Take them in your office, Mr. Farrish. I may want to question them again." As they went his eyes followed Darnley. "Now, wasn't she sumpin'?" he demanded with grudging admiration.

"Hey," exclaimed Jerry Shafto when the office door closed behind them, "did you want to get us slung in the cooler?"

"I didn't care," Darnley said. "I'd rather have my self-respect in a cell than to let that man talk to me that way and lose it."

"I'll be darned," said Jerry, "if you aren't quite a feller."

Farrish seated himself behind his desk and rested his head in his cupped hands.

"Are we downhearted?" asked Jerry. "Why the gloom? It wasn't your coat."

"No," said Farrish, "it wasn't my coat. And the price of it is forty thousand dollars—and I'm responsible for it."

"What?" asked Darnley.

"Forty," said Farrish, "thousand smackers. This would be what they call the finish. It would be a couple of finishes."

"Do you mean you'll have to pay for it?" Darnley asked.

"Do you think Mead & Company will laugh it off?" he asked.

"If I were you," suggested Jerry, "I'd see my lawyer."

"Yes," said Darnley.

He shook his head. "This torpedoes the ship," he said. "I'm through, now."

"It wasn't your fault," Darnley insisted. "Even if you do have to pay for it, maybe they won't make you pay all at once. Maybe they'll give you a long time."

"The way this business is going it would take forty thousand years," he said drearily.

"Not if you got the—" Darnley stopped abruptly. She was about to say, "Not if you got the Golden Blend business," but even Jerry must not hear about that. "Not," she amended, "if you got some advertiser to give you lots of work." She stopped and frowned. "It seems to me," she said, "like a funny thing to steal, and a funny time to steal it."

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Do you remember the first time I posed for you—in the railroad station?"

"Yes."

"Somebody didn't wish you any good luck that day. Somebody wanted you to lose that piece of work. If someone would go to the trouble of hiring a model to pretend she sprained her ankle, then someone might go to the trouble of making it look as if a sable coat was stolen from your studio."

FARRISH looked up at her, and wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes.

"A sable coat is a funny thing to steal. The thief couldn't wear it."

"They could sell it," said Farrish.

"I'll bet a forty-thousand-dollar sable coat would be as hard to sell as a forty-thousand-dollar diamond," said Darnley. "Everybody in the business would recognize it. Probably fur people know every sable coat in the country and just who owns them."

"I can't figure how the thief got it out of here," Farrish (*Continued on page 141*)

THE WACO

Meet golfdom's clown prince, the Houdini of the links. He can slam out a 300-yard drive with the greatest of ease, but he'd rather get a laugh than a title any day

BY TED SHANE

A TIRED old touring car grinds to a stop at a roadside driving range somewhere near Hicksville, U. S. A. Out of it steps a swarthy young man. "Never did have a golf club in my hand," he drawls, "but I reckon I'll try a bucket of balls."

He tries a bucket, flubs balls crazily off the wooden tees in all directions. "Mebbe," he says, "I could hit them better with sand. Like they do on the courses down home in Texas."

Sand is produced. Magically the rubbernecks appear, parking cars by the wayside to goggle at the young man's silly stances and shots and listen to his lugubrious remarks.

Patiently the young man builds a sand tee, sets the ball on top, and lets fly. Hit true for the first time, the ball sails 100 yards, straight as a die. He wags his head, piles on some more sand, lets fly again. This time the ball travels 50 yards farther. So on goes more sand—and another 50 yards. Soon the pile is two feet high, the young man has driven 300 yards or more, has climbed in his car and is off—leaving the startled yokels to scratch their heads, try a few off sand tees themselves, and wonder who in heck the guy was!

It was Joe Ezar—Joseph Rustum Ezare if you want the whole truth—golf's clown prince. On his way to some tournament or exhibition date, Joe just loves to stop off casually like that and leave 'em gaping.

Undoubtedly Joe Ezar is one of the most colorful figures in golf today. He and Joe Kirkwood share honors as America's number one trick-shot artists, and there are pros who insist that Ezar could easily have added a string of titles to his name if he had been willing to give up clowning on the course. But the earnest way is not the Ezar way. "I got color," he told me nonchalantly the other day. "They don't call me the Wandering Divot, the Houdini of the Links, the Court Jester of St. Andrews because I was born with a cop's club in my hands." He neglected to add he's also known as the Waco Whacko.

But that's the way Joe is. On this

particular day Joe was playing and coaching a New York businessman, whom he has groomed for several amateur championships. Ezar clowned all round the course. On the tee, he'd bow his legs into a grotesque stance, feet spread wide enough to drive a pony cart through, goggle weirdly sighting the ball—and club it a mile.

Joe has trained and piloted two amateurs to high golf honors. John de Forest, wealthy young English baron, came here in 1930 to learn from the best American masters. He ran into Ezar clowning around an Eastern course, liked his frank and voluntary criticism, hired him. In a few weeks, Ezar had De Forest cracking 90 for the first time in his life, in time had that whittled down to the 70's. "First thing I did was to move in with De Forest," he explains. "I wanted a place to stay—I was broke—and I wanted to correct his mental attitude. He was too self-critical. Then I made him promise to do anything I asked. Even jump in the lake. He promised, so, first time out, I drove a Chapman, who is burning up the links these days, is another Ezar protégé. Unquestionably Ezar is a born teacher. He seems to get his best results from hounding his pupils. They must be in bed by midnight. They must shun the spinach bottle, as the old golf-bag flask is known; and while Ezar seldom practices for tournaments, his lads must keep swinging for three solid hours per diem on the lesson tee, march round miles and miles of course before he lets them enter tournaments, then take unmerciful abuse if they flunk out.

Ezar was born in Shawnee, Oklahoma, 29 years ago, of French-Syrian parents. His romantic story is that his grandfather was French governor general of Beirut and disowned Joe's father for marrying a beautiful Syrian girl. His father, Joe relates, emigrated to America, acquired some real estate in Waco, Texas, and then, after a wild night, traded the property, now worth $20,000,000 (Joe's estimate) for a pony! There is little doubt the Ezars ran a banana stand in Waco.

Caddying around Waco and Dallas did wonders for Ezar's golf, so he became a hobo caddie—a member of the wild boys of golf, the game's problem children.

The hobo caddies echoed the successful pros in everything from golf swing to grand touring. When the pros swung round the loop, so did the caddies. Except, whereas their upper-scale brothers traveled in Pullmans, stopped at plush hotels, and played with $150 sets of matched clubs, the caddies traveled any way they could—usually by hitchhike—slept in caddie houses, played in unmodish clothes with a set of borrowed clubs—often "borrowed" without the owner's permission. If they had the entry fee, they'd play a tournament, and if eliminated, turn round and caddie one of their upper-bracket brethren.

"I was eliminated in the old Hot Springs Open (*Continued on page 86*)

WHACKO

ball into a water hazard, made him climb in with a club to prove it. I made him lie down flat on greens to study putts, he even had to carry his own clubs for the first time. I wanted him to know the game right from the ground up. Besides, that's the only way to treat barons. They like it."

Apparently, foreigners thrive on the Ezar treatment, for in 1932 John de Forest won the British amateur. Dick

Joe left home and Waco Junior High, drifted into boxing. He had about 35 fights, admits he won or drew them all, retired from the ring at 17, immediately after becoming what he calls the Southwest Junior Welter Champ. It is more than possible Joe is romancing about the championship. Yet the ex-boxer sticks out all over Ezar. He shuffles up to the ball on a tee with the flatfooted, chin-hiding stumble of a palooka sidling into the ring at the opening gong. His satchel feet grip the ground like canvas, he punches the ball, meets it with hay-making power.

Joe Ezar demonstrates a couple of adroit trick shots. Above, he catches his own ball after a flip shot. At the left, he hits three balls at once—one slices, one flies straight, one bounces straight up

Ever imagine yourself married to a girl who "rolled them in the aisles" every night? Jimmy did — and was

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL
BY JOHN LA GATTA

Poodle ON A LEASH

BY H. VERNOR DIXON

HOW did it feel to be Mr. Louella Banks? Well, I'll tell you.

I met her for the first time at a party Phil Austin, the producer, was giving at his overelaborate penthouse on West End Avenue. Things got under way shortly after midnight, and I drifted in in company with a lot of other people and helped to fill up space. Frank Graham, the crooner, was there, and so were Murphy, La Guldah, John Sharpe, and the rest of show business nobility. White ties and bare backs were in order, and many a half-covered bosom jiggled past my eager eyes. I could see it was going to be some party.

Austin had two bars going full blast, one on the balcony overlooking the Hudson and the other just off the reception-room; and I sampled the wares of each and settled down at the one on the balcony. The air was better out there and I could drink and look over the lights of New Jersey at the same time. Besides, it wasn't as crowded as inside and . . . well, to tell the truth, I didn't exactly belong, and knew it.

Show business is funny when it comes to the caste system. All this democracy of the theater is so much bellywash. Sure, you mix around and work in comparative harmony with each other, but that is about as far as it goes. It can all be divided into four grades: the ham-and-eggers, the standard performers, the headliners, and the stars. Then, of course, there are the personal-appearance lads and lassies, but they come under the heading of freak attractions and have little to do with the caste system. You find yourself in one of those four grades, and that is where you live and play, in that particular class. If you get a break, and step into one higher, you drop the other behind you, to lie at rest forever and ever. Not a great deal different from any other line of endeavor, is it?

But what I am getting at is that you mix around in your own group and forego the pleasures, or displeasures, of the other groups. You know them, and know them well, but they are rarely your friends. In Hollywood, it is even worse, but New York is bad enough.

And here I was, a hoofer of the standard-act class, at a party containing only, aside from myself, stars, celebrities, producers, special attractions, and all the glamour personalities of show business. I did not belong. I was only a minor cog in the false world of the footlights, and all these people about me, although I had worked with many of them here and there, were people of some consequence. So I stayed on the balcony, downed a few Scotches, and smirked at the black river below. I thought I was having a fine time, but I was only kidding myself and would rather have been elsewhere.

Graham came out on the balcony, took a deep breath of air, and dashed back inside. He had seen me but hadn't said anything, so I walked over to the stone railing and leaned on it, and looked down at the street twenty-eight floors below. People were only ants down there and taxicabs were toys. It made you feel big watching life in miniature, and I was really beginning to enjoy my-

Streamlining the Classics...the Odyssey by Homer, who got around a lot...condensed by Munro Leaf, creator of Ferdinand the Bull—See page 60

self, by myself, when this girl leaned on the railing by my side and said, "Nice goings-on, huh? You have the right idea, staying out here."

I shot a glance at her in the half-light coming from the windows and saw a very compact little form, covered with the essential bits of silk in the right places, a black head of hair in one of those page-boy arrangements, a delicately molded profile, lots of bare back and arms, and a throat that was like a flower stem. I couldn't see who it was, but she looked good to me, and I handed her my glass, and she took it and finished what was left.

"Bunch of stuffed shirts," she observed, jerking her head toward the balcony doors. "So veddy, veddy chahming. Why don't they let their hair down and be themselves?"

"DID you ever," I asked, "see anyone in show business who ever was himself, at any time? When you walk out on a stage and expect four thousand people to watch your every move and enjoy it, well, that takes nerve, conceit, a superego, and everything else you can think of that is not yourself."

"Nothing remarkably different in that observation," she said. "But you would think they could be themselves off-stage. Oh, well," she sighed, "I'm just as bad. Didn't I just ten minutes ago tell Austin I would be perfectly thrilled to have Graham opposite me again, when I can't stand the sight of that phony crooner and would rather have a pig take me in its arms and croon lullabies to me? So who am I; Nirvana?"

"Oh. Louella Banks."

"Don't swear like that."

She was hitting the low spots, that girl. Of course, I recognized her then and was rather flattered that she should be talking to me. Star of every Phil Austin musical for the past four years, Broadway's top-notch singer, a girl with plenty of sex appeal, umphs, and everything else it takes to make box office. Each summer she went to Hollywood and made a highly successful picture, and each fall she returned to Times Square for an equally successful winter run in an Austin musical. Between the two she grossed around five thousand a week, had close to a million chips in Liberty Bonds, a ten-room apartment on Central Park West, a home built around a swimming pool in Beverly Hills, a flock of press agents and managers, and a voice that was all sweetness and light and kept the chips rolling in. She was really something.

She gave me an oblique look and asked. "Name, please?"

"Jimmy Wright, hoofer extraordinary, tapping his way to heaven and Robinson in a flour barrel."

She laughed and said, "You're cute. Let's get out of here, Jimmy, and touch up a few of the Sepia dives."

"Me?"

"Certainly. I don't suppose I'll have to fight you off. Or are you that interesting?"

Well, that's how it started. Of course, business is business, and I got Austin off in a corner before leaving and got his nod that I would be in a new show come the first snows. Then we left the party, took a cab to Harlem, and watched the Jigs sit up and take notice at the sight of Louella's ermine blazing a trail for us. Dawn found us in a club on 52nd Street, a little tired, feet sore from dancing, and my wallet plaintively crying in a big way. But we were still smiling at each other, and there was something about that smile.

We took a cab to Louella's apartment and sat out front for a few minutes before calling it quits. The cabbie immediately went to sleep, and we leaned back against the cushions and stared out at the cold gray over the park. It wasn't very cheerful, that dawn, but my eyes lied to my heart and I thought it was beautiful.

"Nice," Louella said, and sighed.

"Winter's coming. I can feel it in the air."

"Anything else in the air?" I didn't know how to take that, and she placed a hand on mine and said, "Thanks, Jimmy. Take me again?"

"Sure. I'll see you during rehearsals."

A slight smile came into her eyes and she moved forward to get out of the cab, and I stepped out and took her arm and she stepped down and . . . it wasn't a very long kiss, but it was highly satisfactory.

She moved away, and called back from the apartment-house doorway, "Two o'clock for breakfast, and don't be late."

I stood there like a fool, when she was gone, and the cabbie, who was now awake, winked at me and said, "Nice work, son. Prepaid and delivered, I calls it."

"Only I haven't the price of upkeep, buddy."

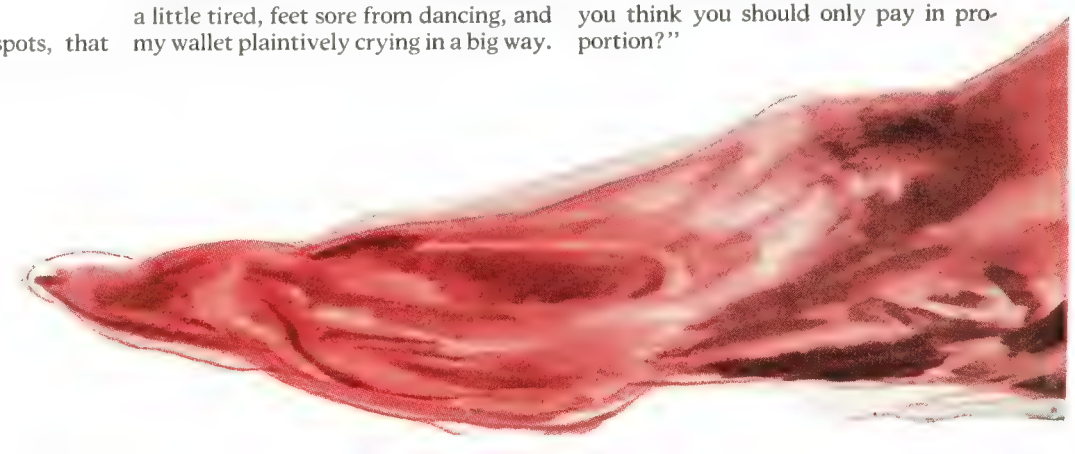
THAT was the trouble right from the beginning. It never crept in later, or by degrees, but at once. You can't stack up two-fifty against five thousand and expect to make it balance. It doesn't work that way, no matter who tries it.

In little over a week I was almost broke. Louella had a diamond-studded taste, knew all the expensive places, and went through my little nest egg like a dose of salts. But she had sense enough to know what was up, and one evening, just as we were going out, slipped a hundred-dollar bill into my pocket. I took it out and looked at it blankly and said, "Look, Lou"—I was calling her Lou by then—"I m tickled stiff to even be walking down the same street with you, but not at your expense. After all, I'm not poverty-stricken."

She said, "You soon will be, at this rate. Why should you pay for everything? I make ten times as much as you do."

"Twenty times, my dear."

"Well, twenty times, then. So don't you think you should only pay in proportion?"



I put up an argument, but it was no good and she had her way. At any other time I would have slipped the money back to her, but that particular night my mind wasn't functioning so well. I had just made the startling discovery that I was head over heels in love with her, and it sort of chased all other considerations out of my mind.

I thought about it in the cab going to Radio City, and worried about it, too. Only a short time before we were strangers, yet since meeting at Austin's we were out together every night, had most of our meals together, and only took time out for sleeping.

I knew she liked me—she had to to stand that much of my company—but I was strictly a dime-a-dozen hoofer and she was tops. That's a big gap to hurdle, and I'm a funny sort of guy about things like that. I like my women to look up to me, and not through the wrong end of the telescope. Such a thing, with Louella, would be impossible.

I WASN'T very good company that night. We went here and there, took in a musical that was due to fold almost any day, and wound up at Austin's place, where he was having an intimate little party. I barely managed to shake hands with him, and he completely ignored me after that. His attitude was much less than friendly, and that worried me, too. After all, I wanted to be in his musical.

Going back to Louella's, I told her about it and said, "Wonder what he's peeved about?"

She giggled. "Such big eyes you have. Don't you know he's been camped under my balcony for years? And here you step in."

"Oh. You like him?"

"Yes, I like him, but not that way."

"Uh-hunh. I (*Continued on page 162*)

Her "Darling, don't you want us to be together?" got me

LOVE COMES TO *old mom*

Like many a leading lady, the elephant queen had to choose between romance and a career

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY JOHN GANNAM

"The act's in the bag," assured Mulgrave

THE elephant yard of the Great Amalgamated's winter quarters at Bluebird, Florida, was as busy as a baseball game. Otherwise, the big headquarters were deserted, for the time was early autumn and the circus itself was far away. This was special training for a replacement act at the Great Amalgamated's exhibit, The Menagetorium, at the World's Fair in New York.

"Give me something new in elephants," had come over the long-distance telephone from the Big Geezer in New York to Pokey Boanes, headman of the Great Amalgamated's elephant herd, then on tour on the Pacific Coast.

"Sure," Pokey had answered. "I've got an idea that'll panic 'em. It's something with Old Mom in it."

"I could guess that," the Big Geezer had answered.

Then, when Pokey had explained his tremendous hunch: "Maybe that's what we want. Take what elephants you need and jump back to winter quarters and start training. Rush it. This Menagetorium's starving for a knockout act. Try and produce one."

So now, Old Mom, queen of the Great Amalgamated's herd, was in the throes of training five baby elephants for what her master felt was the peak performance of her lengthy life. It was not easy. This, for instance, was a first attempt at a costume rehearsal, with canvas makeshifts substituting for the real outfits.

It was very hard for Old Mom to wear an air of stern dignity, attired as

she was in a floppy hat and a billowy dress which Pokey Boanes called a "bungaloo apron." But she did her best.

Gusting and blasting, the old elephant paced angrily before the squealing line of bulbous babies, all of a size and approximate age, none being over six. They also were dressed for show, in bonnets and jackets and panties. Rather, they all had been so garbed before they had decided to break training, with a consequent free-for-all race about the winter-quarters yard which had ruffled everyone considerably, especially Old Mom.

However, she passed Fannie and Mabel and Gracie with no more than bellowing disgust and a tweak of the ear. The real brats of this outfit were a piggy-eyed pair named Babe and Eva, known throughout the circus world as the Terrible Twins.

SHE reached them. She picked them up and whanged them against the ground. She rolled them with her big head until she had literally sandpapered the lot with them. Then, with blasts and grunts and bellows of rage, she flipped right-and-left jabs at them with her long proboscis, until at last the fire was gone from their mischievous eyes and their stubby trunks hung limp.

"Okay, Mom!" shouted Pokey. "That's enough!"

The old elephant trumpeted, and the babies came whimpering forward, for the moment thoroughly contrite. An elephant keeper grinned. "They'll be good now."

"Until the next time," answered Pokey. Then: "Okay, babies. Work's over for today. . . . Hey, Unconscious, fork these punks some hay!" He stared about him. "Where's Unconscious? Where's that no-good—?"

There he paused as the shocky-haired, angular form of Unconscious, elephant helper, shambled into the yard, directing what attention he could focus upon taking pot shots with a slingshot at the throngs of chattering blackbirds which clustered on near-by trees; the hay and seed stuffs of winter quarters are heaven to a blackbird.

"Where you been at?" roared the elephant boss.

Unconscious missed another blackbird. "Just checkin' up on a car that came in the gate."

"Well, when I make you a watchman, I'll give you a badge. Or maybe," he added, "a great, big elephant act like this here Baby Parade ain't important."

"Maybe," agreed Unconscious vacantly.

"Yeah? Well, the big shots up in New York think different."

Unconscious blinked. "Oh, they ain't in New York. That was them just came in the gate. They want to see you," he said.

"See me?" gasped Pokey Boanes.

"Yeah. Right away," answered Unconscious.

That sent Pokey away on a run without even pausing to give Old Mom a good-by pat.

The big shots awaited him in the office building. The Big Geezer was sweating and puffing over a table piled with papers.

That was bad.

A fateful sign was that Major Brady, the press agent, was present. It always took a lot to drag the Major away from New York.

But the worst omen was Mr. Mulgrave, the menagerie superintendent, rocking in satisfied fashion upon heel and toe and sucking contentedly on his engraved gold toothpick. Mr. Mulgrave did this only when he was quite sure that he had Pokey Boanes in a hole.

"How's the act coming along?" he asked jovially when Pokey entered.

"Swell," said Pokey.

"That's too bad. Seeing we're going to junk it."

Pokey reeled, the World's Fair crashing about him. "Junk it?" he gasped. "Junk Old Mom and them five babies? Why—"

THE Big Geezer took pity. "Easy there, Pokey. The idea's good. It's just that Mr. Mulgrave and the Major here have streamlined it a little."

"That's it exactly." The Major was pacing. "Basically, the thing's all right, except that it's no good for a big town like New York."

"Why ain't it?" snapped Pokey. "Here's Old Mom in person, all dressed up in a bungaloo apron made out of star-spangled bunting, to patriotic the audience. Then the babies is dressed in red, white, and blue costumes—"

"Ancient history," answered the Major sadly. "That patriotic stuff's deado for big towns. But the idea's sound. We've simply got to oomph it up. Get me?"

"How do you oomph it?" asked Pokey dazedly.

"Well," answered the Major with a flat-handed gesture, "let me tell it just like I see it. We've got five baby elephants in the act, haven't we? What do five babies mean these days? Only one thing—Quints. Get it? Quintuplets. Okay, we give 'em the World's Biggest Quints. Pinky, panky, pintuplets—elephant baby talk; swell for press stuff. Now we go farther. Quints have to have nurses. That's a chance for flesh. We put five of the swellest little dames that ever bounced in a Broadway ballet in nurses' costumes. Put 'em in shorts instead of dresses, (*Continued on page 150*)

NEXT MONTH

revolt at sunset

AN ABSORBING SHORT LOVE STORY BY

ARTHUR

TUCKERMAN

WANTED: An insect that will murder the malevolent mealy bug, which is fast becoming a major headache to Hawaii's pineapple growers. . . . An American scientist is hot on the trail

A FORTUNE FOR A BUG

By JEROME BEATTY

IF YOUR efforts to get rich quick by seeking oil or gold haven't been successful, try bug hunting. Your fortune will be made if you find a certain kind of insect—or maybe a lizard will do—that will murder the mealy bug in Hawaii. Your discovery would save the pineapple growers millions of dollars, they would pay you plenty, give you all the canned pineapple you could eat for the remainder of your life, and probably erect in Honolulu a statue of you, overshadowing that of King Kamehameha the Great.

The pineapple people are rather sure the animal they seek is in existence, but they don't know where. It may be a lizard you ran over yesterday on the road, that beetle you sprayed in your garden. When you swat a wasp you may be knocking a million dollars into the dust.

Any time one of your friends boasts about his important relatives, point out that in your kitchen may be a spider or water bug or thousand-legged worm whose relatives may do the same sort of thing for Hawaii that Pershing and the A.E.F. did for the Allies.

The mealy bug is one of the strangest of insects, one of the most difficult to control. Fifty mealy bugs, sometimes fewer, in a few weeks of feeding on a plant will inject enough virus to send it to certain death. In Hawaii hundreds of men are continuously spraying gallons upon gallons of poison at the cost of thousands upon thousands of dollars, and they can't exterminate him.

The pineapple growers have entomologists and chemists and agriculturalists and big, white laboratories and extensive experimental fields and unlimited funds,

Here they are those pineapple pests, the mealy bugs

but they can't outsmart a dumb little bug which is about the size and shape of a capital O, which looks like a very tiny coconut cake and can move only a few laborious inches on his own steam. They check his vicious destructive power only by the Gargantuan and endless process of applying poison to each bug, by sloshing every infected plant with a high-pressure spray, like street cleaners with fire hose.

But in Hawaii there still are billions of mealy bugs.

So they're trying to find another bug to help them—a parasite or predator which will enjoy Hawaii as though he were a carefree tourist on the beach at Waikiki, which will multiply even faster than the Japanese residents, which will be as harmless as a humming bird—except that he will massacre all those mealy bugs.

Scientists saved millions for the sugar-cane growers in Hawaii by discovering wasps in the Philippines and Queensland, a bug in Fiji, and a fly in New Guinea, which, when brought to Hawaii, thrived and multiplied and killed cane leaf-hoppers and beetles. One of these days scientists, or some wildcat bug hunter, will deliver for Hawaii—and the pineapple growers of the islands will begin to sleep nights again.

Hawaii is the loveliest territory of the United States. Its mountains, beaches, waterfalls, flowers, tropical vegetation, and talented, cute, and sometimes beautiful hula dancers leave you gasping for adequate descriptive adjectives. Its people are fascinating. Three out of ten are of Japanese descent. Only 46,000 of its 380,000 are Caucasians. Its streets and restaurants are a colorful mixture of Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Hawaiians, Puerto Ricans, and American soldiers, sailors, aviators, and tourists.

From the moment your boat docks until you sail away, laden with leis and the band playing *Aloha*, Honolulu, more successfully than any other city in the world, works intelligently and furiously to be a perfect host.

You see volcanoes, caves, ruins, sugar and coffee plantations, enormous buildings in which the finest pineapples in the world are canned, one of the largest cattle ranches on earth. You hear fantastic tales of the tricky luxury of Doris

Duke Cromwell's home, the romantic story of how Captain Cook was killed, of the early missionaries and explorers, of their great fortunes, of Queen Liliuokalani, of old tribal wars.

However, not because they want to keep it a secret, but because they think he isn't interested in bugs, they don't tell the tourist about one of the most exciting things—the fight to keep the mealy bug from annihilating an industry that has an income of about $55,000,000 a year. Victory for the mealy bug would be one more step toward that era in which, according to some entomologists, insects, having killed all other forms of animal life, will rule the world.

PROBABLY no insect ever equaled the mealy bug in its ability to baffle the experts. He got a toe hold in Hawaii 29 years ago, and for 20 years, right under the eyes of the scientists, did his dirty work undetected.

Here's the way it was: In 1910 a mysterious disease known as "wilt" began to attack pineapple fields. Roots rotted and the plants died. No one even guessed that a bug had anything to do with it, for almost invariably a bug leaves signs of his destructive performance at the spot where he bites. In wilt, death started far down in the ground, at the ends of the roots, and, presumably, that was the place to look for the cause. But the mealy bug has a way of his own, rare in entomology. Leaving no wound, he injects a toxic secretion that gets into the veins of the plant and causes the root disease.

The fields were full of happy, fat mealy bugs, unmolested, considered entirely harmless. Some persons even believed that they were actually good for pineapples, for mealy bugs are found in quantities on healthy plants, seldom on those that have started to wilt. It turned out that even before scientists can tell by laboratory tests that wilt has started, the mealy bug knows, and starts anew on a healthy plant.

As the disease spread and thousand-acre fields, one after another, wilted away, the only way the growers could keep going was to plant about twice as many pineapples and take the loss on those that died. By 1930, after 20 years, all seemed lost, and three important growers prepared to leave the islands. One planted experimental fields in Fiji, one investigated Africa, one was ready to try the Philippines. They had put thousands of dollars into research, with no result.

The maddening thing was that they didn't know the source of the deadly poison, whether it was a bug, something in the soil, or what. They couldn't look for a parasite, because they had no idea what it was that they wanted the parasite to kill.

But the depression was on, there was no particular hurry to spend a lot of money to set up shop in faraway lands, and, in one last desperate attempt to stop the plague, the Pineapple Producers Co-operative Association, working with the University of Hawaii, added to their staff of scientists Dr. Walter Carter, then senior entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The mealy bugs and tiny brown ants, sometimes even smaller than the bugs, work together. The bug secretes honeydew and is covered by a whitish wax, both of which the ant loves for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. The mealy bug is the ant's cow. The bug needs the ant, because, unless the bug is milked regularly and kept clean, it gets indigestion and all gummy on the outside, and dies without harming the pineapples. Without help, like Grandpa after he fell out of the apple tree and broke both his legs, the bug can't get around much. When the bug has thoroughly destroyed a pineapple plant, the ant, struggling with the load, drags him to a fresh pasture. All of that the scientists knew when Dr. Carter arrived—except the important fact about the poison.

Wilt usually started around the edge of a field, ants came into the edge when the plants began to develop and worked toward the center, and from this evidence scientists guessed that ants had something to do with it. One had suggested that the mealy bug was the villain, but he had taken no steps to try to prove it.

TRYING to save in a hurry an industry that had been baffled for twenty years and was getting pretty anxious, Dr. Carter and his associates started doing a lot of things at once. He advised ant control, to see whether wilt would come if ants were kept out of a field. Actually exterminating the ants would be as impossible as killing all the flies in New York. At best he could only block their progress.

At great expense fields were surrounded by ditches full of oil, but they didn't work. Ants blew into the fields, and crossed on sticks and leaves and the bodies of their brothers. Wilt continued to spread.

Dr. Carter was following every clue, including the suggestion that the mealy bug was the culprit. So unusual was the bug's method of destruction, so clever were the ants in whisking the bugs away from the scene of each crime, that it was months before he could announce as a scientific fact that the mealy bug was guilty.

The next job was to kill the bugs. It was found that a petroleum oil spray, if it touched each insect, would kill it and not harm the plant. Many of the bugs get down into the tight base of the leaves, and spraying from airplanes won't work. Each plant must get a good, hard bath. There were about 75,000 acres of pineapple land and, since 800 gallons of spray were needed for each acre, it would take 60,000,000 gallons, and thousands of men, to spray the crop only once. Nobody knew how many treatments a year would be necessary to check the bugs. The cost was obviously prohibitive. The discouraged growers thought of giving up. If they had, today you would be paying three or four times as much for your canned pineapple and thousands in Hawaii would be on relief.

Then somebody got the idea to set up cafeterias where ants and mealy bugs could eat pineapple plants to their hearts' content—up to a certain time, when would come the deluge.

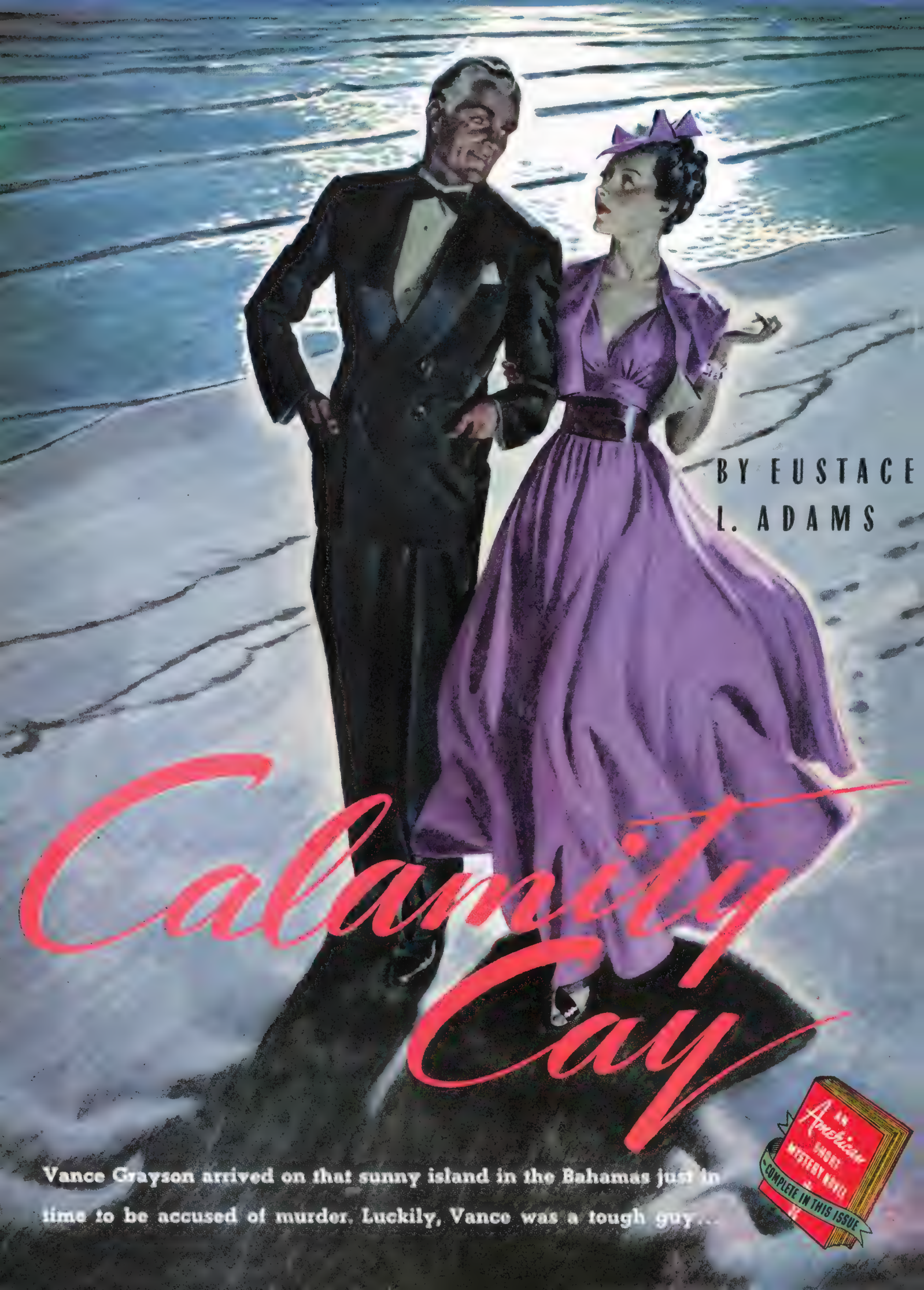
Pineapples are ordinarily planted under strips of mulch paper in rows running in from the edge of the field. Ants and bugs found the paper a fine protection and worked under it, sometimes traveling as much as half a mile into the center of the field, leaving dying plants behind them.

HERE is the cafeteria idea: Six rows of pineapples are planted as a guard *around* the field, parallelling the road. The remainder, inside, are planted as usual. When the plants become tasty, ants move into the guard rows, set up their homes under the paper, pasture their mealy bugs on the plants, and, as they move, instead of going into the field they just go round and round, and often must be rather startled to meet themselves coming back. Many plants in the cafeteria die, but most of the thousands inside the guard rows are O. K.

When the spraying crew comes, nearly all the bugs and ants in the field are concentrated along the edge, handily close to the road. And men spray the poison under great pressure, and the once-gay cafeteria is filled with dead and dying mealy bugs. But the ants, not at all discouraged, go out heaven-knows-where and drag in more of the limitless supply of mealy bugs; and after a while the spraying crew comes around again, kills the bugs, the ants go out again, and—it's endless.

This cafeteria-spraying plan cost the growers more than half a million dollars a year—expensive, but not too expensive. But heaven, famous protector of the working girl, seems to be taking up the mealy bug as a side line. The oil used for the spray cost 25 cents a gallon. The price went up to 43 cents. As far as anybody knew, that was the only kind of oil which would kill mealy bugs and not harm the plant. At that price the cost of spraying was so high the companies would go into the red. It looked as if the mealy bug was bound to get its pineapple.

Dr. Carter and his men tried to find another poison. Their luck was bad. Carter was inexperienced in oil sprays. Finally he tried Diesel oil, which sold for 6 cents a gallon. He didn't know that Diesel oil was used for killing plants. He mixed some with a highly absorbent clay from (*Continued on page 174*)


BY EUSTACE L. ADAMS
Calamity Cay
Vance Grayson arrived on that sunny island in the Bahamas just in time to be accused of murder. Luckily, Vance was a tough guy...
An American Short Western Novel
Complete in this Issue

JENNIFER LEE ordered another pilot just as she would have ordered another loaf of bread. From Nassau, in the Bahamas, she called up the Apex factory and said to send one right away. "The last two," she told the sales manager, "made passes at me Is that the only kind you have?"

"She wants one who won't make passes," the sales manager informed the chief test pilot.

"What she needs," said the chief test pilot morosely, "is one who'll bust her on the snoot."

"So?" said the sales manager, with some heat. "Any gal who buys an Apex air yacht at forty grand and gives us the advertising she does—well, you'll help me find her a pilot, and a good one, too."

Jennifer Lee was an orphan. She was young and gay and very lovely to look at. The photographers flocked around her in droves because any picture they took of her turned out to be a good one and there was always an editor who would use it.

When owning an island in the Bahamas became the thing to do, Jennifer and Allister, her brother, bought one. It was not very large, but large enough for the fabulous house they built upon it. Ten or fifteen sleeping rooms, which they often needed on account of the gang that flew over from Miami or Palm Beach for a night, or a week, or a month. Calamity Cay, the island was named on the charts, and Jennifer thought that amusing. It never occurred to her to change it, nor that it might deserve a name like that. She got a great kick out of signing her name on a club register, "Jennifer Lee, Calamity Cay, B. W. I." The picture editors liked it, too. Anything to be different.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JENNIFER LEE
Lovely heiress

ALLISTER LEE
Her brother

BILL VANDERSANT
Her fiancé

VANCE GRAYSON
Test pilot

TIM HEENEY
Airplane mechanic

PENNY CRAIG
Cinema star

PAPA FANNING
Once famous director

GEORGE LAMB
His business associate

SONNY COOK
Actors' agent

GLORIA ROGERO
Fading actress

Gloria was finishing her drink when she heard that terrifying sound

"So I'm to find her another flier?" said the chief pilot, brooding heavily. "What does she think we are, an employment agency?"

"She thinks," retorted the sales manager patiently, "that we're an airplane factory which is tickled to a bright blue twitter with the publicity she gives us. Every time you open a shiny magazine or a gravure page you see her with that job of ours. 'Heiress flies to New York for New Year's Eve,'" he quoted with gusto. "'Jennifer Lee with planeful of socialites arrives for whirl at night clubs.' Beautiful! We'll find her a good man. Meanwhile, lend her one of your pilots. Who have you that won't make passes at her?"

"Nobody. I'd make passes at her myself."

"Vance Grayson," suggested the sales manager.

"So now you want to wreck the testing department," said the chief pilot bitterly.

"Vance is the man," said the other, in his best selling voice. "He can fly any-

thing. And he's no pushover for a pretty girl. Listen, Jimmy; I've been down there. You haven't. Big moon. Flowers. Palm trees. Shut your eyes, put out your hand, and a black boy lays a scotch-and-soda in it. Say, 'I want to catch a fish,' and a sport-fishing cruiser fairly pants to take you out where the big fishes are. It will take a mug like Vance Grayson to keep his head. Lend her Vance for a while and be a good guy."

"Okay, okay," said the chief test pilot testily. "I'll climb a tree while you break the news to Vance. Then I'll come down and paste your arms and legs back on."

What the sales manager said to Vance Grayson is not known, but it was rumored he promised that hard-boiled young man the entire factory with a solid gold fence around it if he would take the job until a satisfactory substitute could be found. It was also—later—rumored that he did not tell Grayson the name of that island until the flier was ready to take the southbound plane. Calamity Cay. Not everybody would have found a name like that amusing. . . .

THE Lees, Jennifer and Allister, had built one of the finest houses in the entire Bahama group of islands. Beneath its acres of roof the house rambled this way and that, now H-shaped, now L-shaped, and from every room was a breath-taking view of the finest sport-fishing waters in all the world. There were wide verandas, apparently tacked on without plan, and between the ells were patches of bright-green patios in which coconut palms grew picturesquely askew.

From her rosewood desk in the huge living-room young Jennifer could look down the green-plush lawn to the anchorage, where a thirty-four-foot cruiser, perfectly appointed for big-game fishing, stirred lazily in the sapphire water. She could see one corner of the hangar, camouflaged with careful plantings of hibiscus and oleander, wherein squatted an eight-place Apex amphibian whose principal use was ferrying restless guests to and from the mainland of Florida.

All this belonged to Allister and to Jennifer—mostly to Jennifer—as did the entire island, with its electric-light plant, and the Diesel-driven pump for the artesian well, and the tennis court, and the putting green, and the diving raft, and the boathouse, which sheltered a Snipe-class sloop and a swift mahogany runabout.

Allister, being twenty-five, was three years and some months older than his sister. He was very handsome, especially when you looked at his profile. Full-face, he lacked something. "Character," Jennifer told him when the motion-picture thing began really to bother her. "You haven't enough character,"

"Why guard your reputation now," Vance snapped, "since you advertised you were in my room?"

she went on, hating to talk to him like that but feeling she had to. "That's why you let them all tell you how wonderful you are, and what a marvelous director you would make. But do you think they care about your two years of art at the Sorbonne?"

"But I do have ideas, darling," Allister said, sticking out his lower lip in a way he had when he was getting mulish.

"And money," Jennifer added. "As long as the money lasts—"

THEN, to Allister's immense relief, Jennifer was unable to continue. Her level gaze had swung to the tall and solid young man who was marching across the room toward her. Her amber eyes, cool and impersonal almost to the point of rudeness, were appraising him as they would have appraised the fine points of a thoroughbred horse. They took careful note of his close-cropped black hair, of his deep stain of tan, of his steady gray eyes, and of the definite mark of unruliness around his mouth.

The stranger took one short look at Allister, which seemed to be enough. He came to a full stop before Jennifer and bowed briefly. "The name," he said, dropping an envelope on her desk, "is Grayson. Vance Grayson. The factory sent me—"

"To fill in until they could find me a regular pilot," Jennifer cut in succinctly. "They cabled me. Did my speedboat meet you on time at Nassau?"

"It was there when the Miami Clipper landed," the pilot said.

Allister, sprawled in a deep chair, shifted his position restlessly. "How many hours have you had?" he asked, while Jennifer glanced at the note from the factory.

Grayson's hard stare flicked down at him. "About six thousand," he said.

"You fly amphibians?" Allister persisted.

"I fly anything," Grayson said quietly.

Jennifer's small, lovely face lifted. "I suppose you must be all right," she said, "if the factory gives you this good recommendation. But we'd better understand things right away. The last

two pilots were a little too fast on the close work. Do you go in much for love scenes?"

"Poker," said Grayson unsmilingly, "is my weakness."

"Stud, or draw?" Jennifer asked, with interest.

"Anything that hasn't wild cards."

Jennifer almost lost the thread of the conversation while she tried to decide whether or not this new flier was good-looking. There was a strong, perhaps too strong, set to his jaw, and he somehow gave her the impression of being unafraid of anything that walked, flew, or swam. She liked the small crow's-feet of wind-and-sun wrinkles around his eyes. But there was an almost imperceptible scattering of gray hair at his temples—strange, she thought, for a man no older than he—and Jennifer's vivid, intolerant youth let that tip the scales against him. He was not, she decided, handsome.

"Your duties," she said in that low, slightly husky voice of hers, "will be to be ready, day or night, to make a round trip to Miami, or Palm Beach, or Nassau. We use the plane mostly as a ferry. There is an excellent mechanic in the hangar. You'll have a room and bath in the south wing of the main house, here. The mechanic sleeps in a room attached to the hangar. You will eat with the butler and the housekeeper."

GRAYSON'S face hardened. "Sorry," he said.

Jennifer stared. "What do you mean —you're sorry?"

"What he means," said Allister helpfully, "is that he won't eat with the butler and the housekeeper."

Two bright pink spots appeared on Jennifer's cheeks. "Is that right?" she asked, crisply.

"He caught the general idea," the pilot said. "I don't know what you're used to in the way of pilots, but I'm not a servant."

"He wants to eat with us," suggested Allister brightly.

Vance Grayson favored him with a look which seemed to tear him up and throw him away. "Not at all," he said. "I'd prefer to eat in my own room."

"Snooty?" Jennifer asked, the pink spots on her cheeks flaming brightly.

"Well, in a way, yes," said Grayson coolly.

Jennifer had a queer and uncomfortable feeling that beneath his impassive expression this tall, hard man was laughing at her, and it made her furious. Within her experience very few men laughed at the possessor of several million dollars. "I don't think you'll do

Jennifer didn't believe this man could be a murderer

FULL COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS IN WATER COLOR BY MARIO COOPER

permanently," she said, her voice very brittle. "But perhaps we can get along until we can get someone else."

"Yes—miss," said Vance Grayson, too politely.

"We won't need the plane before morning," Jennifer said, in icy dismissal. "That's all now. One of the houseboys will show you to your room."

The pilot, still holding her eyes, bowed jerkily, turned, and tramped out of the room.

Jennifer's brother clicked his tongue. "He's going to be difficult, Jen," he said, with irritation.

Jennifer was still looking toward the door. "Yes," she said thoughtfully; "I think perhaps he is." . . .

VANCE GRAYSON'S room was about as big as a handball court, his tiled bath as large as most hotel rooms. But he hardly glanced at it. He nodded negligently when the Negro houseboy offered to unpack his two kit-bags. And right away hurried down to the hangar.

A mechanic was asleep in a deck chair in the dim corner by the workbench. Grayson did not wake him. Or, at least, not immediately. He glanced at the cement floor, which was greasy. He ran his fingers along the hull of the big air yacht. They came away smeared with burned engine oil and thrown grease. He marched to the workbench and took a long look around.

Then, characteristically, he acted. He went over to the sleeping man and shook him awake. "Up, punk!" he snapped. "Up and out of here!"

The mechanic opened his eyes, blinked, and stared up at the flier, who waited, cold and disapproving, beside him. He came out of his deck chair and stood towering a good two inches taller than Grayson. He was built like a professional wrestler, thick and broad, with hands that dangled almost to the knees of his oil-stained coveralls.

"Pack up your tools," the pilot said crisply. "You're fired."

"Me? Fired?" the big man echoed incredulously.

"Fired. The hangar stinks."

"Who in hell are you?" the mechanic demanded, his face getting very red.

"I'm the new pilot. I won't be needing you."

The mechanic's hard mouth cracked into a grin. "Look, guy," he said soothingly. "Fliers come and go. I stay. Take it easy, and save yourself grief."

Grayson marked the danger signals flying in the man's eyes. He got himself set. "I like grief," he said, watching carefully. "Any man who'd let his ship and his hangar get like this ought to lose his license. I don't fly the ship he services."

The mechanic's laugh was not pleasant to hear. "You think you can fire me?" he drawled. "You wait, and I'll prove you're sticking your neck out a mile."

Abruptly he turned his back on the pilot and stalked out of the hangar. Grayson watched him go, subduing an impulse to accompany him to the house for a showdown. A bad start on a job he had not wanted in the first place, he told himself ruefully. But the Lee girl had owned planes long enough to know the relationship between a pilot and his mechanic. So why did the man think she would take his part? Not that it mattered much. In his present mood Grayson would have been entirely content to head right back for Miami.

He shrugged and turned to the amphibian. Unlatching the cabin door, he climbed inside, and felt a little better right away. It was a beautiful ship, one of the most luxurious air yachts ever built by the Apex factory, and Grayson happened to have been the test pilot who had taken it on its trial flights seven months ago.

There was this to be said for the big mechanic: No matter how he had neglected the hangar and the exterior of the plane, he had put plenty of time on the interior. The white leather upholstery showed not a spot of dirt or grease, the pillows were fluffed up on the divan, and even the glasses in their racks behind the tiny bar were brightly polished.

SLOWLY the pilot walked up the white carpet to the cockpit. This, too, was clean. He glanced at the fuel gauges. Full. Slipping into the left-hand seat, he tramped on a pedal, and heard the lifting whine of the starter. He threw in the clutch. The right engine kicked over, coughed, and took hold. He inched the throttle back, watching the oil pressure build up. He sat there for a few moments, his trained ear listening to the motor, sorting this identifying sound and that out of the racket. And, as he listened, some of the hardness faded from his face, and into his cool gray eyes came a measure of approval. The engine was

When they were alone, Fanning seized Jennifer roughly and tried to kiss her

right. The mechanic, whatever his faults, knew and loved machinery.

He had just planted his heel upon the other starter pedal when the big man came back into the hangar. Vance Grayson cut the roaring motor and watched the mechanic draw a half-bucket of gas, grab up a handful of rags, and begin diligently to scrub up the workbench.

Grayson opened the window at his shoulder. "Well," he drawled when the echoes from the exhaust had died away, "wasn't there something about my sticking my neck out?"

The mechanic came over to the plane. His face was no longer crimson with anger. It was, on the contrary, mild and reproachful. "Look; I've got a hell of a temper," he said apologetically. "More than once it's done me dirt. Why didn't you tell me your name before you let me get so lippy?"

"You didn't ask me my name. Did they tell you I could fire you and make it stick?"

The mechanic shuffled his large feet uncomfortably. "The fact is, Mr. Grayson, I never got around to asking. The butler told me your name while I was waiting to see Miss Lee. So I came right back here. It's awful easy, Mr. Grayson, to get sloppy on a job like this. What with the goings-on here you get so upset in your mind you don't care much about anything, as long as the plane is ready to fly. The soonest I could get away from Calamity Cay would be tomorrow when the runabout goes to Nassau for the mail and supplies. How would it be to see if I can't get this hangar as clean as a hospital room? I'd be glad if—well, if you'd let me stay on with you."

"WHAT'S your name?" the pilot asked coldly.

"Tim Heeney. I worked for Jimmy Duncan until he burned up at the air races in Los Angeles. Remember?"

"I was there. If you worked for Jimmy you were a good man."

"I still am!" the other blurted. "Only, you don't know what you'll be up against here. There are a couple of guys here who—"

"Listen, Heeney," Grayson cut in; "the only thing I'm interested in is the condition of the plane and the hangar."

"Yeah, I know," said the mechanic in a deflated voice. "Isn't it just my luck to pull a stinkerino like this? When Jimmy was killed I tried to get a job with your outfit that was cracking up planes in that air opera. You weren't there that day; or maybe I could have gotten somewhere on account of Jimmy. But your head mechanic told me there was a waiting list this long. And now, just when I could get started with you, I lead with my chin!"

Vance Grayson, his elbow on the rivet-studded sill, stared down at him in silence. That Tim Heeney had once worked for Jimmy Duncan was a recommendation of the first order, and the condition of the engines on this air yacht proved that the man was a Grade A mechanic. It was not unusual for men to want to work for Grayson, whose reputation was this: He could, and often did, curse the hair off a mechanic for carelessness, but he was an easy mark for anyone who had a hard-luck story and an immediate need for ten, or even fifty, dollars.

"Okay," he said presently. "Get busy with your rag. I'll think it over until morning." And he stamped on the other starter pedal to drown out the mechanic's reply. . . .

VANCE GRAYSON was walking on the beach that evening when, in the vivid moonlight, he saw Jennifer's straight, slim figure coming up the silver-painted sand. She was strolling with a man, and something about the stranger's carriage, something about the way he held his head, sent a quick thrill through all the flier's nerves.

"Oh, Mr. Grayson!" Jennifer called.

The pilot moved slowly toward them.

"I'd like to fly to Nassau in the morning," Jennifer said, looking up into Grayson's hard-blocked face. "I have a letter I must put on the Miami Clipper—" And then her voice trailed off as she noticed the expression around the flier's eyes and mouth.

"Well, Papa," said Grayson in a queerly slurred tone. "You do get around, don't you?"

The man stiffened, and into his face came a sudden look of strain. It vanished almost instantly, however, and when he spoke his voice was well under control. "Hello, Vance," he said with a spurious cordiality. "Glad to see you again."

"You know each other?" Jennifer asked, astonished.

"Quite well," said Grayson, and let it go at that.

Papa Fanning slid a well-manicured hand over his hair. The large diamond on his finger broke the moonlight with a hundred colored facets. "Of course," he said in that soothing, confidential tone which had earned him his nickname. His voice made you expect him to pat you on the head, take you by the hand and buy you a lollipop. "Vance," he continued, "headed up a bunch of young hellions who did the stunt flying in that picture I directed, *Wings of Flame*, three years ago."

"And it's been on my conscience ever since," Grayson said.

"It was most unfortunate," Papa Fanning continued smoothly. "Four of those kids were killed before the picture was in the cans." He stopped and glanced at Grayson. "Is Vance the new pilot who came this afternoon, Jennifer?"

"Yes."

"A combination, that," said Papa Fanning, some of the mellowness going out of his tone. "Vance Grayson and that Heeney."

"What's the matter with Heeney?" the pilot demanded.

"I find him insolent," said Papa Fanning. "He—"

"Mr. Grayson," Jennifer interrupted hastily, "can you be ready to take off at ten in the morning?"

"Certainly, Miss Lee," the flier said, and swung away.

He had intended to go back to the hangar to supervise Tim Heeney's job of cleaning up, but memories, sad and lonely, were riding him hard, and instinctively he headed for his room, where he could be alone.

Papa Fanning brought them all back, the things he had wished to forget. He had thought himself so lucky, three years ago, when he had been given the assignment to gather a crew of pilots to fly in *Wings of Flame*. From New York, Miami, Mexico City, they had come in eager response to his summons, the best friends he had, gallant, carefree youths, the like of whom he would never know again. And what Grayson had actually done was to issue death warrants for four of them. Eight had flown in that picture; four had made that one last flight from which they could not walk away. Papa Fanning, in his smooth, persuasive voice, had goaded them into doing stunts which they knew to be impossible—and which were exactly that.

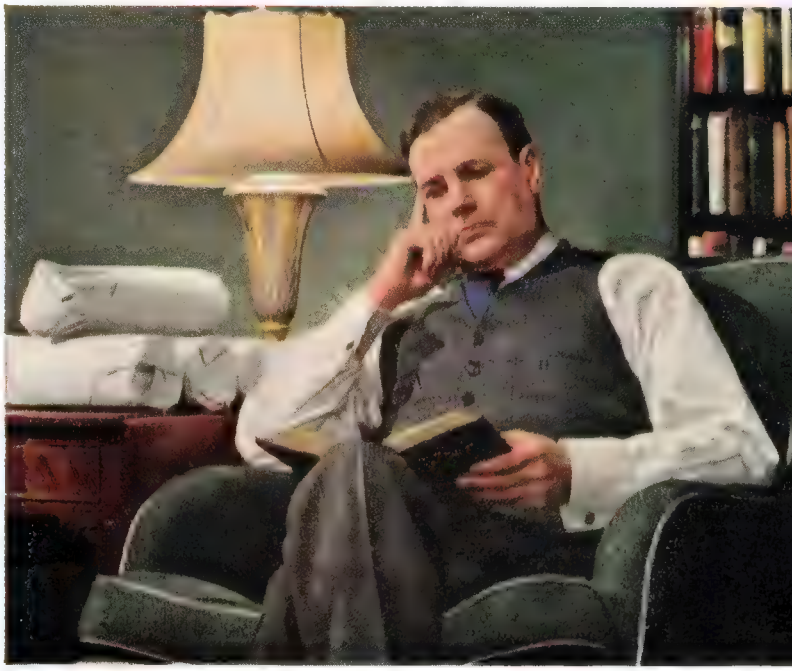
TRUDGING somberly up toward the lighted house, Grayson massaged the knuckles of his left hand—the knuckles which had broken Papa's jaw three seconds after Skeets Wilson had flown himself into the ground. For that he had been blacklisted on every lot in Hollywood, which suited him just fine; he never wanted to see Hollywood again.

A radio was playing in the big living-room, so the pilot cut a wide circle and entered the south wing through one of the side entrances. He had just placed his hand on the knob of his own door when a girl emerged from a room two doors away. She glanced inattentively at the pilot; then her eyes widened. She drew in her breath sharply. "Vance?" she said in an unbelieving voice.

The pilot went very still for a moment. His hand remained on the knob. Slowly he turned. "Old home week!" he murmured. "What are you doing here, Penny?"

Penelope Craig was now famous. Or, at least, almost famous. There was something about her that reached out from the screen and touched you, caressed you, and made you wonder why, when you were younger, you hadn't met Penny or someone just like her. She wasn't a very good actress, because she couldn't be anybody but Penny Craig, young and slim and clear-eyed and honest. But just the same, plenty of people put their quarters on the till to look at her, and to smile with her, and to wish she wouldn't do such dangerous things. Penny (*Continued on page 121*)

How to make a Four Roses highball....
without Four Roses



1. Search until you find (if you can) *several* of the most magnificent straight whiskies ever distilled. One renowned for its delicate *aroma* . . . another unequalled for its full, rich *body* . . . still another whose satisfying *flavor*...or mellow *smoothness*...simply can't be matched.

2. Capture, if you can, the knowledge and skill with which we, here at Frankfort, combine just such whiskies as these—a skill born of 74 years' experience in making America's finest whiskies. Then—and only then—mix these separate whiskies together . . . so that *all* their individual qualities are subtly merged in *one* whiskey that's finer still!

3. Pour 1 jigger of this whiskey into a glass—add ice and soda (or water).

If you could do all these things, you'd come close to achieving a Four Roses highball. But why should *you* go to all this trouble—when *we're* already bottled just such superlative whiskies for you!

4. We suggest that, before this day is ended, you get a bottle of that glorious combination of whiskies known as Four Roses, and make yourself a highball.

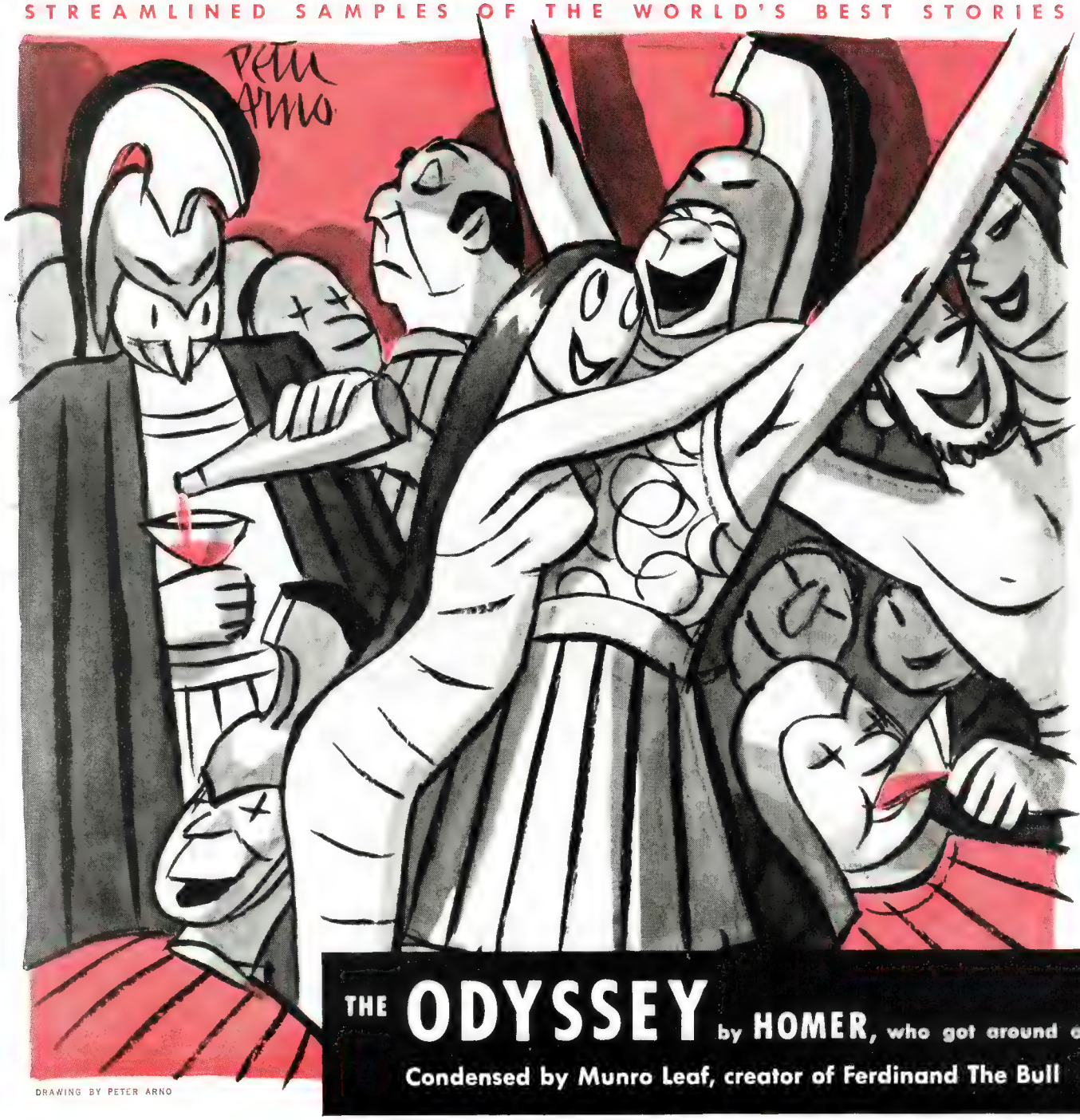
And as you sip that deep-flavored, mellow Four Roses highball, think—have you ever tasted any other whiskey that offered *all* the virtues you find in Four Roses?

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old



DRAWING BY PETER ARNO

THE ODYSSEY by HOMER, who got around a lot

Condensed by Munro Leaf, creator of Ferdinand The Bull

ANY man who's just won a war deserves a little recreation. At least, that is the way it seemed to Ulysses; so, when he and the rest of the Greek boys had carried out his hide-in-a-wooden-horse plan of attack and beat the Trojans, he started for home.

Some people call what happened to him and his men a great series of adventures, but it really was about an all-time high for war veterans on a bender. That binge lasted for ten years before he turned up in the arms of his good wife, Penelope, and if she believed all his excuses when he finally got home, she must have been covering up on a few odd moments when she hadn't stuck too close to her rug weaving and dishwashing.

He and his men shoved off in their ship from Troy with a fair day and a good breeze behind them, so if you just take a good look at an old map you can see that where they were headed for shouldn't have taken any ten years to get there. Johnny Weissmuller probably could make it in about three weeks, swimming backstroke with one hand tied, if he really was trying hard.

Maybe Ulysses and his boys didn't try too hard, because Ulysses told some pretty long yarns about a one-eyed giant called a Cyclops that held them up; also some stuff about eating lotos that made you just plain not give a darn, and about some small-fry gods and monsters who made things tough for them. But, if you really read closely, you find that he mentions casually some pretty snappy dames.

There was Circe, for instance. His story was that this beautiful enchantress turned some of his men into pigs and he had to help them. O. K., that's his story, but there was a nymph named Calypso, and he stayed on an island with her for an awful long time and she wasn't changing anybody into anything. Another time he got washed up on a shore and picked up a dame named Nausicaä; and even before that he had listened to some sirens singing; so, all in all, though I wouldn't like to call a famous man like Ulysses a liar to his face, I still think Penelope was pretty broad-minded to take that ten-year excursion as though he had just stepped down to the corner to have a beer with a few of the boys.

MORAL

If a married man has to come home late he might as well make it really late.

Even if there has been Diabetes in your Family-

THERE is no cause for undue alarm even though your mother or father did have diabetes. Unless the disease occurred in both of your parents' families, you probably are not predisposed to it. Nor is it inevitable that a person with such a diabetic heredity will develop an active case of the disease. In fact, by taking certain precautions he may avoid it.

Among predisposed persons diabetes is more likely to appear in those who are stout. Anyone who knows or suspects the occurrence of diabetes in his family history should be especially careful to avoid overweight. The extensive records of one physician show that only 5% of his adult diabetic patients were underweight before developing the disease.

Early discovery is another protection against the dangers of diabetes, because in the beginning many cases are mild and not difficult to control. Physicians usually advise anyone with diabetes in the family to have periodic health examinations, including a urinalysis and a blood sugar test.

The outlook today is extremely hopeful for the person who develops diabetes. Treatment is based, in part, upon a simple diet of common foods prescribed by a physician. The modern diabetic diet is planned to keep the patient at, or slightly below, the normal weight for his age and height. In addition, insulin is usually required to supply what the body lacks. This combination has happily done away with the old-time starvation diet.

The slower action type of insulin called protamine zinc insulin is widely used today. This brings many patients one step closer to normal living as it is usually taken only once a day.

Today diabetes can be controlled if full use of modern medical knowledge is made in time and patients cooperate with the physician during treatment.

The Metropolitan free booklet "Diabetes" discusses some of the ways to guard against the disease, describes its signs and causes and the modern type of diabetic diet. A copy is available upon request. Address Booklet Dept. 1139-A.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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A PERFECT jewel

(*Continued from page 27*)

a *poacher*. Well, Judie, you should have heard her. She said it was *so interesting* to meet a man who had such a *sensible* hobby, and who didn't always want to be ramming around in night spots. She thought I was very fortunate to have such a perfect jewel of a husband, she said. And, mind you, she talked like that right in front of Petey. He simply stood there, basking and glowing and preening himself. I tell you, Judie, it was revolting.

I will say this: Petey's Chicken Alexis wasn't bad. There were tiny, thin slices of ham on toast, with chicken on top, and some kind of sauce spread over the whole business. Really, it wasn't bad.

But of course I couldn't admit that to Petey, because the others were praising him too much, as it was. I mean, they went *overboard*. Especially Clare Tanner. She kept asking Petey all sorts of questions about the Chicken Alexis, and about the Society of Amateur Chefs, and saying that she'd always been interested in cookery herself. Imagine! Clare Tanner! Why, everybody knows that the stork that brought her must have been the one from the Stork Club.

AFTER the crowd had gone I cleaned up the dishes, while Petey just strutted around, quite pleased with himself. You know, Judie, that's a dangerous frame of mind for a man to be in. So when he asked me how I'd liked the Chicken Alexis, I said I thought it had been splendid, though perhaps a little too sweet. Somewhere I had heard that that was the supreme insult, gourmetically speaking. Well, Petey was simply *stung*.

"Too sweet, did you say?" he demanded.

"Yes," I replied. "Just a little."

Petey drew himself up and I thought for a minute he would suggest pistols for two and coffee for one in Central Park at dawn. But finally he growled something about no man being a hero to his wife and marched off to bed.

Of course, Judie, you can understand the problem that confronted me. It wasn't merely the mess in the kitchen after one of Petey's cooking jags. I could see that if Petey once got the habit of whipping up tricky dishes for our friends I wouldn't get to go out at all. And I *like* to drop in at El Morocco or some place, once in a while.

I TOOK steps at once, naturally. I went up to the Trenholms' house and talked to Evan—he's the butler and has been with them for years and has always liked me, I think. Anyhow, he opened up and told me all about Petey's eccentricity. It was more serious than I had thought. Evan said that, even as a boy, Petey had infested the kitchen whenever possible and had made life a perfect hell for the servants. At home, it seems, he had a great deal of scope, because of the size of the kitchen and the numerous stoves and so forth, and as the habit grew on him Petey would sometimes almost run amuck—experimenting with all sorts of roast fowls and planked steaks and things.

As Evan discussed the matter I noticed that he seemed apprehensive and fearful. Finally he said, "Has Mr. Trenholm prepared bouillabaisse yet?"

"No," I replied.

"Bluefish?"

"No."

"Lobster Newburgh?"

"No."

"No fish at all yet, I take it, Mrs. Trenholm?"

"That's right," I assured him.

Evan sighed, and his eyes sort of rolled upward, and I thought he quivered a little. "Fish dishes are his specialty," he said at last, and I understood from his tone that the sorest trial of all was yet to come.

Well, Judie, the next few weeks were a nightmare. I mean, *litera'ly*. Word got around among our friends that Petey was a cook, and you would have thought our apartment had been turned into a public restaurant. Of course, that's the way people are. I mean, it's the same psychological instinct as going to freak shows or watching men build a building or something. It's outside ordinary experience, and so it stirs the curiosity. And a man who cooks—well, that definitely was new to our crowd, you know.

And the things Petey cooked! It was practically no time before we reached the fish stage, just as Evan had predicted. One night we had terrapin stewed in butter. Imagine! Turtle meat! Then, another night, we had that bouillabaisse stuff. I had been a bit intrigued by that myself because I'd heard, of course, that people in Marseilles live on practically nothing else. Well, Judie, what do you suppose was in it? Mussels! Mussels, mind you, among a great many other things. Well, all I say is, life in Marseilles can't be much.

I could go on and on, of course. Croquette of eggs, *scallopine* of veal, broiled kidneys, Boston chowder, *moules marinières*—that's mussels again—and a scad of other dishes. There was nothing, apparently, that Petey couldn't cook, and nothing you could stop him from cooking.

I realized that to oppose him openly would be the wrong approach altogether. In fact, I had competent advice on that point. You see, I did some research and discovered that Judge Fothergill is also a member of the Society. . . . You know the Fothergills. . . . Well, I went around one day and talked with Mrs. Fothergill about Petey, thinking she might be able to help. But it was no go. Mrs. Fothergill said she had been living with a similar problem for thirty years and hadn't yet found any solution. She said it wasn't a habit like drinking, let's say, where you could give a man the water cure or something. A husband who wanted to cook was simply lost, she said. What's more, she warned me against drastic measures. It merely antagonized them, Mrs. Fothergill said, and, the first thing you knew, your husband would be spending all his nights at the club, cooking.

I tell you, Judie, I was nearly at the end of my tether. One day my kitchen would look like a Chicago slaughterhouse, the next like the Gloucester water front on Thursday night, with fish heads all over the place.

All along, of course, I had thought that the thing would lose its novelty. I mean our crowd is not likely to be contented very long, just sitting around eating fish. But I hadn't figured on Clare Tanner. She's deep, that girl.

Naturally, men never realize that there's a lot of pulling and hauling beneath the surface, so Petey—the foo!—thought Clare really was interested in his cooking. The result was that every time we went anywhere and ran into Clare she would soon have Petey in a corner, talking about some new dish. Why, I even heard that she went to the public library to study up. Petey would revel in it, of course, and then, sure enough, we would all pile back to our apartment for a late snack. Honestly, I considered putting a sign over the door saying "Bar-B-Q."

I don't know how things would have worked out if I'd just let them drift. Clare is tough competition, of course, with those purple eyes and that trusting way she looks at a man. I mean, I've got freckles.

THINGS came to a sudden crisis, however, the night I brought my boss home for dinner. You know—Mrs. J. Walter Verrill, the editor of *Gay Set*. I had to ask her, because she had sent Petey and me the loveliest wedding present, and, besides, she's been simply grand about my articles.

Petey really was trying to be helpful. I don't blame him altogether. But, I mean, sometimes a person with good intentions can get you into an awful jam, don't you think?

The long and short of it was, of course, that Petey insisted on cooking the meal. I said no, we could go out to "21" or some place, but he refused. He argued that Mrs. Verrill wanted to visit our *home* and that it would be a breach to take her to a restaurant. I know now that I should have stood firm, but his train of thought sounded reasonable at the moment. I mean, how was I to know that Mrs. Verrill is allergic to shellfish?

Petey had said that I would be proud of him after that dinner and, in a way, I was. Mrs. Verrill seemed fascinated by the fact that he could cook and, as we sipped our sherry beforehand, she talked and talked about it. Then, as things commenced to appear, I saw her eyes light with the fire of enthusiasm. I later found out that Mrs. Verrill is a bit of a gourmand herself. The trouble is she likes food so much that she can't exercise any restraint at all and fre-

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quently eats stuff which she knows will disagree with her.

Well, Judie, you could almost guess the rest. Dinner was breezing along splendidly until we came to the *pièce de résistance*—baked oysters. Well, I will say those oysters were good. I like oysters, anyhow. And Mrs. Verrill! She tasted one, closed her eyes, and murmured, "Heavenly!" Then she fell to like a famished actor.

WE WERE just starting on dessert—*crêpes suzette*—when I noticed that Mrs. Verrill's face was working dreadfully. Her breath seemed to be coming in short gasps, and suddenly she got up from the table and groped toward the window.

Well, we soon got her to a hospital, and Petey and I waited around until she was out of danger. The doctor said they had pumped out her stomach and that she was resting comfortably. That was a relief, I tell you. I mean, you'd feel like a *murderer*.

When we reached home I decided to face the situation.

"Petey," I said, "this has got to stop."

"Yes, Camilla?" he said.

"This cooking," I said. "Night after night it goes on. I'm growing sick and tired of it."

"What harm is there in a little cooking?" Petey demanded.

"You've nearly killed a person," I pointed out.

"Bah!" he replied. It was the first time Petey had ever said "Bah" to me. "Merely a mild attack of indigestion. Some girls would be proud to have a husband who was a member of the Amateur Chefs."

That was the Clare Tanner influence, of course. So I let him have it, right then and there. It was a terrible scene, Judie. Emotional stress, and all that. Finally, Petey said O. K., if he couldn't cook in his own home he would take his things and go back to his mother's house. And that's precisely what he did. I mean, I wouldn't beg him to stay. So that very night he packed his clothes, and all his pots and pans, and left.

Well, Judie, I didn't know what to do. I'd never been separated before. The result was I didn't do anything except go along with my regular life, writing articles for *Gay Set*.

Of course, I missed Petey fearfully. I mean, every time I entered the kitchen I felt sort of sentimental and blue. You can imagine. After being married all those weeks, to suddenly find that your husband's left you—well, you feel like a loose end.

Meanwhile, Petey was taking Clare Tanner around. Believe me, that made me simply livid. That's what she'd been after, naturally. And you know how friends are. I would run into people and they would say, "We were up to Petey's house last night. He cooked a *sole Marguery*. Clare Tanner was there." You know.

Oh, Clare was after him, all right. At first, I thought that when we separated she would lose interest, like she always does. I mean, a separated man is practically *single*. But then it dawned on me that Clare was just the type that might like to be Mrs. Peter Stuyvesant Trenholm, 3d, too. That's definitely the way it looked, with those cooking parties going on at the Trenholm house. Why, the man at the Stork Club told me he thought Clare was dead—she hadn't been in there for a month.

Well, Judie, under the circumstances, there was only one thing a self-respecting girl could do—I stole Petey's recipe book. Evan, the butler, arranged it. He was on my side anyway, I think, but he had his own reasons. Judging from the gaunt expression on his face, Petey had moved back into the Trenholm kitchen, pot and pannage.

I don't know exactly what I thought would happen. After all, you couldn't expect that Petey would come crawling down East 53d Street on his hands and knees. He was probably good and mad, just as I was. But losing that recipe book put him under a strain, because Evan told me that he had never seen Mr. Trenholm so restless and taut-looking.

WELL, about a week passed, I guess, and there was Petey up in the 64th Street house and there was I in the 53d Street apartment, and there was the recipe book in the safe-deposit vault and nothing was happening. I could do no more, so far as I could see. A perfectly swell marriage was probably wrecked.

And then came this letter from the Society of Amateur Chefs. It was for Petey. I steamed it open by mistake and discovered that it was an announcement of the Society's annual dinner. Furthermore, the letter said something about Petey's being one of the *chefs d'honneur*. Thinking maybe it was important, I sent the letter right up to the Trenholm house.

That night, after supper, the bell rang, and there stood Petey. I tell you, Jude, he seemed like a broken man. I mean, his eyes had a hunted look and his shoulders sort of slumped and his voice was quavering.

"May I come in, Camilla?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," I replied.

I watched him a minute, and noticed him gazing around, fondly remembering things in the apartment and so forth. At last, when I'd mixed him a highball, he turned to me. "You've got it, haven't you?" he inquired.

"Got what?" I said.

"My recipe book," said Petey.

"Why, Petey," I said, "you took that with you—with the kitchenware—when you left."

A soft, sad smile (*Continued on page 66*)

Cause for DIVORCE

BY WM. STEIG

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Because these advertisements say... and we repeat it here . . . that with the chart shown above you can figure out for yourself what it would cost you to buy a new car on time . . . and what the monthly payments would be. You can select your own payment arrangements yourself, and know all costs *in advance.*

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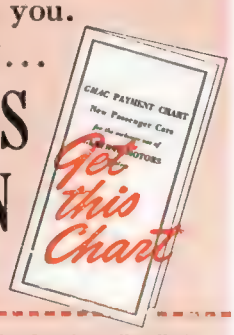

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HOW MODERN ARE YOU?

BY DIXON BENNETT

THE adjective "modern" has fallen into bad repute of late. It is being used to describe the weird painting of Salvator Dali, the weirder contortions of the jitterbugs, and the weirdest fads in women's clothes. But many people still believe you can be modern without being mad. In fact, they ask, isn't the genuinely modern person right in step with the times, eager to accept improvements, no matter how they clash with tradition, but quick to resist faddishness? If you would like to get a line on how near you come to this conception of "modern," answer the questions below. Mark down each group in which you answer four or more questions with "Yes," then turn to page 174 to find out about yourself.

– A –

_____ 1 Forgetting, for the moment, about hats and shoes, do you think women's clothes are less foolish than men's?

_____ 2 Given an independent income and a command of all languages, would you still choose to live in the United States rather than any other country in the world?

_____ 3 The people whose business it is to fret about such things report that women's evening gowns are going to have a bulge that looks suspiciously like a bustle and that men's dinner clothes will be brightened up with a red or blue bow tie. If you were buying a new party outfit, would you shy away from these new styles?

_____ 4 Considering only your personal inclinations, would you prefer to live in a rural spot of your own selection rather than in a large city?

_____ 5 You are in the market for an automobile and you learn that you can buy a last year's model which has never been out of the salesroom for 20 per cent less than the new model. Even if you had the extra money, would you choose the older car?

_____ 6 Do you enjoy at least two of these pursuits: (a) listening to swing music, (b) looking at modernistic paintings, (c) reading advertisements?

– B –

_____ 1 Would you rather travel by airplane than by train?

_____ 2 If you adopted a ten-months-old orphan would you, later on, tell the child of the adoption rather than bring it up as your own child?

_____ 3 From the moral viewpoint only, do you agree that nudism is all right for those people who believe in it?

_____ 4 Do you approve of women's smoking?

_____ 5 If both of you wanted to do it, would you kiss the spouse of a friend of yours?

_____ 6 Do you go to the movies—or the theater—twice a month or more?

– C –

_____ 1 If a wife wants to work, do you think she should go right ahead even if her husband is earning a good and secure living?

_____ 2 Practically every town in America has one or more skyscrapers. Do you think it would be just as well if they didn't have these tall buildings?

_____ 3 A young girl with money and a young medical student without money are in love. It will be about six years before the boy can support the girl. Do you think they should go ahead and marry and let the girl finance the slim years?

_____ 4 In choosing a theoretical mate for marriage would you put strong physical attraction above intellectual companionship?

_____ 5 A famous and wealthy but unmarried woman wanted a baby. And so she had one and brought him up without benefit of husband. Do you think she did wrong?

_____ 6 Do you disagree with the saying: "Spare the rod and spoil the child?"

(*Continued from page 64*) passed across his face. "Yes, but it's gone now. I've looked high and low. I can tell from Evan's manner that you've gotten your hands on it somehow."

Judie, here's a piece of advice: Never feed an estranged husband a highball. I mean, it makes them ruthless, or something. That's what happened to Petey, anyway. There he'd come into the apartment a whipped man with no chance of a successful settlement. A highball—and, *phfft*, everything changed. I had scarcely said "Why, Petey" once more when he leaped up, roaring like a labor leader.

"Don't try to pull that!" he shouted. Judie, I tell you, he was simply *towering*. "I know you've got it. Tell me where that book is, before I sock you in the eye!"

Well, what can you do when a husband does that? I mean, I was *thrilled*, he looked so mad. I dropped all pretense. "It isn't here, Petey. I hid it."

At that, his face fell and he sat down again. "Where?" he demanded. "Are you sure it's in a safe place?"

"Perfectly safe, Petey."

He was so relieved that I knew I had the situation in hand again.

"I need one of those recipes, pet," he said.

"What for?" I inquired, with plenty of acid in my tone. "So you can impress Clare Tanner with a new dish?"

HE STARED at me, and commenced to laugh. "Why, you're jealous," he said, in that surprised way men have. "Darling, I haven't seen Clare since the night I asked her to help me clean a chicken."

"What do you need a recipe for?" I persisted.

His voice became serious. "It's the annual dinner of the Society of Amateur Chefs," he said. "All the dishes are prepared by members of the Society. And the board of governors has invited me to make my famous Deviled Crabs à la Trenholm." Petey was almost pleading with me by this time. "Honestly, darling, it's a tremenduos honor for a man of my age to be chosen as one of the chefs at the annual dinner. It's my big chance." Then he added hopefully: "I can take a girl to the dinner."

Well, Judie, I guess that was what decided me. I mean, I like deviled crabs myself.

So Petey and I are back together again, and everything's going splendidly. He moved to the apartment that very night. . . .

Oh, of course we came to an agreement about the cooking. You see, Judie, I had noticed that Petey never ate very much of those dishes himself. I spoke about it that night, and Petey said no, it wasn't eating he liked, it was the cooking. He preferred plain food, he said, and, as a matter of fact, simply hated fish. Well, then it was easy. We have an arrangement now where Petey comes home and cooks dinner two nights a week. If it's something I enjoy, we eat at home. If not, I just rise from the table and say this or that club. Then we give the food to the elevator man and go out somewhere to eat. . . .

The parties? Oh, we arranged that, too. Petey can invite people to the apartment any time he wants to. The only thing is, he has to do all the dishes all by himself. . . .

Oh, yes, we've been seeing a lot of the crowd lately—at places around town, you know.

But, Judie, you haven't even *mentioned* Paris. . . .

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Duo-Therm's new "Power-Air" heater KEEPS FLOORS WARM—by force!

KEEPS HEAT MOVING— GIVES EVEN, TOP-TO-BOTTOM COMFORT—
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TOO HOT HERE	*95°*
WARM HERE	*79°*
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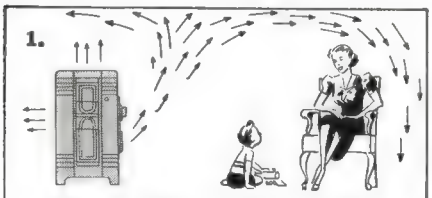
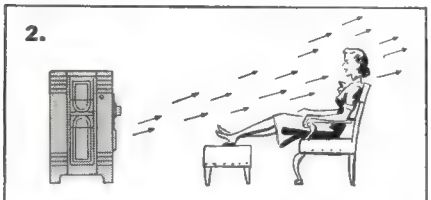
Enjoy warmer winters—with a Duo-Therm!



Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air** will drive heat to every corner! You get uniform, "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—and *extra* heat for every room!



A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, plug in your *Power-Air* and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

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It gives you *more* heat from every drop of oil—because of its patented Bias-Baffle Burner! It gives *regulated* heat—at the turn of a handy dial. It gives a flood of *extra* heat when you open the radiant door!

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Greater heating comfort than ever before! Duo-Therm's amazing new *Power-Air* drives heat all through your house—circulates heat faster, better, to every corner of every room! It brings lazy ceiling heat down where you need it—gives uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—saves at least 5% in fuel costs! And it does *more* . . . . . .

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And *Power-Air* costs little to run! It takes no more current than a 60-watt lamp.

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Tell me about this new Duo-Therm heater!

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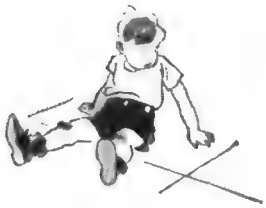

. . . WE LEARN LIFE'S LESSONS YOUNG

EARLY in life the small boy learns to look for a soft place to land when he jumps. A little later — if he becomes a football hero — he will find a headguard necessary. When he is old enough to drive a car, he will want good shock absorbers to smooth the rough places in the road.

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALLACE KIRKLAND FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Give 'em air

Youngsters spend so many school hours outdoors nowadays that a sunburn marks the scholar. Biggest item in the give-'em-air trend is the Civil Aeronautics Authority plan to train 15,000 college pilots annually, at a first-year cost of $5,675,000. This year CAA test-hopped with $100,000, trained 330 pilots at 13 colleges. Largest number, 50, were taught at Purdue. Unmatched on any campus, Purdue's airport at Lafayette, Indiana, has a brick hangar and a 380-acre field, worth $500,000. Its CAA Communications station handles hourly weather reports. Other schools can learn much from Purdue. Item: Concrete runway formulas. To find out which concrete mix serves best, Purdue laid down 27 different kinds.

Purdue fliers use 4-cylinder planes. Students painted a face on one at right

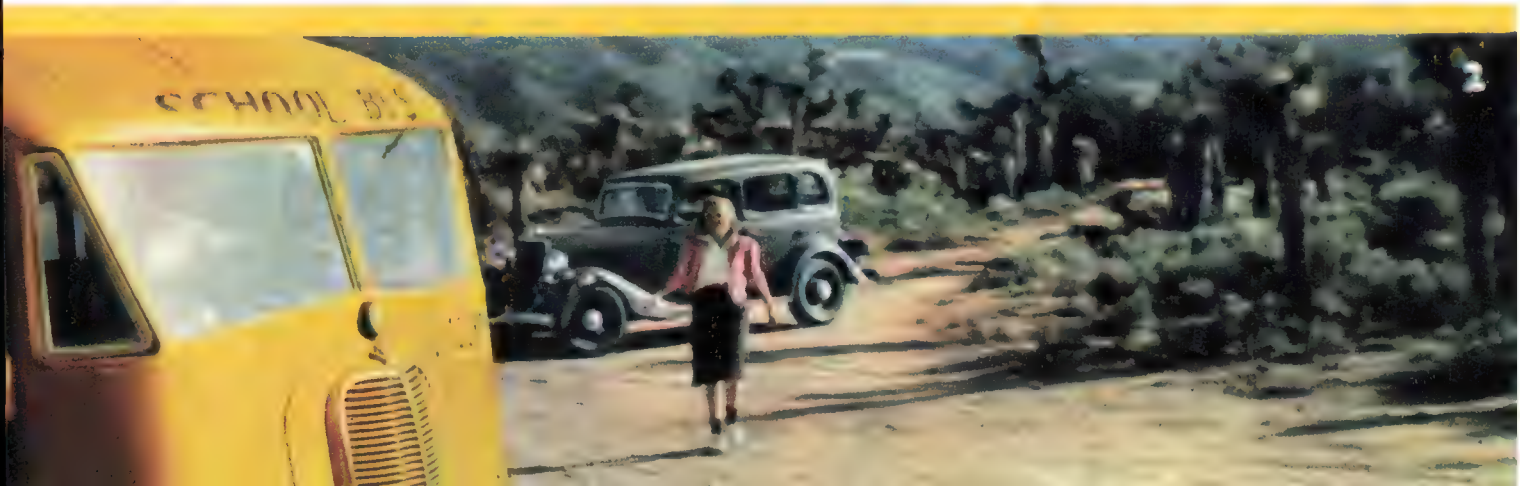
The CAA trains no women, but co-educational Purdue bars none from regular flying classes, started in 1934, long before CAA existed. Lois Hollingsworth, St. Louis junior (*below*), earned her pilot's license at Purdue while studying aeronautical engineering. Purdue does not operate its airport; it leases the port to Captain Lawrence I. Aretz, veteran of 4,000,000 air miles, at $10 a month. He owns the planes, six Taylor Cubs. Training for a private license costs about $310; CAA pays $250, the student $60. Each student gets a minimum of 35 hours flight—17 hours dual, 18 solo. Purdue turned out the first CAA flier in the country. He soloed triumphantly after ten days, earned his license within a month.

The student spinning the propeller *(above)* wears a parachute, must not fly without it. No Purdue student has ever bailed out, none has been hurt, none killed. Not all CAA fliers study aeronautical engineering, not all engineering students fly. Some concentrate on such buglike gadgets as the one below, which tests efficiency of motors. With airline business soaring and U. S. rearmament warming up, these engineering students will be kept busy upon graduation. Rearmament alone is expected to create 70,000 jobs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALLACE KIRKLAND FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

—in the Mojave

Of all the 30,000,000 students in the U. S. none gets fresh air in larger chunks than the 800 youngsters at the breeze-swept Antelope Valley Joint Union High School. This school with the multiple-hinged name is on the rim of the Mojave Desert, at Lancaster, California. The school district, broadcast in the land, spreads over 3,476 square miles, bigger than the state of Rhode Island. It has the world's largest school transportation system: 14 busses crammed with youngsters travel a total of 1,160 miles daily. One bus, the "Borax Express," ends its run 56 miles northeast of the school; another, the "Gorman Clipper," 52 miles due west. Some students travel 25 miles to meet the bus. Many ride horses or mules to the highway, as did Al Kruger, Southern California football star, when he went to AVJUHS. Kruger galloped ten miles to get the bus, trained his horse to walk home alone. (He never got the horse trained to meet the bus at night.) Because bus drivers must spend all day at school they double as janitors, gardeners. and mechanics. Principal Roy A. Knapp and 34 teachers emphasize agriculture, farm mechanics, other practical subjects. Antelope has one of the nation's few high-



FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILL CONNELL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

school mineralogy courses, useful in a mining country. Freshmen boys must learn to dance. Schoolgirls teach them before morning classes. Periodic school dances are well attended despite the long bus ride. The busses transport football, basketball, and badminton teams, and the 85-piece school band. The school was founded in 1912, with eight students. Despite all the bus-riding nowadays, none of the jolted students is bored. "We flirt with the girls," one boy explained. "We keep them busy."

1. *Desert-dwelling pupils meet the big school bus*
2. *"Gorman Clipper" in west end of the Mojave*
3. *Students swim in big outdoor high-school pool*
4. *Girls in school band wear smart, colorful uniforms*
5. *Rush for the busses after school ends for the day*

A wiseacre once remarked that the best university was a good professor on one end of a log and a pupil on the other. That idea has been adopted almost literally at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., where seniors look forward to a week at a study camp in near-by Turkey Run State Park. Daily program at the camp includes big meals, sports, study, big meals, discussion groups, horseplay, and big meals. (Indiana's fried chicken corn-fattened beef, country ham, hot biscuits-and-gravy are famous.) The seniors go to camp in small groups to study for final examinations. Each group is hand-picked to include all types—athletes, bookworms, bright playboys, and silent Cals. Professors from neighboring universities are frequent dinner guests,

—in study camps

A Wabash "Caveman" prepares to swing on a grapevine as classmates wait for him in a gully below

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TORKEL KORLING FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

join in solemn what's-the-world-coming-to discussions evenings. Favorite diversions are swinging across gulches on big grapevines; tree-climbing contests; and instantly tossing into the water anyone foolish enough to remark that he *might* go swimming. To undergraduates at near-by colleges, Wabash students are known as "Cavemen." They like the title, seeing in it more envy than rebuke. Wabash has no co-eds. Result is that the Cavemen pay heavy court to girls on other campuses, dressing like dukes when a-visiting. On their home grounds, having no girls to impress, they wear things that would make a tailor eat his shears. Standard equipment includes brogans or moccasins, old slacks, and sweat shirts. Rents and tears in the slacks are patched with strips of adhesive tape. Favorite sweat shirts are the ones borrowed from the athletic department. These informal garments, worn daily to college classes, have a bizarre touch of chic: a legend coarsely stenciled across the back reading, STOLEN FROM THE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

ABOVE: *Two-toned shoes make this "Caveman" a dude.* BELOW: *The Wabash senior being thrown into the water had rashly remarked that he might go in for a swim*

— Kankakee Kids

School sports in the U. S. produce great athletes, rarely produce as coincidental a pair as The Kids from Kankakee. Harry Stella and Allen Bergner were constant playmates in Kankakee, Illinois. Both made Kankakee High School's football team as tackles. Stella went to West Point, Bergner to Annapolis. This season they meet again, dramatically: Stella as football captain and right tackle for Army, Bergner as captain and left tackle for Navy. Stella *(below with coach)* is 22, weighs 210, stands 5 feet 11 inches. He plays varsity baseball, is a heavyweight boxer. Bergner *(at right)* is 22, weighs 220, stands 6 feet 2 inches. He plays basketball, baseball, lacrosse, has been Navy's heavyweight champion. When Stella and Bergner collide this fall in the Army-Navy game, proud Kankakee rooters will be there, happy to know that, whoever wins, Kankakee can't lose.

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

KINGFISH

THE SECOND

(*Continued from page 17*)

true Latin predilection for intrigue. Politics fascinated him. He started as a ward worker with a handful of Italian and Cajun (Arcadian-French) votes. His sphere of influence widened as he grew steadily richer.

Huey Long came snorting out of the canebrakes in the 1924 campaign and made the mistake of ignoring Maestri. It was an affront Maestri could not overlook. Long was soundly whipped, and Maestri helped whip him.

Two years later Long was wiser. Preparing for the 1928 campaign, he sent for Maestri one day. Maestri ignored the summons. Long swallowed his pride and walked meekly to Maestri's office. He had to wait ten minutes in the reception-room. But when the conference started it lasted most of the night. The upshot was that Maestri led his cohorts for Long, and Huey was elected governor.

I ASKED Mayor Maestri a few weeks ago, "Why did you swing over to Long?" He clipped the end off a fresh cigar and contemplated me like an imperturbable brown Buddha. Finally he replied, "Because he was a good guy. I knew he was going places."

He thought Long could win and he liked to ride a winner. He was smart enough to play coy until Long came with offerings. Long had something Maestri wanted. Not money, probably, for Maestri already had more money than he needed and was notoriously a soft touch for any charity. No, the thing Huey Long could offer Millionaire Maestri was what a man of his temperament craves—power. You see that characteristic now as you watch Mayor Maestri greeting the constituents who bring their troubles to his office every afternoon—a sleek complacency at the spectacle of all these people running to him, a peddler's boy, for help. He eats it up.

What he got from Governor Long was the directorate of the Conservation Commission which has sovereign control of all the state's natural resources. One of these is oil. It is a matter of record that almost everybody associated with the Long hierarchy made more or less money out of oil. Maestri himself profited hugely through the Louisiana oil booms, but he told me, "I never messed with state oil lands. Let the other guys have that stuff. I made mine outside."

By the time Huey went to Washington as United States Senator in 1931, bequeathing the governorship to Oscar K. Allen, Maestri was one of the inner council and rising stead-

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It's Smart to Call for

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ily higher in Long's estimation. He had been firm in the crises, solid as concrete.

He had something Long needed. That something was guts. The Kingfish had an intelligent financial manager and custodian of the organization funds in the person of the debonair millionaire innkeeper, Seymour Weiss. He had a dependable gubernatorial rubber stamp in O. K. Allen. But in Maestri he had not only a wily tactician and a rough-and-ready political handler, but a stout fighting heart.

I asked Mayor Maestri, "How did you get in so strong with Huey?" He said, after some reflection, "I liked him and he liked me, and we both knew it. I stuck by him in that impeachment trouble."

That's putting it mildly.

IN 1933 Senator Long was under the heavy fire of a Congressional investigation. He was suspected of taking money for political favors. Evidence was largely circumstantial until his brother Earl appeared before the investigators one day and told them Huey had accepted $10,000.

Huey dissolved into tears of self-pity in the sanctuary of his ornate hotel parlor that night. He felt himself misunderstood, persecuted. Even his own brother had turned against him. (He overlooked the fact that he had consistently thwarted Earl's political ambitions.) He was through, he sobbed. He'd resign. There was no use to fight.

Embarrassed members of his cabinet tried awkwardly to comfort him, but it was grim, stocky Mystery Maestri who shouldered them aside. As the story goes, he grabbed the Kingfish by the lapels, yanked him to his feet, whacked him on the back, and read him a merciless lecture on cowardice. Before the dawn Long's confidence had been restored. He went in fighting—and won.

From that moment Bob Maestri was seldom far from Huey's side.

By the spring of 1935 Earl Long was eager for a reconciliation. Huey had not spoken to him since the break. This social slight disturbed Earl for a sufficient reason: He wanted to run for lieutenant governor the following spring and he knew he had no chance without Huey's backing. It was Maestri to whom he turned for intercession. And it was Maestri, with the old Latin sentimental passion for family unity running right in the groove, who persuaded the Kingfish to grant a grudging forgiveness.

Nobody knows what the outcome might have been, for, a few months later, on the second Sunday evening in September, Huey Long's career ended in a brisk rattle of gunfire in the lobby of his new state capitol.

He left a kingdom, but no king.

The first hours saw a wild scurrying of potential crown princes. Before the body of the Kingfish had been committed to its bronze crypt in the forecourt of the statehouse, Governor Allen, himself soon to die, was tearfully reminding the state that Huey's monuments were the fine roads, the toll-free bridges, the schools, and the libraries, and was solemnly adjuring Huey's nabobs, "Perpetuate yourselves in office."

Bob Maestri, the iron man, was one of those who wept aloud at Huey Long's bier. These were no crocodile tears, for an abiding affection had grown up between these two men. The mayor told me, "I felt that I had to carry on his work," and he did.

He went directly from the coffin to a soundproof room in New Orleans' Roosevelt Hotel. Two other men were there— the hotel magnate and organization treasurer, Weiss and young Richard W. Leche, erstwhile secretary who had risen to peerage in Long's kingdom. In that room, that night, was born the triumvirate that picked up the reins of power and continued to rule the state. The state, that is, with one important exception—New Orleans.

The nation that laughed at his antics believed Huey Long dominated all of Louisiana. That never was true. He never got a foothold in the metropolis. New Orleans was held by the old Choctaw Club, a faction as formidable in its day as New York's Tammany. It stubbornly resisted Huey, and he hated it right down to the ground.

IN THE eight years of his reign the Kingfish never stopped making war on the Choctaw crowd. He lampooned its mayor, T. Semmes Walmsley, making him a public whipping boy. The Choctaws stood pat. Huey's assaults extended to proclamations of martial law, but his most effective maneuver was a form of economic blockade. Hoping to starve New Orleans into line, he cut its city hall off from all relationship with his state government and, so far as he was able, from the federal spending bee. His heirs, the triumvirate, Maestri, Weiss, and Leche, maintained the inexorable blockade, and New Orleans sank to its knees.

Eleven months after Huey's funeral the big three achieved by guile what Huey never had been able to do by force. They whipped the

Choctaw crowd. Mayor Walmsley was given an opportunity to retire gracefully, his archfoe being dead. He accepted a comfortable berth as counsel for the city-owned Public Belt railway. In the midsummer of 1936 the way was opened for a posthumous realization of Huey's dream, the conquest of New Orleans.

It was hard to find the right man for mayor. Leche had been made governor. Earl Long was lieutenant governor, forced there by Maestri's dominating will over the protests of his colleagues, who had never forgiven what they called his treachery. Weiss was too busy with his multifarious private interests. The lot fell to Maestri.

"I never wanted this job," the mayor told me. "It was forced on me."

Nevertheless, the subjugation of New Orleans was carried out so quickly and so curiously that even today its intimate details remain blurred. There was no election, nor any thought of one. The city had a rapid succession of mayors in less than a week. Walmsley resigned; his legal successor moved in. The successor resigned, leaving the job to the man below, who also resigned. This procedure continued, until finally they came to Maestri, who had been hustled into an office that made him next in line.

He was inaugurated August 17, 1936. The state legislature, organization-controlled, set his term at six years, although an elected mayor serves only four. It was one of those things that could happen only in a state inured to the whimsies of dictatorships.

AS MAYOR, Maestri has astonished everybody. He took to the job the same ruthless driving force that propped up Huey Long. He breaks laws, rules, and regulations with high-handed disregard, letting the end justify the means. Expecting nothing and fearing the worst, his people were first puzzled, then pleased, eventually delighted at his application of homespun business principles to city management.

Whatever debits may appear in the ledger as time goes on, nobody denies that Mayor Maestri has given New Orleans nearly two-score months of constructive, unique government. This, more than any other factor, has made him political boss of the state. There are some, of course, who regard his program of vast public improvements skeptically. They point out that the European dictators are noted for their enthusiastic constructions of roads and public buildings, without any real regard for the average man's welfare. But few New Orleans citizens bother themselves with such analogies. They accept Maestri's good works at their face value and sing his praises on the slightest provocation.

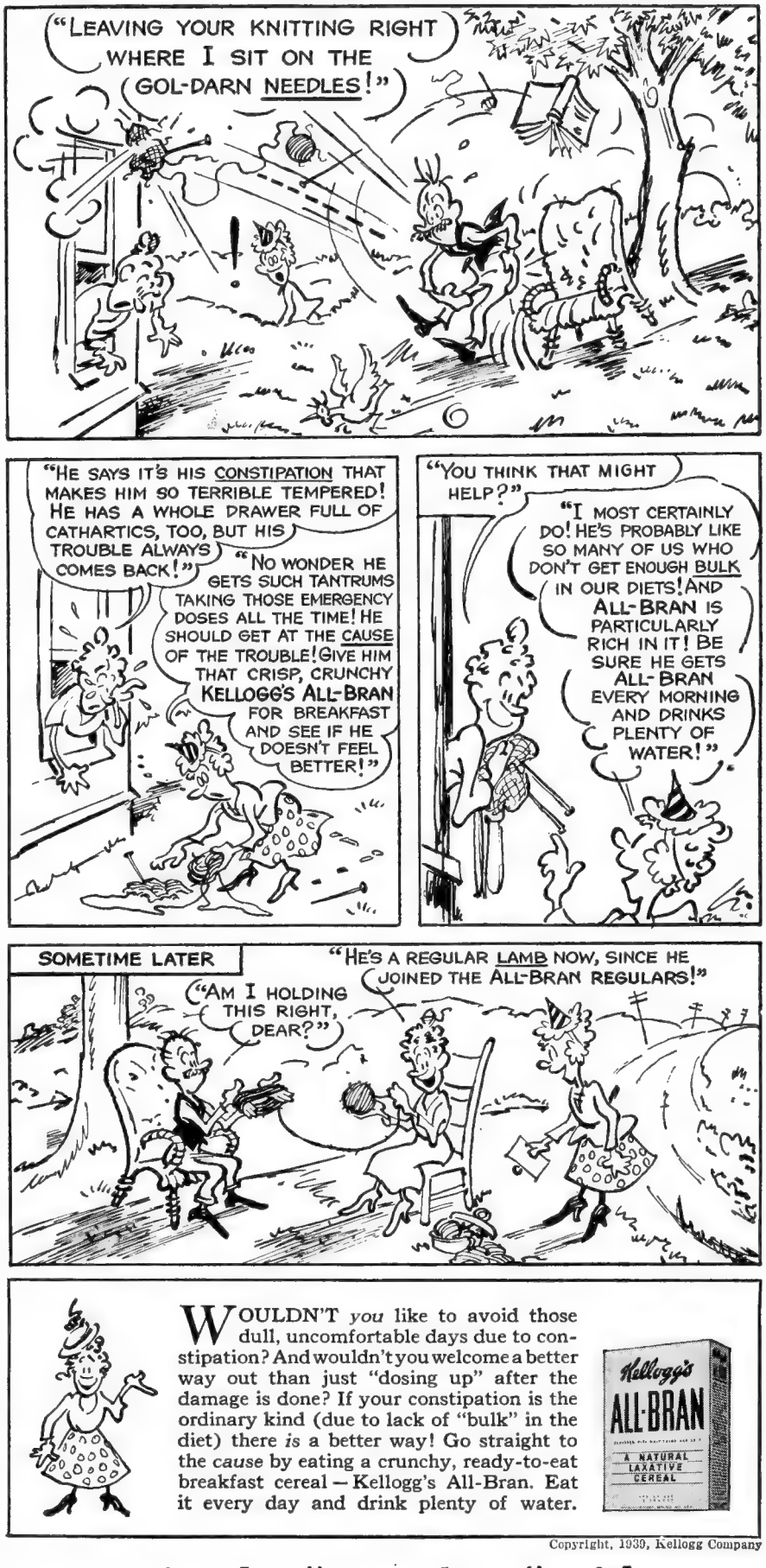
It is hard to believe that a business house would refuse to charge a 40-cent paintbrush to a great city, yet that happened two weeks before Maestri took office. The city had no credit whatever.

The federal courts held it in technical bankruptcy. Current debts totalled $15,000,000. Its electric light bill, unpaid three years, amounted to $1,200,000. City employees occasionally got 30 per cent of their salaries on payday, sometimes nothing at all. They were living on charity.

Great masses of its citizens, lacking any faith in the future, refused to pay taxes. Principal thoroughfares were overgrown with weeds; many were impassable.

It took the new mayor three minutes to establish cordial relations with the state

THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG —by Fontaine Fox



WOULDN'T *you* like to avoid those dull, uncomfortable days due to constipation? And wouldn't you welcome a better way out than just "dosing up" after the damage is done? If your constipation is the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet) there *is* a better way! Go straight to the *cause* by eating a crunchy, ready-to-eat breakfast cereal — Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day and drink plenty of water.

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Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

...WHEN

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In "Prestone" anti-freeze, ethylene glycol is fortified with *exclusive* ingredients developed after years of laboratory research and millions of miles of the toughest test driving an anti-freeze can undergo. These ingredients curb leaking, foaming, rust clogging. It takes years of experience to make a great anti-freeze. Beware of new and untried preparations.

And think twice before you spend even a dollar for a gallon of alcohol base anti-freeze. (Regardless of brand name dollar-a-gallon anti-freezes usually contain alcohol.) Alcohol boils away under engine heat . . . has to be replaced. "Prestone" anti-freeze will not boil away. One filling lasts all winter long.

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GUARANTEE

"National Carbon Company, Inc., specifically guarantees that 'Prestone' brand anti-freeze, if used according to printed directions, in normal water cooling systems, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a full winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water."

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GOOD NEWS—"Prestone" anti-freeze is now sold at only $2.65 per gallon—the lowest price in history! See your "Prestone" anti-freeze dealer today. He'll protect your car as specified by the official chart. Then smile with "Prestone" anti-freeze . . . let others boil!

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Avoid This

"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE will never fail you no matter how long or cold the winter. When you put it into your car you can forget about costly freeze-ups. There's no replacing. *You're safe —and you know it!*

MANY ANTI-FREEZES are made with alcohol. But their brand names don't say so. These anti-freezes may boil away, require replacing. "Prestone" anti-freeze is not made with alcohol—does not boil off or evaporate.

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NO DANGEROUS FUMES from "Prestone" anti-freeze—no fire-hazard. "Prestone" anti-freeze cannot harm car finish or the metal and rubber parts of your cooling system. Absolutely odorless!

AND FORGET WINTER WORRIES!

government. A telephone call to the state treasurer turned the trick. "I need two million dollars," the mayor said, in effect. "The banks want to charge me six per cent. What do you pay for money?"

"About three per cent," said the treasurer.

"Get me some at that rate," said the mayor, and it was done. He could get only $1,900,000, so he wrote his personal check for $100,000 and tossed it into the pot. That tided the city over until tax-collection time the following January.

The triumvirate had made peace with Washington after Huey's death. Two long-distance telephone calls proved how firmly the bond was cemented. One resulted in the allocation of millions of WPA funds. The other was followed by the United States Housing Authority s recognition of the need for eight slum-clearance projects totaling $23,000,000. Things began to hum.

The mayor decided to equip the WPA workmen with steam shovels and paving machines, although this is in flagrant violation of WPA rules. When he set out to buy the machines he discovered that the city had no central purchasing system. He installed one, and it has saved about $500,000 a year, but the mayor himself does most of the public chiseling. He buys the city's tires at one-fourth retail, gasoline 9 cents under the market, police motorcycles at 50 per cent discounts. He loves a hard trade and, completing a shrewd one, he often tells his associates, "I shaved 'em without soap."

As "Go With Bob" placards began to plaster the city's fences and telephone poles, the mayor appealed for the payment of back taxes. The response was amazing. The mayor himself went down to pay taxes in advance on the more than 100 parcels of real estate he owns, including downtown office buildings and entire square blocks of homes. He found it took the average citizen about three hours to pay, being shunted from window to window. He fixed that in two days. Now it takes less than five minutes, and thousands follow his example and pay taxes in advance.

The banks began to get substantial installments on their $7,000,000 worth of municipality notes. Nineteen months after Mayor Maestri took office all the notes were paid. The saving in interest amounts to about $400,000 annually.

HE WALKED into a fire station one afternoon and surprised the boys at a rummy game. Next day word filtered through the fire and police departments that the mayor wanted handymen to repair and renovate the precinct stations. A few volunteered, starting one of the most extraordinary community activities you could find in America.

In New Orleans this summer I saw sights that rival Aesop's Fables. A police sergeant is making the city good white paint from the worthless carbide refuse of a factory. Firemen and policemen in overalls are painting churches, private charitable institutions, and semipublic buildings, having rebuilt and redecorated every fire and police station.

Prisoners from the city jails are transforming vacant lots into asphalt playgrounds, installing salvaged plumbing in run-down parochial schools, making swimming pools and drinking fountains from old paving blocks, swings and horizontal bars from pieces of water pipe. The vehicle that brings them good hot meals and also hauls materials from job to job is, of all things, a patrol wagon. No prisoner has run away. They thought they'd lost one this spring, but he'd just gone home to see his wife.

WPA crews on major paving projects are working with massive modern machinery, not picks and shovels. They have completed about 250 miles of streets. They compete with a fierce and incredible rivalry. A foreman told me, "My gang wouldn't quit last night. They wanted to beat the crew on the next block." He said his gang paved 42 blocks of boulevard in 54 days, which is a record any private contractor could boast about.

As the shacks are being razed in the slum-clearance projects, nothing is thrown away The mayor finds a use for everything, from nails to foundation blocks.

Junk from a venerable city dump is being used to make a breakwater forming a magnificent yacht harbor in Lake Pontchartrain, the city's playground. The riprap is slabs of old concrete from repaved streets. Next summer yachtsmen will drive along this bulwark on a 40-foot boulevard to reach the 650 craft docked there, and the city will be richer by about $5,000 annually in mooring fees. And on the old dump, long called Silver City because of the sunlight's reflection on the tin cans, is rising one of the slum-clearance projects offering good homes for $4 monthly per room.

At least half of these enterprises are utterly irregular and probably illegal. The mayor is the first to admit it. But, "What of it?" he demands bluntly. "Somebody's got to get things done. Should I sit here and watch the town go to hell?"

LONG since on a sound financial basis, the city's progress has invigorated private business. Trade clearances have mounted steadily. Stores are crowded. There are 14,000 persons on relief, against 37,000 three years ago. The city vibrates with confidence, buzzes with activity, and is planning a Pan-American World's Fair in 1942.

As Maestri has gained in strength his erstwhile colleagues have weakened. The triumvirate came unjointed this summer. Earl Long was the cause. Neither Weiss nor Leche favored him for governor in 1940. Maestri, as usual, stood pat. There were rumblings of inharmony, and then, in June, came the showdown.

Maestri publicly announced he would support Earl Long. Neither Weiss nor Leche joined in this manifesto. A few weeks later, pleading ill health, Leche resigned. Earl Long became governor, giving him a priceless opportunity to mend his fences for next year's campaign. It was impossible to overlook Maestri's fine Italian hand in this sequence of events, and only a blind man could fail to see that it meant the dissolution of the triumvirate, the ascension of Maestri to supreme domination.

The storm of federal investigations broke almost at once. Both Leche and Weiss have been indicted. Rumors of scandals are thick as the plums in a Christmas pudding.

The other day in the state capital, Baton Rouge, Governor Long ambiguously declaimed his determination to "remove from seats of authority every man who, in any degree, undertakes to serve mammon rather than God."

And in New Orleans, snugly barricaded behind one of the largest private fortunes in the South and one of the most formidable political machines in America, Mayor Maestri sits tight and says nothing at all.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

WHY DON'T THEY?

•

EQUIP all automobile door handles with rubber guards to eliminate nicking and scratching cars parked alongside.—*J. Baxter Gardner, Oak Park, Ill.*

•

PROVIDE change-making machines in all public telephone booths, so that you won't have to go chasing all over the lot for a nickel.—*Rosalie Gleason, Flushing, L. I.*

•

INSULATE the cup tops of all thermos bottles so they won't be too hot to handle when steaming liquids are poured into them.—*Margaret J. Sherk, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

•

DESIGNATE by the letter "B," or some other suitable marking, the bathrooms in private homes in order to prevent embarrassing moments for guests.—*Mrs. Leonia Mays, Kansas City, Mo.*

•

FOR the benefit of those who enjoy sailing, make a window of some strong transparent material in the lower part of the jib sail so that the helmsman has clear vision ahead.—*Lou Libbey, Montebello, Calif.*

•

PUT a combination lock on at least one door of every house, so that if you have forgotten your key you can still get in.—*Dorothy Rugstad, Worcester, Mass.*

•

FURNISH all refrigerators with a sliding tray upon which a housewife can stack her food, thus avoiding numerous trips to and from the table. —*Mrs. Charles Page, Riverside, Calif.*

•

MANUFACTURE thick, absorbent paper bath mats that can be discarded after use.—*Mrs. L. E. Angel, Pasadena, Calif.*

•

BUILD in every bathroom a small refrigerating unit, in which to keep the toilet preparations of "milady" and provide her with ice cubes for her facial.—*Pearl Lownie, Trevose, Pa.*

•

INVENT an ash tray that can be clamped on a man's belt when he's moving around the house.—*Mrs. G. N. Spinney, Dorchester, Mass.*

•

HAVE you any ideas for this column? Send them along to the *Why Don't They?* editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. We will pay $1 apiece for the first suggestion of each idea published. None will be returned.

Stars over hollywood

(Continued from page 35)

corner of the big room with huge windows. "I'll try to answer any questions you ask me," he said quietly.

"Okay," I said. "How long will Hitler last?"

"I've worked out Hitler's chart," Norvell replied. "It indicates a violent end for him within two years. Furthermore, he faces the danger of death through a bullet or stab wound, or an operation in the region of his throat."

Well, that gives you a chance to check up on astrological reliability—in 1941. The Hollywood seer also predicts that President Roosevelt will not run for a third term, because, if he did, he would be defeated—and, for good measure, he adds that Shirley Temple will not marry until she is twenty-four and that the Dionne Quints won't look alike when they grow up. . . .

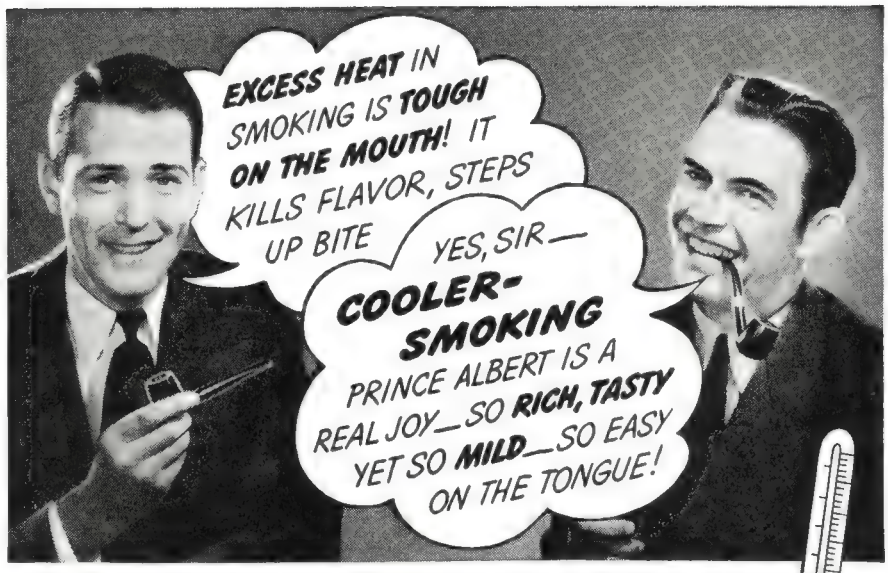
IT WAS nine years ago that Norvell arrived in Hollywood. He went there on the advice of the late Evangeline Adams, most publicized of the American astrologers, who believed, as does Norvell, that Hollywood is the future spiritual center of the universe, no less. Southern California, it seems, falls under the leadership of Leo the Lion, most potent of the twelve astrological signs.

When Norvell met Miss Adams in New York he was a young medical student named Anthony Trupo. His father was an Italian-born lawyer, and his mother was French-English, a violinist and opera singer in Europe. Both of them were believers in but not practicers of the occult sciences. Young Anthony never took much stock in their convictions until after they were killed in an automobile accident. Then he "got" astrology. He cast their horoscopes, which convinced him that they were killed because they were born under malevolent influences, that they could have been saved if they had been warned.

His latent enthusiasm aroused, Trupo proceeded to scrawl horoscopes over the backs of fever charts in the New York hospital where he worked nights. Whenever a patient died, he tried to find a cause in the stars, and generally succeeded. Finally he decided to give up medicine entirely for the more glamorous field of astrology.

With Miss Adams, he worked out his own life chart. Just before her death—which he says she predicted to the week—she convinced him he should try his luck in Hollywood.

But not as Anthony Trupo. My stars,



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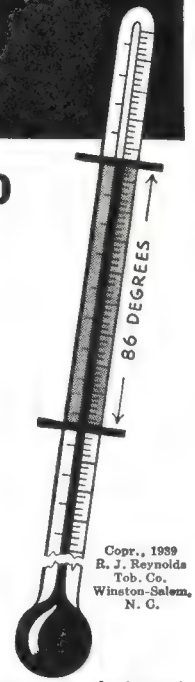
SMOKES 86 DEGREES COOLER...



than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested...coolest of *all!*

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SCIENTIFIC men who go for pipe-smoking, don't go for the "bite" and flatness of over-hot smokes any more than other pipe fans. An independent group of experts set out to find the COOLEST-SMOKING tobacco. *And they did* — by impartial laboratory tests on 31 of the largest-selling brands. An automatic heat-registering machine *found and printed* the results: PRINCE ALBERT SMOKED 86 DEGREES COOLER than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested . . . coolest of *all!*

You, too, want MOUTH COMFORT and TASTE PLEASURE in *your* smoking — without parching, "bite," due to excess heat! Get REAL SMOKE-JOY with P.A.'s rich, fragrant, yet COOL-SMOKING tobaccos — "crimp cut" and "no-bite" treated! (That's a tip to "makin's" smokers too.)

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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS SAYS—

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Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

TOM ALMOST LANDED IN THE DISH-PAN!

1. "If you don't fix this clogged drain," storms Mrs. Tom Burch, "you're going to be in the dishwashing business!"

2. "Huh? Who, me?" blinks Tom. "Wait! Wait! I'll go and get some Drāno!"

3. Down the drain goes Drāno! It *digs out* all the clogging grease and muck —gives a clear, free-flowing drain!

4. "Thar she flows!" boasts Tom. "Now use a teaspoonful each night—and *keep* the drain clean!"

Copr. 1939, The Drackett Co.

P.S. After the dishes —use a teaspoonful of Drāno —to *guard against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

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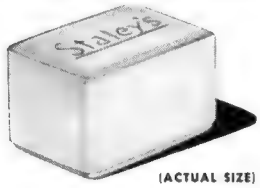

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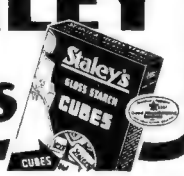
Costs No More Than Old-type Starch

STALEY GLOSS STARCH CUBES



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no! The name didn't vibrate right aesthetically or numerologically. Together they worked out one which they hoped would click. It was "Mahlon Norvell," which somehow brought him under the helpful influences of the creative digit, 9. But out in Hollywood "Mahlon" didn't seem to vibrate so auspiciously, either, so he junked it, leaving the solitary, more dramatic "Norvell." "I just can't imagine succeeding as an astrologer as Anthony Trupo, can you?" exclaimed Norvell, with a shudder.

Landing in Hollywood with little money and no friends among the stars except those in the heavens, Norvell shrewdly approached a woman who ran a gypsy tearoom. Gazing into the dregs in a teacup, he gave her a reading which moved her so deeply that she hired him on the spot to read leaves and palms for the female customers. Soon women were standing in line to consult him.

This went on for about three months. It looked as if Norvell were going to turn out to be just another fortuneteller, when something occurred which lifted him almost overnight into the fashionable and profitable astrology business. Mary Pickford dropped into the establishment for a cup of tea. Norvell grows a little breathless at this point:

"She was a vision in blue with golden curls. She was my idol. I was so jittery I could hardly concentrate."

He managed, however, to pull himself together sufficiently to inspect some tea leaves and inform Miss Pickford that she was headed for divorce, that she would marry again, and that she would switch from making pictures to producing.

For a fortuneteller on the verge of the jitters, that was going pretty good, and Miss Pickford appeared impressed.

A WEEK later she telephoned to invite Norvell to a dinner party at her home, Pickfair. She sent her car, with chauffeur and footman, to pick him up at his boarding-house, a fact which duly impressed the young bits player who lived just down the hall—Joan Blondell. At the party Norvell was introduced to such personages as Lord and Lady Mountbatten, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Buddy Rogers, and several directors and producers.

Since practically everyone wanted his fortune read, the young astrologer set up shop in an upper bedroom. Some of the guests took his predictions seriously, some laughed them off as laborious jokes, but the evening turned Norvell's name into a Hollywood byword. Always ready to lionize a new fad or a new face, Hollywood found them both in Norvell the Astrologer. If he was good enough for Pickfair—the movie folk decided he was good enough for the rest of them. Norvell's business curve turned sharply upward.

He quit his tearoom job, rented a big house in the hills. Before long his list of clients ran into the hundreds, and some of them hired him on a retainer fee for the privilege of calling him any time, day or night, to learn the celestial omens on new roles, pictures, contracts, marital problems, horse races, and financial investments.

Although Norvell specializes in astrology, he has a fondness for such other occult accomplishments as palmistry, fortunetelling, and numerology—particularly numerology. In fact, he claims to have tuned up the numerological vibrations of a number of players by tinkering with their names.

Adrienne Ames, he says, once thought her luck was running against her. So he suggested remodeling her name into Adrianne, to the distinct annoyance of the publicity department. Coincidence or what, she signed up for a new role right afterward. Norvell also urged Carole Lombard to change her first name from Carol to Carole, thereby rectifying its numerology vibrations.

Just to show me how much he could wring out of a horoscope, Norvell invited me to name two or three public characters whose horoscopes he might have cast already. I pondered an instant. "All right, how about President Roosevelt, Shirley Temple, and the Dionne Quintuplets?"

"That's seven," said Norvell pleasantly. "You're assuming that the Quints have identical horoscopes, but they were born far enough apart for each of them to have an entirely different destiny, astrologically speaking."

President Roosevelt, he went on, was born with the powerful planet Uranus on the ascendant in his chart, and with the sun in Aquarius. That probably doesn't mean much to you, but it informs an astrologer that the President can generally be counted on to do what people least expect. "Even though his chart shows that retirement from public life is likely and even advisable, the President can overrule these indications. I predict that he will consider it unwise to run for a third term, and, if he does choose to run, he will not be re-elected."

When Shirley Temple was born, April 23, 1929, the stars indicated that she would be an actress, according to Norvell's calculations. She can be expected, he says, to follow in the footsteps of Mary Pickford, also an April child, and she will go through no "awkward age" of spindly legs and toothbands. She shouldn't consider marriage until she is twenty-three or twenty-four. When she does, it will be for love, and the marriage has every chance of being happy and lasting. Her husband should be a producer, actor, or writer.

"YVONNE and Annette Dionne," Norvell continued in a definitely astrological mood, "will be inclined to stoutness as they mature. Cecile will be more slender. She will be of a more nervous temperament, quick in movements and inclined to worry. Emilie will be tall and slender, with finely chiseled features, expressive eyes. Her temperament will be volatile, emotional, artistic, and creative. She may be somewhat secretive in her personal affairs, resenting the intrusion of the public in her life. But her disposition will be pleasant. Marie, the last-born Quint, will be smaller in size, as she already appears to be. Her eyes, with an expression of gentility and reserve, will be her outstanding feature."

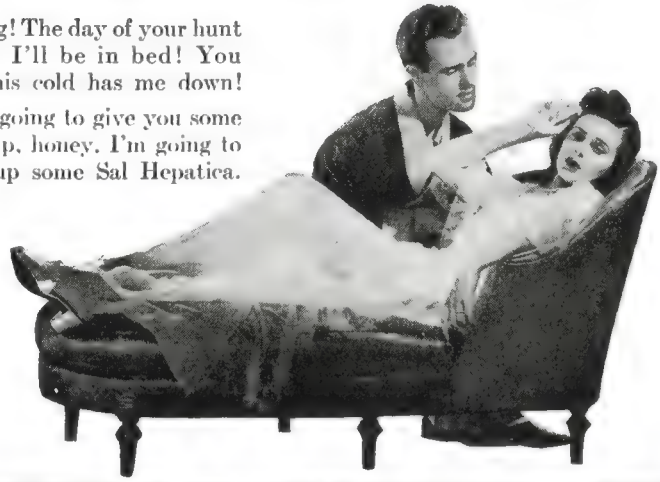
With the aid of the stars, Norvell has worked out a sort of preview of the marital affairs of the Quints. Yvonne and Annette will find husbands when they are twenty-one, Yvonne probably marrying a professional man older than herself. Annette should fall in love with a writer, actor, or artist and attain a prominent social position.

The other three Quints will take their time about getting married, Norvell insists. Cecile will have a happy marriage and raise a family. Emilie will marry someone wealthy or prominent in government affairs. With Gemini, the sign of the twins, in the ascendant at her birth, she might have twins, or

Knock a COLD faster with Sal Hepatica

MRS.: Oh, darling! The day of your hunt cup race, I'll be in bed! You watch! This cold has me down!

MR.: Then I'm going to give you some speedy help, honey. I'm going to mix you up some Sal Hepatica.



MRS.: Speedy? You mean . . . it helps fast?

MR.: Yes, Sal Hepatica helps fast—two ways. First, it's quick yet gentle in its laxative action—and speed is important in fighting a cold. In addition, it helps Nature counteract the acidity that usually accompanies a cold.

MR.: Honey, no wonder we won. With you flashing that smile at us, Coral Strand and I just *had* to win!

MRS.: Well, I'd probably still have been home nursing a cold, if it hadn't been for you and your glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. From now on, my motto is "To lose a cold quicker, take Sal Hepatica."

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E.S.T.

even triplets. But probably not quintuplets.

Marie will not be in any haste to find a husband. Hers and Emilie's charts indicate that they will be more interested in public affairs than their sisters, and Marie will be twenty-four before she decides to settle down, possibly in England or France.

On the theory that southern California is a sort of promised land beyond the fondest dreams of real-estate operators, Norvell has a vague idea of establishing what he calls a Temple of Astrology in Hollywood.

"Actually," says Norvell, "astrology is not a medium of prediction in its strictest sense but an indicator of certain events which might occur if conditions are right or wrong. And these conditions are determined by you."

Whether Norvell ever gets around to founding his temple, he is, in the meantime, making a comfortable income by giving credulous Hollywood a preview of the future. If the industrious astrologers of ancient Babylon could see him they would indeed be envious of their spiritual descendant. He makes more in a year than they made in a lifetime.

TABLOID ASTROLOGY

★

HERE'S how Norvell, Hollywood's favorite astrologer, interprets the stars. Whether or not you take any stock in astrology—even if you think it is a lot of nonsense—you can amuse yourself by checking up on yourself. Just look under the period that covers your birthday and see if you're really like that.

January 20 to February 20

AQUARIUS - sign, water-bearer; ruled by Uranus. You are probably daring, progressive, likely to be talented at invention, science, politics, medicine. Examples: Edison, Lindbergh, President Roosevelt. Also a somewhat ominous house of life. Presidents Lincoln and McKinley were born under this sign.

February 20 to March 21

PISCES—sign, the fish; ruled by Neptune. You should like to work behind scenes, be the power behind the throne, submerging yourself for a cause. Also likely to incline toward the spiritual, philosophical, and metaphysical. Examples: the Pope and the Papal Secretary of State.

March 21 to April 21

ARIES—sign, the ram; ruled by Mars. You should have great physical energy and powers of leadership, likely to pop into power in a time of crisis. Examples: J. P. Morgan, Sr.; in Hollywood, Charles Chaplin.

April 21 to May 21

TAURUS—sign, the bull; ruled by Venus. You should be characterized by a tenacious, pugnacious quality, perhaps obstinacy. You should also be a good money-maker. Examples: in Hollywood, Gary Cooper, Tyrone Power.

May 21 to June 21

GEMINI—sign, the twins; ruled by Mercury. You may tend toward a dual personality. You'd do well as head of a big business or in a public office. Many Geminis make fortunes. They are generally intelligent and good talkers, too. Examples in Hollywood: Jeanette MacDonald, Priscilla Lane.

June 21 to July 22

CANCER—sign, the crab; ruled by the Moon. You may be evasive, but you are probably analytical, studious, cautious. Examples: Calvin Coolidge, J. D. Rockefeller, Sr., and, in Hollywood, Ginger Rogers, James Cagney.

July 22 to August 23

LEO—sign, the lion; ruled by the Sun. You should be extremely aggressive, dominating, constructive, perhaps cruel. More royalty is born under Leo than any other sign. Examples: Napoleon, Mussolini, and, for movie people, Robert Taylor, William Powell, Norma Shearer, Mynra Loy, and 42 other topnotchers.

August 23 to September 23

VIRGO—sign, the virgin; ruled by Mercury. You should be interested in the mystical, hidden secrets of life. You would make a good philosopher, teacher, healer, or scientist. Examples: Alfred M. Landon, Greta Garbo.

September 23 to October 23

LIBRA—sign, the scales of justice; ruled by Venus. You should be idealistic, creative, artistic, romantic. You might be a reformer, and you may be a martyr. Examples: Chief Justice John Marshall, and, among movie people, Janet Gaynor, Carole Lombard, Constance Bennett.

October 23 to November 23

SCORPIO—sign, the crawfish; ruled by Mars. You may be energetic when it comes to making money, and you probably love power or political honor. Examples: Theodore Roosevelt, Paderewski, Sarah Bernhardt, and also Hedy LaMarr and Eleanor Powell.

November 23 to December 21

SAGITTARIUS—sign, the centaur; ruled by Jupiter. You probably desire peace and seclusion above everything, and your urge toward the harmonious might make you a good musician. Examples: Beethoven, Deanna Durbin.

December 21 to January 20

CAPRICORN—sign, the goat; ruled by Saturn. You may be a daydreamer, an idealist without a lust for conquest. Examples: Woodrow Wilson, and, in Hollywood, Marlene Dietrich, Louise Rainer.

THE WACO WHACKO

(*Continued from page 43*)

once and Bobby Cruikshank let me caddie for him," says Joe. "Bobby came in with an 82 for the first round and it didn't look too good for him. I took him in hand and told him what was wrong with his game. His putting. He let me take him on the putting green for two hours, and guess who won the tournament. No, not Hagen. Bobby Cruikshank! Bobby gave me $100. That's the most I ever got for caddying."

Not all the golf masters cared for Ezar's flip tongue and unabashed advice, no matter how sage. But Ralph Guldahl, whom Ezar used to beat regularly when they played junior golf, is comparatively complimentary about Ezar's manners and game: "A lot of fellows may bear grudges against Joe but you've got to admit he plays a sound game."

Innumerable times, the hitchhiking, rod-riding Ezar played tournaments stony broke and painfully hungry. During one of such moments the solid, sun-faced figure of Walter Hagen appeared, like a good genie leaping out of a golf bag. Caddying for Hagen one day, Ezar snatched a bar of chocolate from a fellow caddie. Ezar admitted to Hagen he was hungry, so the Haig gave him $10.

Even to this day when the two men meet it goes like this:

Hagen calls, "Hey, you! Come here!"

Ezar looks blank: "Who? Me?"

Hagen: "Yes, you!" Ezar approaches timidly. "How much have you in your pockets?"

Ezar asks indignantly, "Who wants to know?"

Hagen answers, "I'll bet you haven't a dollar." And he empties his own pocket into Ezar's hand and marches off. Hagen is Ezar's god. Otherwise the Haig thinks highly of Ezar's golf and, unlike many of golf's anointed, likes the knockabout Ezar quality.

EZAR made his first appearance in the National Open in 1930. He was 19, youngest player in the tournament, and he arrived in true Ezar style—by side-door pullman. On the very first tee his sass and aplomb fizzed out, and he shot his ball kerplunk into a lovely, placid lake. He dove in, tried to play the ball out of the water. This netted him a wet 9, the most he's ever totaled on a hole in his life. But he came back strong, and, with a few holes to go, the news came through he was leading the pack. He immediately blew up and Bobby Jones won. Had he kept his head, Ezar unblushingly insists he would have romped home.

So back into his gypsy cart he climbed and again he took off on his crazy meanderings.

Somewhere during them, he made what he now thinks was his fatal mistake. He became a trick-shot artist. By perseverance he mastered a repertoire of trick shots which makes him a self-avowed master. Ezar sniffs at other trick-shot artists: "They use trick clubs. I do everything on the level, with your sticks, if you want me to."

The Ezar repertoire consists of appearing on the exhibition tee with a backbreaker of a bag from which he pulls dozens of clubs. At the last a tiny Negro emerges eating a big apple. Thereupon Ezar drives the apple out of the lad's hand, and does things like hitting three teed-up balls with one swing, so that one slices, one flies straight, and one bounces up in his hand. Or he'll bury a ball, tee another atop it, drive one, catch the other. He can drive 250 yards with the heel of a left-handed club. He can putt two balls into the cup at one stroke, although in tournaments he's been known to four-putt from a ten-foot lie and proceed to eliminate himself. Such skill got Ezar a lot of attention and, in time, bookings for exhibitions on links and in theaters, where one of his cute stunts was to drive ping-pong balls right in the teeth of a hysterical audience.

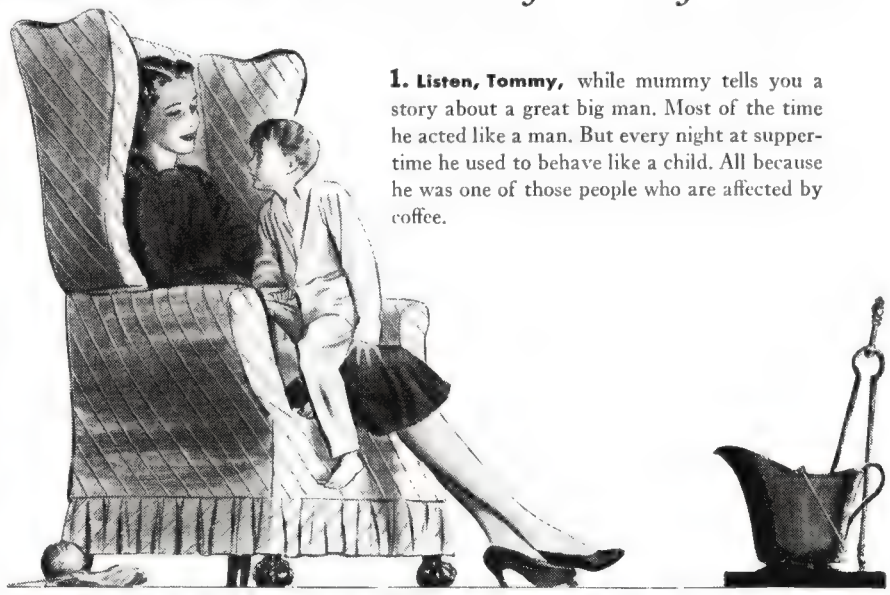
His trick-shot dexterity leaves Ezar positively melancholy at times. "I could have been a better golfer if I'd laid off the trick stuff," he mourns. Except when he is bending a ball around a tree, his trick stuff is generally useless. A few years ago he made a bet he could beat Horton Smith and do it playing with a friend's clubs—which proved to be left-handed! But Ezar was true to his word, he played left-handed—claims he shot an incredible 35 for nine holes.

IN 1933 Ezar felt a hankering to play in the British Open. He caught a cattle boat leaving Galveston for England, arrived without clubs or money, borrowed both from a Liverpool newspaperman in return for his odd story, holed up at a two-shillin' room near St. Andrews. He made his appearance on the historic St. Andrews Links dressed in a snappy suit of seasick pea green, a banana-yellow tie, and a red beret. He addressed titled English ladies acting as markers as "Sweetheart!" and often pinked their shell-like ears by demanding "Whereinhell is my putter?" of his etiquette-conscious caddies. He did everything calculated to shock the British golfing snoots out of 800 years of moss—and they loved it. Incidentally he drove all the way to the No. 7 hole on St. Andrews, 417 yards away. "And not with a pony cart," he reminds. "With a following gale and two terrific bounces!"

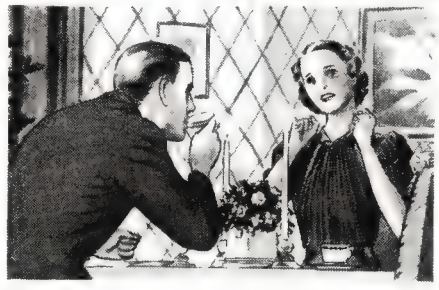
While he failed to win the Open, he was leading 11 holes from home, when he blew up again. "I suddenly got lousy," he confesses simply. After the Open he typically challenged Archie Compston to match play for any sum Compston cared to name. Compston named "Twenty," and Ezar, who actually had but $5 in his pockets, played and won, almost fell over when Compston handed him £20! (Sometimes he varies this yarn, substituting "five" for "twenty.") To this day he doesn't worry about what he would have done had he lost. "I couldn't have lost," our unblushing prairie flower admits modestly. "I'm a money player."

Anyway, Ezar was wined, dined, and rushed around the neat British landscape, played dozens of charity matches, met the Prince of Wales, promptly nicknamed him "Eddie!" to the horror of the Lord High Garter Strappers. Since then he has been to

"Once there was a little boy . . . 30 years old"



1. Listen, Tommy, while mummy tells you a story about a great big man. Most of the time he acted like a man. But every night at supper-time he used to behave like a child. All because he was one of those people who are affected by coffee.



2. Of course, he loved coffee very, very much. But the caffein in it always kept him awake. Every night his wife would say: "You simply mustn't drink any coffee tonight!" And every night he'd drink his coffee, just the same.

3. So finally his wife became so discouraged she asked a wise neighbor what to do. And the neighbor said: "Give him Sanka Coffee. 97% of its caffein has been taken out. And *only* the caffein comes out . . . the flavor *stays in!*"

4. That night the wife made her husband some Sanka Coffee. "My stars," he said, "this is the best coffee I've had in years!" Then she said: "It's Sanka Coffee and can't keep you awake."

5. Yes, dear, the man was daddy. And that's why he drinks Sanka Coffee every night, and never, never loses any sleep. And that's why daddy isn't cross in the morning any more, too.

6. "But, Mummy—who told the wise neighbor about Sanka?" Her doctor told her that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE
. . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE
. . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

NOW SELLING AT A NEW REDUCED PRICE—THE LOWEST IN HISTORY!

England twice, Ireland, the Continent, and Australia. But he returned from that first trip the same way he went—on a cattle boat. The money he had won in match play and tournament had disappeared like a Congressional appropriation. He did ship ahead a lot of English clothes, veddy Bond Street, and veddy numerous. They came in handy for pawning when he hit America. Gene Sarazen, who knows Ezar well, thinks Joe's love of clothes compensates for the days when everybody made sport of Ezar's shabby appearance on fancy courses.

IN THE fall of 1934 Ezar was hanging around Hollywood when news came that the Professional Golfers' Association was sending an official team to Australia to play in the Down Under Open. Ezar's name wasn't among them, but he wanted to go. So his golfing pal, Bing Crosby, handed him a generous check, saying, "Gwan down there and beat those guys!"

Ezar just caught the boat, found himself riding steerage with $50 left in his jeans. But for the first time in his life he was traveling in "style" and paying for it. On the way over Joe won the captain's heart by balancing three balls atop one another on the boat deck, explaining that only on a vibrationless boat could the trick be done. Thereafter he rode first class.

Ezar arrived in Australia with no clubs. They had been stolen in Honolulu. He headed immediately for his sucker bankers—the newsmen. A Melbourne paper bought Joe's life story, ran it for a full week on its front pages, consigning the coinciding visit of the Duke of Gloucester to the paper's innards.

Joe promptly bought some new clubs, had them stolen too, played the Open with clubs borrowed from another newspaperman. In the quarter-finals he eliminated Harry Cooper in a match that went for 37 holes; got put out, himself, in the finals by Leo Diegel. He left Australia that hop with his only championship, the South Australian Open; was runner-up with a 61 for a par 67 17-hole course in the Peninsula Open; bought a lot of new English clothes. He had won about $3,000.

Back in England in 1936, Ezar failed to qualify for the British Open, but again he made the usual rounds of the Houses of Lords. He collected $200 a week for coaching Sir Adrian Bailey, was awarded a diamond stickpin or two for his charity work (eventually pawned), took a dazzling 69 in the £1,250 Frinton Open but didn't win, added an Oxford finish to his Texas accent. He bought out Bond Street, dined on partridge at important castles one night, on fish and chips the next at some local British pub.

After this, the Banana Boy (as England calls him), invaded Ireland, where his golf netted him a third in the Irish Open. He collected a truckload of marks in Germany, toted them across the French border smack under the noses of the forbidding Nazis, was close behind Henry Cotton in the Italian Open. He shot some miraculous golf—he had 74–69–64–66 but Cotton ripped off a mere 68–67–67–66! It was so cold in Italy he played in an overcoat, would have bettered that 64 except he carelessly three-putted on two greens.

In 1935 and 1936 Ezar earned about $18,000. Then his health broke down. Those undernourished years when he fought and vagabonded the hard way had left a mark. His nose, broken internally in his first ring encounter, began to bother him in England in 1935. A fight he had had in 1933, when he was desperate and broke on the way to Florida, had aggravated the grievances of his septum. Since 1936 Ezar has been in and out of hospitals for two years, has spent $1,500 apiece for three operations, he says, his weight falling from 170 to 110 pounds.

LAST fall the melancholia of the chronic nomad caught up with Ezar. He decided to give up golf forever, and got himself a driving range in Bakersfield, Calif., smack in the thermometer boiling belt. When his native Indian assistant keeled over with sunstroke the day Ezar took over, Joe packed and left hurriedly. He got a job at a Waco hot-dog stand. Despite an endless supply of hot dogs and soft drinks, Ezar soon turned up in New York at the Madison Square Garden Golf School, bending marshmallow balls around posts on an indoor course, enthralling all comers with his marathon Paul Bunyanish gab.

This spring Ezar took up teaching at the Bayside golf course, situated among Long Island's truck farms. Time and again Ezar makes dates, fails to turn up on the lesson tee, doesn't call in his whereabouts. His pupils get awfully mad—but wait. When Ezar finally shows up and turns on the charm, all is forgiven, and Joe is out there talking good sense about how to cure yourself of hacking. Despite that abbreviated contact with Texas education, Ezar talks a lot about centrifugal force, is shrewdly psychological summing up his pupils, soon has them swinging naturally; not thinking of their faults and ways to correct them. "Thinking obstructs energy from flowing down and adding power to the swing," Ezar pundits.

I FOLLOWED Ezar around during his National Open qualifying round last May. He looked as serious as Chaplin playing Hamlet, obviously trying to remember to play a part. He was trying to reform. It didn't work. For a few holes he conformed, then on one short hole he skied a ball within four feet of the pin. Immediately he gave the cry of the Lone Ranger: "Hi-Yo Silver!" When he sank the ball for a 2, he let loose with a cowboy yell you could hear in Texas. When he hooked in the rough, he'd moan "Trouble! Trouble!" like a Syrian Barrymore with the stomach-ache. But he'd recover quickly, chuckle over his bum shooting, plunk the ball on the green. He qualified absolutely broke, borrowed new balls constantly from one of his qualifying threesome companions, had to owe his caddie afterward! His sportsmanship was unassailable. Once I thoughtlessly bent down and plucked a dandelion stem the mower had missed. It lay a few feet behind his ball. He bawled me out. It is against the rules to move any living thing during play, and I might have disqualified him.

Where even gypsies have been known at length to park permanently, it is doubtful whether Joe Ezar will ever stop riding the golf merry-go-round. He has refused several profitable proships. Some time ago he was fired from an ideal $4,500 a year job demonstrating clubs, for refusing to write reports. He is truly the gypsy pro.

There are those black moments when he fails to appreciate his talents. "Sometimes," he said unhappily, "I'm sorry I didn't work in a garage like a sensible guy. When I look back and think over the mess I've been through to get to be a good golfer, I get sick. Boy, it's been hell!" An odd way to feel when most of us get sick thinking of the mess we go through and call golf.

So, should you be wandering around a course some day and happen on a swarthy sheik in native sheets, swaggering around with a camel on which reposes a caddie with clubs, don't think the heat's getting you. That would be Joe Ezar pulling a gag. Since he has won no big crowns, the boys derisively dub Joe the Arabian Open Champ. There are no courses in Arabia.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Barney Tobey

"He wanted this all his life and now he can't think of a thing to build"

the SHADOW of Anti-Semitism

(Continued from page 29)

are living in one of the more expensive suburbs of an eastern city. Until ten years ago it was thoroughly Christian. A small group of wealthy and cultured Jews came first. Then Jews with less money and less culture. And, where the barriers had been slight, they grew in size and definition as the influx continued. Now there is a line. If you are a Jew you do not belong. You are not invited to the better Christian homes. Nor the country club.

Is this fair? I'm sure I don't know. From a philosophical and humanitarian viewpoint it is undoubtedly wrong. But, thinking with a Christian mind, I can see the Christian's viewpoint. If I could think with a Jewish mind, I would perhaps disagree violently. I say—perhaps. My wife, who is a member of an Episcopalian parish, still thinks with a Jewish mind, and she does not disagree completely with the present setup. Resentful—yes, that's true. But she claims the Christians are certainly entitled to segregate themselves from the Jews if they wish.

AT THE schools there is also a barrier. There is a division of fraternities and of sororities. And while I can dismiss the country clubs with a slight lift of my left shoulder, I cannot dismiss the headaches and heartaches that have become part of my children's lives. The boy is never questioned. Blond, fair-skinned, and fortunate in the fact that his name is a typical Yankee tag, he is invited to join the restricted fraternities.

He's a normal kid. Endowed with the arrogance of the Christian, he enjoys considering himself superior to the Jews. Oh, he's never said so directly. But the feeling is there. I had it, too. And I doubt strongly if any large numbers of Christians feel different, unless they are laboring under an outburst of philosophical equality due to the events in Europe. My son is simply one of the normal herd of young animals. And as a member of a Christian fraternity he must of necessity listen in silence when the boys talk of the "dirty Jews." He protested once—broke the nose of one of his pals.

"Why did you do it, son?" I asked.

"We were playing ball," he told me. "The pitcher for the other team was a Jew. Not a bad guy. He beaned Charlie with a fast one."

"Did he mean to?"

"I don't think so. But Charlie said he

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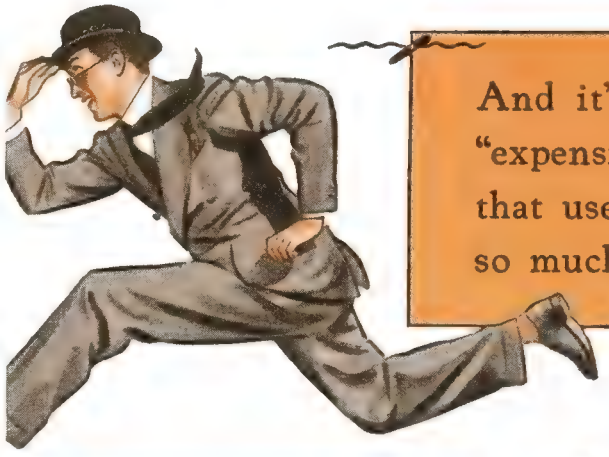

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A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

did. So did the others. Joe Hartley said it was just like a Jew to do a trick like that. He said all of them were the same. I told him they weren't. Joe said the best of them stunk. So I clipped him."

I smiled. "Sticking up for your mother?"

"Why not?"

I couldn't answer his question. After all—why not? He loves his new mother. So do I. And I told my son I was proud of him.

Later, when I told his mother, she said he was at fault. Pleased? Yes, I imagine she was pleased. But she was wise enough to realize the boy was laying up trouble for himself. He was assuming a debt he had never incurred—which had been dropped into his lap when his father fell in love with a Jewess. Having no better advice to offer, she told him to listen in silence.

IT HAPPENS that the elder daughter goes to a different school. A handsome girl, her nose is straight and her features offer only a slight argument to her Christian name. With no effort upon her part she could be accepted as a Christian, accepted into the fraternities, accepted into the normal life of the girls in the neighborhood. But she would have to pay for this acceptance with silence when the Jews are reviled.

And she has a problem of conscience. In order to stand straight I have been inclined to lean backward in my teaching. I've stressed her heritage and the pride she should take in it. Time and again I have insisted she is a Wearer of the Purple—the descendant of a noble tribe. Together we studied the teachings of the Jewish religion and found that a true follower of these ancient laws must literally lead a perfect life. She knows that Judaism, like every other religion, is a beautiful thing at heart. And as a result she has come to possess a rather wistful pride in the fact that she is a Jewess.

But she's only a child. She wants to be like other girls. She wants to share the life of her playmates. And it would be so easy to let them accept her—as a Christian.

But, as I said, religion in the true sense of the word has little to do with all this. In spite of my teachings the girl is inclined to believe in Christ and His teachings. Were I to give my consent she would be off to church with her mother each Sunday morning. That wouldn't alter the situation in the slightest. To the average Christian she would still be a Jewess. A member of a race.

And now for our little one. So far she is neither fish nor fowl—something to be molded in accordance with the wishes of her parents. And what are these wishes? I'm sure I don't know. The more I examine the problem, the more complex it becomes.

Like most Christians who marry Jews, I have become far more ardent in my crusade than any born Jew. Day and night through many months I have preached the doctrine of acceptance.

Not tolerance! What American wants to be tolerated? Do you?

Not freedom of worship. We have that now.

"Acceptance" is the word. And in the preachment of this doctrine my chief antagonists have been the Jews. If my theory does not coincide with theirs, I am damned. If I try to divorce religion from race when I talk with a Zionist, I am doubly damned. Perhaps I should be. I realize the limitations of a Christian mind when it tries to deal with Jewish problems. I'm an outsider. I can't hope to feel as they do. Unthinking people even call me a traitor to my own.

But what of my children? My wife and I don't count. We'll get along. But here in my hand are three lives. Very important lives. How am I going to shape them? What thoughts shall I put in their minds? Shall I teach them to tell the truth and be miserable? Or shall I teach them to lie and gather a little joy from life at the expense of a few conscience pangs?

The answer is simple to a theorist. Truth is always right. But I've seen my elder daughter cry herself to sleep because of a theory. One evening I went to her room and found her curled in a knot on her bed, face down on her pillow. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"But you're crying, child."

"Wouldn't you cry," she said, "if you'd

GETTING ALONG

★

Duke, a dude dog, siestas on the porch of his bunkhouse

A DOG'S life is an easy one if his master sends him to Gladys Shipman's Dude Ranch for Dogs at Bear Lake in California. Claiming to be the only one of its kind in America, this doggy ranch offers its guests the same swank treatment Park Avenue playboys receive when they go west to their dude ranches.

As a kid in New York, Gladys collected and cared for all the dogs she could find—from strays to pedigreed pooches—and, as she says, she was always "two jumps ahead of the pound wagon." After dreaming of a paradise where every city dog could have his day, she opened a little dog ranch near Pasadena when she moved to California several years ago.

But it was still too close to the city, so she transferred it to the San Bernardino Mountains. There, at 8,000 feet—too high for fleas—was her real paradise, where dogs could enjoy unlimited exercise ground, fresh spring water, lakes, and mountain air.

City dwellers soon got wind of this new rest cure for their dogs, and pooches poured in from all over the country. Today the accommodations for 150 dude dogs are always full. And it's a favorite spot with movie stars, too—among them Ginger Rogers, Clark Gable, and Jack Oakie, who send their dogs to the mountains for an annual holiday.

On arrival all dogs are registered and weighed in, and they must sign up for some sport. Each dog is assigned a special bunkhouse, and must bring an overnight bag containing his personal belongings—blankets, dishes, balls, special foods. A cocker once arrived with ten rag dolls to take to bed with him.

At the height of the season a typical day starts off at 6:30 A. M. with an early-morning trot through the woods with the trainer, followed by a short rest and an 8:30 breakfast—cereal, milk, and eggs for most, with tomato juice thrown in for the softies. Then comes the daily weighing (each dude must watch his figure, and diet accordingly), hunting, individual training for those who need it, and grooming for the long-haired and vain.

From 11:30 A. M. to 1:30 P. M. is siesta time, and no guests may be disturbed. But after that the fun begins—swimming in the lake and water polo for the energetic pups, with plenty of cheering from the side lines. Occasionally a guest will take the afternoon off to go driving with his master's chauffeur, sent up for the purpose. Then there's a round of malted milk at cocktail time. After a 5:30 dinner, guests are left to themselves. But Gladys always circulates among them to be sure every one's having a good time.

THEODORE ADAMS

Gladys Shipman registers a guest at her Dude Ranch for Dogs

just lost your very best friend? Mary is ashamed to go with me any more."

"Why?"

It was a simple story. My daughter had been asked to join a restricted sorority. Her friend, Mary, had offered to act as sponsor. Two of the routine questions dealt with religion. To what faith did my daughter belong? What church did she attend? My daughter had told the truth.

"Didn't they know before they asked you to join?" I said.

"No," said my daughter. "Mary's father knows you—knows you're a Christian. She thought I was, too."

"You hadn't told her about your own father?"

"Dad—you're my father now. A girl can't just go around and tell her friends things like that. On account of you, all of my friends are Christians."

I understood, but I pretended not to. It was easier to pretend than to sit there and acknowledge that I was somehow responsible for my daughter's tears.

"And now," I said, "Mary won't go with you?"

"Not like she used to. She can't. She'd lose her friends, too."

Yes, to a theorist, truth is always right. But truth has hurt my daughter. Hurt her cruelly. I don't like that. I doubt if any theory is as important to me as my daughter's happiness. Or her safety. And recently I've come to believe it is dangerous to be a Jew in this country.

Prove that? Well, I'll try. And, as you read, doubt of my sincerity will arise. What hidden motives are behind my words? Is this a new form of propaganda? And my answer is simply that I am the frightened father of three children—and I don't know what to do.

MY WORK has taken me into about every large city in the United States, and into many small cities, too. My face and name bring me into contact with Christians at their clubs, bars, and homes. And each time I travel I grow more conscious of the rising tide of anti-Semitism that is moving across the country. At home it is hidden from me. My friends know of my marriage and have no desire to hurt or insult me. The barriers go up when I come into a room. Old barriers. Ones I knew as a young man. And the greatest of these is silence.

For instance, when I was married to a Christian, and Jews meant no more to me than the Chinese, it was natural to have one or two Jewish friends. When one of these came into a room we Christians put a lock on our tongues. If we had been talking of the way the Jews had been flocking into the neighborhood, we dismissed the subject and tried to let others in the room know a Jew was present. We had no wish to insult our friend. He was different. Oh, he was a Jew, but he wasn't the type of which we had been talking. Jews as individuals were very nice people. Some of our best friends were Jews. But Jews *en masse* were different.

In my home town this barrier had lulled me into a false sense of security. On the road I learn the truth. Last month, in a middle-class home just outside Boston, I talked with friends who did not know I had married a Jewess. The conversation swung to Hitler and the persecutions in Europe. The husband, who had fought with me in the World War, thought it was time someone taught those Germans a lesson. But he

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agreed they certainly knew how to keep the Jews in line.

I asked why the Jews should be kept in line. He laughed. The Jews, he declared, had always been a curse. He reminded me of the neighborhood in which we lived as children. The Jews, he said, had ruined it. Turned it into a ghetto. And he told me of a trick a Jew had played upon him in business. It was typical of the whole race, he claimed. I didn't argue. The man was using thoughts that had been put into his mind from the time he was able to think.

Offhand, he thought a pogrom in this country might help a lot. Blood running out of the smashed faces of children? Oh, he didn't mean that! Sort of a pogrom without blood and suffering. Something that would clear the air and give the Christians an even break. I listened. And, from this conversation and many others, I learned a new attitude toward the Jew was gathering form. It was—an *active* desire to do something.

I'VE lived over forty years in a country where "something would have to be done about the Jews." I've been surrounded by and part of a passive anti-Semitic multitude of Christians. Something would have to be done, but we weren't going to do it. Oh, we established restricted communities, hired only Christian help in our stores and offices, kept them out of our summer resorts, and barred them from our clubs. But there was no concerted effort. No *active* desire to do something.

Because there was no leader or governing body with funds for propaganda and a desire for change, this anti-Semitic movement was scarcely worthy of the name. But now there are leaders. They are instilling a desire for change. An *active* desire.

In Brooklyn a few months ago I spoke with a married man who has been out of work for seven years. He's a failure through lack of ability, and would still be a failure in a country overflowing with prosperity. He needs someone or something on which to blame his lack of success. Those "damn' refugees" are his answer. He described an entire community in New Jersey that had been thrown out of work. It seems there was a large laundry that supported the town. Paid good wages, too. Then along came thousands of Jewish refugees, and their women took in washing at starvation wages. The laundry closed and the town is on relief.

I asked the name of the town. It was some place near Hoboken; my friend couldn't recall the name, but he said he could get it for me. (He hasn't yet.) What chance had an American to get a job when Jews work for nothing? he asked. But this couldn't last forever. "Not by a damn' sight!" he said. There was an organization—something like the Klan but not so stupid. He'd been offered a chance to join and he figured it might be a good idea. Anything to put Christians back to work. His wife was working, but she shared his views.

Could I blame these people for their attitude? Not if I were completely honest with myself. I used to think as they do. I heard and believed stories—some of them true—about Jews who had thrown Christians out of work. Could I educate these people into a different way of thinking? Hardly! Remember, the man had been out of work for the past seven years. Is it logical to believe he would allow me to take his self-justification away from him?

In Florida there was the Klan. A relative of mine is a prominent member of this organization, and through the use of his name I was accepted as a potential Klansman. The members regarded the Jews as a necessary evil in Miami. They brought money. Still, they were displacing the wealthy Christian families, and that was bad. If there were some way the Jewish wealth could be transferred to Christians, they figured, that would be perfect. Meanwhile, keep the Jew in his place.

Outside the Klan there was complaint. The ghetto was crawling along the ocean front, and it would soon be impossible to swim there at all.

Was there anything to be done about it? These Floridians weren't sure. Obviously they couldn't allow things to continue. The Klan was not the solution. But a concerted effort, they felt, must be made to prevent the Jews from ruining the state. The *state*—not just a community, this time. That priest up north—Father Coughlin. If he weren't a Catholic, he might be the one to do it. But something—something mighty strong must be done.

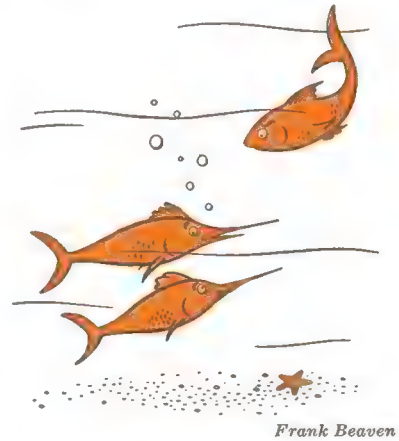
Active desire to do something again.

Are these stories familiar to you, Mr. Christian Traveler? Have you heard them, too? Have you noticed a faint pattern that runs through all—a kernel of truth, the meat is lies. Thoughts we were allowed to acquire as children, now being built into dangerous propaganda. You don't believe such stories. Of course not, but there are some who do. And the question is—do you think these stories are spontaneous?

In the smaller towns of Texas I learned of the Jew as a symbol. The folks with whom I ate dinner had little opportunity to come in contact with Jews. Until the recent deluge of publicity that was the outgrowth of the atrocities in Europe, these Texans had dismissed the Jew with no more thought than they had given to an immigrant Greek. At most, he was a Northern invention. Something that couldn't touch them. True, he owned some shops in town, but he wasn't a bad sort. But suddenly he had become a symbol of war with Germany. He was going to have us on the march again.

Each state, each section, each village gets the brand of propaganda best adapted for its consumption. Could it be haphazard that Texas was being taught to look upon the Jew as a symbol of war?

Careful discussion might make a dent in this attitude. The Texans are long on reason but rather solid in holding to their convictions, once they are formed. At best, they have no active like for the Jew, and under a patient campaign of propaganda they, too, are beginning to think that something must be done about him. Active desire to do something. In Dallas and El Paso it was generally conceded Roosevelt had made a mistake in letting so many Jews into his group of advisers. Washington must be swarming with them.



Frank Beaven

"If he starts talking disarmament, just ignore him!"

I traveled farther north, and in West Virginia I learned of the Jew as a bad foreign creature. He lives in New York and he owns all the money. That is why the country is on relief. Stupid and ridiculous? Of course. But I was talking with a stupid man. Am I trying to insinuate that people in West Virginia are stupid? Definitely not! Anyone who has traveled knows that no state or city has a corner on stupidity. West Virginia has merely its normal share of stupidity. And its share of Jew haters. The population of the state is almost two million. I talked with only ten families—less than fifty people.

I don't claim my findings represent an index, nor a poll, nor a cross-section view of the state. Taken alone they are worthless. Taken in conjunction with the thousands of conversations I have had with people of other states, and with the conversations *you* have had, I believe I am justified in saying an active desire to do something about the Jews is being carefully nurtured throughout the United States.

WHAT to do about it? I'm sure I don't know. I asked a man in New Hampshire just what he had in mind when he suggested something must be done. What "something"? He wasn't sure. He'd heard all about the Silver Shirts and those other organizations. He'd received circulars in his mail that told of terrible things the Jews were doing. He realized that most of them were lies, of course. But he reasoned that where there was smoke, there must be a little fire. And a friend of his had told of a Jewish contractor who came into the state and took a job of work right out from under a Christian's hands.

I asked if it would have been equally bad if a Methodist contractor had taken a job of work from a Baptist's hands. Well—that was different. He saw the point I was trying to make, but—well, it was different. He was thinking with a Christian mind. A mind that had been conditioned from infancy to accept certain thoughts.

I went back to the question again. What would have to be done about the Jews? And I took that question with me to Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Phoenix, San Francisco, Charleston, and many more cities. I took it with me when I left the cities and stopped for lunch at some out-of-the-way farmhouse. It was with me when I stopped at an isolated gasoline station on the back roads of New Mexico. At the time I had no thought that the things I learned would be put into print. I wasn't gathering facts for an article. I was interested and I wanted to know. And—I was becoming frightened.

Wherever I went, someone had been there before me. Not necessarily in person—a pamphlet in the mail, a few pages of reading matter left by a passing car, a phone call from a friend, gossip over a cup of coffee. Always the particular brand of propaganda which would fit that spot of land had been planted and left to grow. A splendid job. A

little too perfect for coincidence. And then in New York I sat at table with a group of logical, well-educated businessmen. I told of this thing I had learned, and I was laughed at. Perhaps I should have been. These men told me I was living in the United States—a democracy. One of the strongest stones in its foundation was freedom of worship.

They claimed I had mistaken the traditional dislike of the Christian for the Jew for an active desire to do something. Nothing would be done. Action could only mean violence. And a democracy isn't fashioned to make use of violence, to control it and direct it in a particular path. And when I asked if Germany had not once been a democracy, I was laughed at again.

AND so I went home with my problem. I asked my wife if such matters were considered in a Jewish home. True, I had talked with thousands of Jews, but they knew I was a Christian and had no wish to hurt my feelings. Nor to open their minds to a man who could not hope to understand them. My wife was one of them. She could understand. She had traveled even more extensively than I. What had she learned?

This much—that the Jews are worried. Terribly worried. Many of them think nothing can be done to improve their lot. They had always been persecuted. A whole series of new countries had opened their gates to them—then, in time, turned and torn them to pieces. As for the fact that this is a democracy—so? Monarchy or republic—king, emperor, czar, dictator, or president—it makes little difference. Persecution is an accepted part of the Jew's life. Why? He doesn't know. But, if it came, he would take it, here in the United States, just as he has in other countries. Humbly, meekly, bearing his cross, he would be driven into concentration camps, deprived of his goods, hounded to the borders.

Some say they would fight back, and these are the ones who live in the larger cities. Would they win? They doubt it. But they would fight for their right to existence just as they had fought in each of this country's battles for existence.

There are many, of course, who believe with my friends, the businessmen, that real prosperity would banish all of these wraith-like evidences of anti-Semitism. They think I am unduly alarmed. Or, at least, my wife is unduly alarmed, for it was she who spoke with them. Yes, there were organizations of crackpots trying to stir up trouble. Wishful dictators. Their very number militated against them. Each would be king.

Had not this been true in Germany? Oh—in Germany! That was different! Such things could never happen here!

AND so I've listened to this one and that, heard the thousand arguments for and against. Perhaps I am unduly alarmed. But I remember the Klan. They rode and they burned. A misguided group of thoughtless men who were used by crafty organizers. But they rode—and they burned.

At night I sometimes go to the room of my youngest girl to look down on her as she sleeps. My baby. Our baby. I think of her sitting on the curbstone in front of her home that has been burned. I think how her mouth would be twisted in pain, and how wide and frightened her eyes would grow as she looked at the stump of her little arm.

I'm her father. What shall I do?

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

WHEN A HEADACHE SLOWS ME DOWN—MAKES ME JUMPY—I TAKE **BROMO-SELTZER**

SEVERSKY
SPEED ACE OF THE AIR

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BROMO-SELTZER

HOW MUCH CAN I MAKE?

BY
DR. HAROLD F. CLARK
with WILLIAM A. H. BIRNIE

THE other day I was talking with a youngster who is in his last year of high school. He is a personable, thoroughly normal kid, like thousands of others who play on their school basketball teams, slick down their hair with oil, and delight in speeding Dad's automobile whenever they get a chance. In his studies, he stands around the middle of his class.

"Well, Johnny," I said, after we had finished discussing his school's football prospects. "Have you made up your mind yet what you intend to do after graduation?"

He didn't hesitate an instant.

"Me, I'm going to be an engineer. I'm already entered for engineering school."

"Fine," I said. "How did you decide to be an engineer?"

He hesitated, scratching his head.

"I don't know, exactly. I did pretty well in physics" ("pretty well," I discovered later, meant a B minus) "and I think it would be a nice sort of life. You know—building bridges and things. And you make good money, too. Dad has a friend who's an engineer, and he has two automobiles. Big ones."

"And just what do you mean by good money?"

"Oh, maybe $10,000 or $15,000 a year," Johnny grinned confidently. "An

WHAT THAT JOB IS WORTH

HERE are average annual incomes and lifetime earnings for a list of selected occupations, as worked out by Dr. Clark and his assistants after exhaustive investigation. Dr. Clark is a professor in charge of educational economics at Teachers College, Columbia University, and the author of numerous publications on occupational distributions and earnings. In preparing the list for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, he expressed the hope that teachers and occupational advisers will put these figures before youngsters who are trying to decide on their life work.

Occupation	*Average Annual Earnings*	*Average Lifetime Earnings*
Medicine	$4,970	$239,000
Law	4,680	232,000
Engineering	4,460	238,000
Dentistry	4,230	216,000
Architecture	3,790	205,000
College Teaching	3,020	160,100
Journalism	2,110	98,000
Library Work	1,990	94,000
Ministry	1,960	87,000
Social Work	1,680	118,000
Skilled Trades	1,410	62,800
AVERAGE FOR ALL GAINFULLY EMPLOYED PERSONS IN U. S.	1,350	60,700
Public School Teaching	1,335	70,300
Nursing	1,295	23,000
Office Workers (routine typists, file clerks, operators of simple business machines)	1,070	45,000
Unskilled Labor	785	32,900
Farming	620	29,500
Farm Labor	475	24,700

(Both of these tables of averages are based on the period of 1920 through 1938. The yearly earnings are the averages of men and women of all degrees of experience in each field. The lifetime averages were worked out by adding together the average earnings after one, two, three, four years of experience, and so forth up to the year when the average man or woman ends his working life in each particular field.)

engineer ought to make that much easily, shouldn't he?"

Most youngsters determine their lifework—which is certainly one of the most important decisions they will ever be called on to make—just about as unrealistically as Johnny is doing. They become mechanics because their father is one and has always done pretty well. They go into library work because it sounds educational, architecture because it sounds artistic, journalism because it sounds exciting, or farming because it sounds safe.

They get plenty of advice, but most of it, as the lawyers say, is "immaterial, incompetent, and irrelevant."

As he approaches graduation, the student may read a book on vocational guidance, which gives the impression that an average young man can easily earn $8,000 or $10,000 a year in medicine, or dentistry, or almost any of the professions. Or he learns that some skilled workers earn $3 or $4 an hour, and he decides to enter that line of work, without any real idea of what he is likely to earn in a year or a lifetime.

In short, the one thing which youngsters trying to decide on a career cannot learn with any degree of accuracy is certainly one of the most pertinent: *How much money can I probably make in the field I am choosing?*

Naturally, I do not mean that earnings should be the only, or even the primary concern of the youngster. In sunlight and healthful surroundings, the farmer gains intangible advantages, not measurable in money, over the urban engineer and the industrial worker. If a youngster has the urge or specific talent to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a farmer, or a pilot, let him, by all means, persist in what amounts to his calling, but let him do it with his eyes open. Don't let him cherish an illusion that he is likely to make a fortune in a field where the odds are against him. Let him face the financial facts.

AND here are the financial facts, as far as it is humanly possible to gather them at present. On the first page of this article you will find a chart showing the average earnings per year for a list of selected occupations, based on the period from 1920 through 1938; and the average lifetime earnings in the same occupations, based on life-expectancy tables and on the incomes of people active in the professions for various lengths of time.

One word of caution: I am neither an astrologer nor a prophet. I have no more idea of what the next year or the next decade is likely to produce in the way of wars, depressions, or social upheavals than the average literate citizen. But these figures are based on a period which includes broad fluctuations, embracing the curve of earnings that rose through the twenties to the peak around 1929, dropped to the bottom of the depression, and started rising again in the last few years. They aren't freak figures of an isolated year, and *if conditions are not radically disturbed during the next twenty years, these earnings are likely to continue at the same rate for the next twenty years.* They are, anyhow, the most reliable signposts of future earnings which a youngster can obtain today.

A volume would be needed to explain in detail how the figures were collected and worked out over four years by four trained assistants and myself. We consulted virtually every wage and earning study ever made in the United States—about 4,400 in

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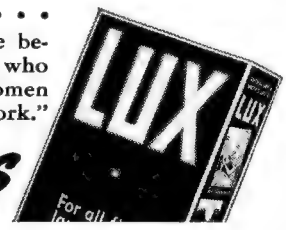

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all. We went to the professions themselves and made use of their own statistics on incomes after different years of experience. We were given access to the actual pay rolls of a large number of corporations. We consulted municipal pay rolls for public school teachers, and college pay rolls for college teachers. We took in every alumni income survey made by colleges and graduate schools. For some of the occupations our samples ran up to 60, 70, and 80 per cent of all persons actively engaged; for others, the samples ran much lower, allowing a considerable percentage of error.

The figures are published here at the invitation of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE to help the youth of this country to arrive at a sound, realistic basis for selecting their occupations. In the future, I hope that the government or some endowed institution will take over the task of classifying occupations by annual and lifetime earnings, widen the scope of the samples to reduce the possibility of errors, and issue corrected up-to-date figures every year. It would be a tremendous service for each coming generation.

WHEN a student looks over these figures—which I hope will be posted in every classroom of every high school in the country—he should say to himself:

"All right, I want to be a newspaper reporter (or a teacher or a nurse). The average yearly income for journalists is $2,110 a year. That is what I can normally expect to make if I become an average journalist. Of course, if I am exceptionally lucky, or exceptionally talented, I can make a lot more; and, vice versa, if I haven't average talent, or average luck, I'll make a lot less."

Then the student should try to judge himself against the average. Although most persons are reluctant to confess that they are anything but considerably above the average, the youngster can secure several valuable hints in this difficult self-appraisal. His marks in school will help him judge his abilities. I don't care if you bring up exceptions from now until next Tuesday, the odds are that the student who gets C's in the studies which have a bearing on his lifework, will level off to a Grade-C man in his occupation.

Teachers, frank and honest friends, sometimes parents, can help the student judge his potential talents. Also, people already active in the field he is contemplating can often give him a cue. The sum total of all these hints should give the youngster—if he can succeed in looking at himself more or less objectively—a pretty good idea of whether his abilities are above or below average.

Incidentally, average talent is nothing to be sneezed at. It is the stuff that the world is made of, and most people are no better and no worse than average. They are average. That is what the word means.

Once the youngster has the average earnings drilled into him, he will have at least some idea of what he is heading for in his chosen field. He will be able to foresee his scale of living more clearly than if he were dreaming of five-figured incomes for average reporters or for average dentists. By the mere process of looking at his prospects realistically, he will save himself heartaches and disappointments later—and if he does turn out to be above the average, his self-satisfaction will be that much greater.

SOMETIMES, of course, averages are misleading, but not so often as you might think. "Well," you might snort, "a doctor in a small town would be lucky to earn a few thousand a year, but look at all the big-city specialists who make $50,000 a year and over!"

True, the opportunities for outstanding success are greater in a large city, but the opportunities for falling below average incomes are correspondingly great. In medicine, for example, the average income in large cities is actually below that for medium-sized and small cities, where numerous doctors enjoy substantial practices.

The enormous earnings of a few individuals have very little effect upon the average incomes for the whole field in which those rare, fortunate ones are active. Hollywood, for example, is about as abnormal a community as you could imagine—but when the fantastic incomes of a comparatively few producers, directors, and stars are averaged in with the thousands of minor movie employees and extra girls, the average for the community comes out within a few dollars of the average yearly income for all gainfully employed persons in the United States—which, according to government statistics, is $1,350 a year.

People already established in various occupations share a tendency which is likely to bewilder the youngster. On the theory that distant fields are greener, they often insist that their own occupation is poorly paid, whereas another—or all the others—abound with opportunities to climb into the upper income brackets.

"Anything but journalism," the city editor tells the potential reporter. "You'll stay poor as Job's turkey in this business."

"Not medicine," sighs the doctor. "Long hours, small returns, plenty of ingratitude."

"You'll make more money," insists the architect, "carrying the bricks for a new building on your back than carrying the plans in your head."

"To get along in this field," announces the lawyer, "you need a sideline in real estate or politics."

And so it goes with all the so-called professions. Each man warns the youngster that he will make more money elsewhere. But these statements are based on the human inclination to be disappointed with what one has and to imagine that something else would be better. The general impression within each profession seems to be that an increase in revenue of about 33⅓ per cent would be satisfactory. The fact is, however, that the average earnings in all the professions are not astonishingly high—but they are more or less satisfactory when compared with the average earnings of all gainfully employed persons in this country.

REMEMBER that these figures are based on incomes of persons who remain active in the different occupations through their working lives. They do not indicate the comparative risks of failing in one field and having to start all over again in another. Such dropping out, for example, is comparatively rare in medicine. The field is strictly limited by the number of students admitted to medical schools each year; the need for doctors is so pressing that, once a youngster makes the grade, he is likely to stay in medicine.

But this does not hold in other fields. Lawyers have a way of slipping into real estate and politics; journalists slip into advertising and publicity; ministers go into social work; social workers and nurses get married. Some day, if the government or a foundation takes over the elaboration of these statistics, I hope they will include estimates of the mortality risk in each occupation. Meanwhile, youngsters and occupational advisers will have to judge them for themselves as best they can.

Several of the classifications need a few words of explanation. The estimates for farm laborers include an allowance for board and food supplied on the farm. The figures for farming are for earnings attributable to the labor and management, supplied by the farm proprietor and his family, and also include allowances for food and board.

The average earnings for skilled workers are based on samples taken from the transportation, building, mining, motor vehicles, lumber,

Bo Brown

"I love to potter around in my kitchen!"

and meat-packing industries. For unskilled workers (those who perform routine jobs requiring no training or special talents), the figures are based on samples from the manufacturing, transportation, coal-mining, and agricultural fields.

At first glance, the lifetime earnings for social workers would appear to be far too high in comparison with the average annual income. The explanation is that, during the period studied, only about one out of every four social workers remained in the occupation more than five years, and about one out of every four who *did* remain more than five years became an executive. Therefore, the figure for annual income includes the low earnings of all the hundreds who dropped out of the field early in the game, and the figure for lifetime earnings is skyrocketed by the comparatively high earnings of the few who remained in the field. In the last few years, more young people have entered social work, apparently with every intention of remaining in the field. If they actually do remain, the proportion of executives can be expected to drop, bringing down the average figure for lifetime earnings. Similarly, the apparently low figure for lifetime earnings in nursing is explained by the fact that the average working life in this field is short when compared with other fields.

UNFORTUNATELY, with the facilities at our disposal, it was impossible to work out averages for the complicated field known as business. Actually, however, the field is divided into two distinct levels, which might make averages virtually meaningless. There are the clerical workers—the great majority of workers in business—and above them the comparatively few executives, officers, and private entrepreneurs. The earnings for the latter group are practically limitless, and an effort to figure averages would be of little help to a youngster trying to decide on an occupation. By the time he gets into a position to become a member of this top group, he will know pretty well himself what the income probabilities are.

Samples which we have collected, however, give some idea of what the youngster may expect to earn in the clerical field, if conditions remain more or less as they have in the last 20 years. The average annual income received by routine typists, file clerks, operators of simple business machines, and the like, is $1,070, and the lifetime earnings, $45,000. The average annual earning received by cost accountants, assistant auditors, and the like, is $4,280; the lifetime earning, $146,000. Somewhere between these two classifications falls the general average for the entire clerical field.

POPULAR impression to the contrary, the general trend of incomes in this country over a long period is still upward. And this trend has not been stopped by the depression. In the future, I hope that regular publication of average earnings in different fields will convince our coming generations that it is advantageous to enter the occupations which call for technical training. Why? Because as the proportion of trained men and women goes up, the condition of the average man improves. As technical training increases, industrial output increases; and, as industrial output increases, the standard of living rises for everyone. The United States has proved that in the past—and can continue to do so in the future.

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NIGHT *without* MUSIC

(*Continued from page 15*)

greeted him casually. "Have you two met? Fenwick—the Doc. And vice versa."

Philip took the blond boy's flabby hand and shook it with practically no help from Fenwick. "How do you do?" He smothered an intense dislike. After all, he had nothing against Bellowes but the feel of his hand and his high-pitched voice. As a matter of fact, he ought to be glad the chap had joined the party. He'd keep Bettina occupied and out of mischief.

"We're really pushing off this time," she said in a satisfied tone as the anchor rattled and creaked. "How did you like the Flower Show, Dr. Hunt?"

Her face looked innocent and without malice, but Philip couldn't keep the irritation out of his sharp retort: "How do you think?"

SHE had it in her power to punish him that very evening at sea. After dinner Lita Fillmore walked restlessly over to the combination radio-phonograph and put on a selection of dance records. It was one of those high-powered machines which play twenty in succession, on both sides. The music floated out into the night.

"Do you dance, Doctor?" asked Bettina from her place by the rail. "Or was the dissecting room more fun?"

"Of course I dance," he said stiffly.

"We'll see."

He held her pliant body awkwardly. Her swirl of hair, which smelled like gardenias, brushed his chin. He was furiously aware of her, and he knew that was her purpose in having so boldly walked into his arms.

"It's Bellowes' turn, isn't it?" he said rudely as they glided to the other end of the deck.

"Poor Fenwick is terribly tired," she murmured.

"He's a thyroid minus," he said automatically, then flushed in the darkness, remembering that his medical opinion of Fenwick had not been asked.

Bettina's laughter rippled toward the stars. He saw the pale arch of her throat.

"Is it a joke? Ought I to laugh too?" asked Philip sharply.

"No, Philip. I was only thinking of Mother's face if she could hear."

PHILIP permitted himself a grim smile. It was inconceivable that a woman could want her only daughter to marry a chap like Bellowes. What he said next broke out from him without volition. "You're too good, Bettina, much too good," he said between his teeth.

"That's what I'm wondering," she answered gravely.

He tightened his hold on her slim waist, moved by a surge of protective possession, of a strange gallantry he did not in the least understand. In that moment he was so sure she was worth saving; in the next, as he saw the Johnny Fillmores silhouetted in the light of the main lounge, dancing gracefully and tranquilly together, his sureness left him. Bettina belonged to their world—the world of games and newspaper pictures, of amusement and the fantasy of easy living. Not to the *real* world at all. She would be happier where she belonged, her life patterned after her mother's.

His voice perceptibly cooled, became calm and professional: "If you'll excuse me now, I had better go and have a look at Mrs. Fillmore before she turns in."

"Philip, you're running away," the clear, sober voice accused him.

"Sometimes that's the best thing to do," he said, releasing her abruptly.

It was a close call. Miss Alicia would have said—no, she would have *looked*, without words, "I told you so. I warned you, Philip." But nothing in his experience had ever shown him to be susceptible or easily stirred. Nothing had ever presaged the swift rush of this impossible love.

He wondered what would happen if, taking Mrs. Fillmore's pulse, with his best bedside manner, he had burst forth: "I know you'll think I'm mad, but I'm in love with your daughter." Would he be tossed to the sharks, or thought very droll and very amusing—a witty wag of a fellow? Probably neither. Probably he would be put off the yacht at Key West, with a sizable check in his pocket, and that would be the end of a dream.

He said no such thing. He wrote Mrs. Fillmore's pulse rate carefully in a small notebook he carried in his pocket, and asked her to call him any time during the night if she woke and felt her head throbbing again. Soothed, she said good night with sleepy gratefulness.

Outside, on the deck, his employer stopped him. "I'd like to speak to you a minute, Dr. Hunt, if you don't mind." He was smoking a cigar and offered one to Philip.

"No, thanks. I'll smoke my pipe if I may."

As he lit it, he saw Prentice Fillmore's large, aggressive-chinned face, a face oddly bewildered and unsure of itself.

"My wife's headaches," he blurted. "Do you understand them, Doctor? I never felt Dr. Marshall took them seriously. Of course, she's never exactly *ill*, but she does have a good deal of pain off and on."

"I'm keeping a record," replied Philip gravely. "It occurred to me that I have a good chance of getting at the cause, since I am with Mrs. Fillmore so closely. Here in this notebook"—he tapped his breast pocket—"I have a list of everything she eats, her daily and nightly pulse rates, anything that has a possible correlation to the headaches. I believe—as a matter of fact, I'm sure—that before we get back I'll understand her case."

The big man—Philip smiled remembering he had been called a *tycoon* in a popular periodical a few weeks ago—said, like a relieved small boy, "Gee! That makes me feel a lot better, Doctor. Elizabeth has worried me a good deal."

Philip felt a mounting professional elation. His first important case—the chance to rid a neurotic woman of a few simple aches; and to win the respect and gratitude of a man like Prentice Fillmore. That ought to be worth a one-sided, discomfiting love affair to him. He was puzzled that his pain persisted, that he couldn't seem to shake off the scent of Bettina's dark hair.

"Hope you'll do some fishing with us at Key West," said Mr. Fillmore awkwardly.

"Thank you. I'd like to."

Philip did not return to the foursome dancing on deck. He went to his cabin and lay awake a long time, arms clasped under his head, the music from the phonograph drifting in his porthole like a disturbing presence. . . .

"I AM going to give you a piece of advice, for which you will certainly not thank me, Doctor," said Miss Hannah Todd the evening Philip was about to join the other young people for a tour of Key West.

He hesitated. She had emerged from nowhere and was standing beside him, slim and dignified in one of her tailored dinner dresses. He liked her. She was intelligent and tactful, and she had a way of speaking directly, but not so directly as to be crude.

"What is it, Miss Todd?"

"You're in love with Bettina Gray," she said calmly.

There was so little point in denying it to a woman with Hannah Todd's keen eyes that he didn't trouble. "And what if I am?" he said rather stiffly.

Her voice mellowed. She seemed more human, more womanly than the façade she presented to the world at large. "I shouldn't like to see you get hurt. You're a very nice boy, besides being a good doctor," she said gently.

"Thank you. I have no intention of getting hurt."

"You will unless you bear in mind that, besides being the ship's doctor, you have only one other duty to perform on board—the same as mine." There was a sad irony in her voice. "To amuse . . ."

"Amuse?" echoed Philip distastefully.

"Yes. I decorate their houses, and am tolerated while I continue to be a good companion. You look after their bodies, and are likewise tolerated. We are both safe only so long as we don't overstep our invisible boundaries."

He knew with a pang of outraged pride that she was right.

She finished smoothly: "Not that I blame you, really. Bettina is very lovely. She's young and the mold hasn't had a chance to harden. . . . But I'm keeping you from the others. Good night."

Philip had an impulse to avoid the exploring party and stay aboard the yacht. Then he heard Lita Fillmore's impatient voice calling him to hurry, and he made a swift decision to go along and stick as close to Lita and Johnny as possible, letting Fenwick Bellowes monopolize Bettina for the evening. After all, he would be foolish to sulk in his cabin.

"Well, where do we go first?" asked Lita restlessly, as they walked up the street.

THERE was a high, bright color on Bettina's cheekbones and her eyes had a dangerous gleam. "Sloppy Joe's, then La Conga, and last the Garden of Roses," she suggested promptly, having been here on last year's cruise. "Unless you're too tired, Fenwick."

The boy looked sulky. "I could stand a drink."

"So could we all," said Johnny Fillmore peaceably.

Philip soon lost count of the drinks they ordered. Feeling an uncomfortable responsibility for the others, he held himself to a gin fizz and several nonalcoholic limeades. He noticed that Bettina, though she ordered in as rapid succession as Fenwick, seldom finished a drink. Somehow or other, she always pushed her half-full glass in his direction, and he swallowed its contents down absently with his own.

"He'll be sick," Philip said sharply to her under a new burst of music. They were then sitting around a table at a place called the Cabaña.

"I don't think so," she said lightly. "He can hold a lot."

A Cuban boy came out with a guitar and serenaded them.

"What next?" he asked politely. "Anything you like to hear?"

Bettina said, with her best smile, "Play something slow, will you? I hate swing."

The guitar wandered with faint, incredible sweetness into *Estrellita*. It was enough. Fenwick crumpled down in his chair, his head falling with a thud to the table top. "Sleepy," he murmured; "so—so sleepy."

Bettina said casually to Lita, "You and Johnny stay on. Philip and I will get him back on board and meet you later." Putting one strong young arm under Fenwick's she ordered Philip to take the other side. "Make him walk. That's all he needs. . . . Come, Fenwick. We're going to play soldier now. Left, right, left, right . ."

BETWEEN them, they marched him back the way they had come. The launch was still waiting in the dark water at the wharf, its red light bobbing gently in the tide.

Bettina called to the sailor who manned it: "Give us a hand with Mr. Bellowes, please, Chuck."

Philip himself took Fenwick into his stateroom and, with the steward's help, undressed him and sponged off his perspiring face. There was nothing more to do for him but to let him sleep it off.

Bettina was waiting outside.

"Where are your mother and father?" asked Philip sharply.

"They're all at the Navy Yard. Father

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knows the commandant. They go fishing together."

"Where's Chuck?" Philip persisted, looking alongside.

"I sent him back to the wharf, so Lita and Johnny could get aboard when they want to." Her voice was as even as unmoving water.

"I heard you tell them we'd be there to join them."

"They won't care."

Philip felt his anger mounting hotly to his throat. "I've never seen a more ruthless exhibition of will than you pulled on Bellowes tonight," he accused her. "Because he's stupid and self-indulgent, you were able to make a fool of him."

"He's very happy sleeping," she answered calmly.

THE night lay dark and still around them. The silence puzzled him for a moment, until he remembered that he had seldom talked to Bettina without the accompaniment of music. The Johnny Fillmores kept the phonograph going time without end, and just now in Key West music had blared out of every other doorway.

"It's so still," he said, listening.

"I know. That's what I wanted, Philip."

Strange for a girl like Bettina to prefer a night without music.

"What do you want of me?" He turned to her with sudden savagery. "What have I to give you? Tell me."

Her lips barely moved: "Love, Philip. And marriage—if you want me."

He took her shoulders in his hands, but came no nearer. "The man in New York—the one who paints?"

"He was only the understudy," she whispered. "I knew the instant I saw you."

He shook her impatiently. "But you're too young. You don't know life. You can't know what you want."

She lifted her face blindly.

Because he could no longer withstand her he bent and laid his lips on hers. For him, it was both hail and farewell to his love. He would leave the ship in the morning before she was even awake; there was no hope of finishing out the cruise now. He was too wise to believe he could stay near Bettina and pretend indifference.

"This is the first time I've been happy since I was a small child," she said, drawing a long breath.

"You don't mean that," he said uneasily, wondering if it could be true.

"Don't I? Let me tell you a story, Philip, about a little girl with black pigtails. I've never told it before. I probably never shall again."

He felt an inalienable right to hold her in the curve of his arm for the short time that remained to them, to let her low, husky voice weave a mood of mysterious contentment. It couldn't last, but something of Bettina would go with him when he left the ship, when he returned to a shabby, empty office on a side street.

She went on dreamily: "My mother and father were almost always out, you see, but when they stayed at home it was because of having a party themselves. I used to hear the drinks being passed downstairs, and the radio going, and sometimes someone singing and playing the piano, too. And then I always went to sleep. It's funny, you can always sleep if it's noise you're accustomed to—whether it's a party or the El or trucks in the street. We lived in a funny little house in Greenwich Village. The walls were like cardboard."

"You weren't rich when you were a child, then?" said Philip.

"No, we were quite poor."

That seemed to bring her nearer. He tightened his arm.

"One night I woke up—I don't know why, except that it was so quiet, and yet I knew my parents were at home. I heard their voices from far away, then nearer and nearer. They sounded excited. I got up and went to sit on the stairs in my nightgown." Bettina shivered uncontrollably. "I heard my mother say something that sounded so queer I was frightened. She said, 'This is my chance, and you shan't stand in my way. I won't let you. It isn't as if we loved each other any more.' . . . And then my father—I always loved him best, I never quite knew why—said in a low voice, 'No, I suppose it isn't. I suppose I'd be wrong to keep either you or Bettina.' I ran back to my room. I was crying, and I didn't want them to hear me. It felt like the end of the world, and in a way it was. The end of *my* world . . ."

Philip touched her cheek and it was cold to his hand. Then suddenly wet. "Don't cry, my darling. That was such a long time ago."

"I never saw my father again," she said drearily. "The next day we went west, and Mother got her divorce, which she'd wanted, I found out later, for months and months. She married Mr. Fillmore, and they were happy together. They've kept on being happy, I guess. Father was a geologist, and when he was free he joined an expedition to the Arctic. Only some of the men came back; my father was one of the ones who didn't . . ."

BETTINA was looking into his face with a strange appeal. Now he knew why she had told him the story she had never told before.

"But you are still the princess," he told her gently. "Mr. Fillmore is fond of you, isn't he? And they have no other children. There's the nephew, Johnny Fillmore, of course, but—"

She clung tightly to his shoulders. "You *must* understand, Philip. All these years I've kept on being Bettina Gray. The things they've given me haven't mattered. Half of me has taken dancing lessons, gone to the best schools, made a debut in the ballroom of a big hotel. The other half has held back and waited."

"Waited for what, Bettina?" he asked her gently.

"For this, for you. . . ."

"And what am I?" he reminded her in a low voice. "A young, very poor doctor with no patients. I still owe my aunt for my last year of medical school. I live in a walk-up flat, with three flights to climb. That I got this six

HOME AT SIX

★

THIS room was the loveliest of all, plum and soft blue. This room where his friends would come—to meet the bride. She pretended they were arriving now:

Well, here's my Sally, folks! Sally, this is Ruth and Tom. . . . Why, she's adorable, David! Sally, we're so glad Dave's brought you to be one of us. . . .

And afterward: *Darling, I was so proud of my little wife. So proud. . . .*

She dreamed happily on, flicking at imagined dust on a graceful mantel clock. Only twelve minutes more to wait. He would be back from his office at six.

Straying to twin glass doors, she turned to gaze at the room's full beauty. She thought, "This is where we stood last night when we first came in. This is where he told me, *It's yours, my darling; all yours for all your life.* This is where he took me in his arms."

Smiling, she moved across a rich rug and paused in the doorway of a dining-room, spring green, cool as the sea. This is the bountiful room, her thoughts whispered. Around the fine table she would hear the laughter of guests. But, she mused, "Here's where we two sat last night, here and here, close together. He said, *My father used to say grace—I'd almost forgotten. I want to say it tonight.* And he said, *Dear Lord, I thank Thee for Thy greatest blessing to me. Make me worthy. Amen.*"

SHE wandered into a sunlit breakfast-room. This is the cozy room, her rapt mind said. She fondled a maple chair and said wordlessly, "Here's where he kissed me good-by this morning. *Sit still, love,* he told me, *don't come to the door. This is the memory I want for my long, lonesome day.*"

"In five minutes," her heart sang, "he'll need no memory, for I'll be running to meet him. But I've time to see the dearest room again."

At another threshold she stood barely breathing, and tiptoed to touch a four-poster's pillows, where bedside lamps cast a gentle glow. She whispered, "*Such a dear lover! Oh, David, my wonderful husband, you've made all my dreams come true—*"

A man stood in the bedroom's doorway.

He stared in casual curiosity at her slim back in its neat black dress, at the little hat that tried so bravely to be smart, the trim shoes with their scarred heels.

"Store's closing, miss." There was a bell's loud clang.

She gave a sharp start, and hurried out of the furniture department's decorated suite. A salesgirl, the clerk guessed, who got out at five-thirty and liked to play she was a rich dame shopping.

Outside she hastened to the subway—going home at six to a lonely five-dollar room.

JANET DEITRICK

weeks' job was only a piece of stupendous luck for me."

She parried calmly: "And I, Philip. Why don't you drop that heiress picture and see me as I really am? A girl with nothing of her own. Most of my life has been lived on the charity of the Fillmores; I've had nothing that was ever really *mine*. Are you going to take away the right to the walk-up flat, too?" Her voice lost its evenness, shook like a hurt child's. "Are you?"

PHILIP saw the lights of a Navy barge as it skimmed the water toward them. The older members of the party were returning.

A thought raced swiftly across his mind. There was a discovery he must make. He drew Bettina back in his arms for a last kiss before they were interrupted. "I don't know," he answered her finally. "When I do know, I'll tell you."

She had to be satisfied with that. She had to walk slowly to her stateroom, her eyes stormy and afraid. He wouldn't let her stay and face the barrage of middle-aged scrutiny —and perhaps, in a reckless minute, give herself away.

Philip lit a cigarette and stood where he would be seen as soon as the party boarded the yacht.

"Well," said Mr. Fillmore heartily, "how was Key West? Aren't you back early?"

Hannah Todd gave him a long, quiet look and said, "Hello, Philip," as she passed on her way to bed. She was the only one who would be in the least aware of the momentousness of the night.

"Heavens, I'm exhausted!" murmured Mrs. Fillmore Lathrop. "I don't see how Navy people stand the pace."

At last they separated and Philip had his chance. "May I speak to you a few minutes, Mrs. Fillmore?" he asked. "Even though you may feel perfectly well."

"It's late and I'm frightfully tired," she said querulously. "But, of course, if you think you should . . ."

Her maid was waiting; she laid down the magazine she was reading and stood ready to help her mistress to bed.

"You can go, Julia. Here—take my pearls and put them in the safe."

She sat down heavily on her chaise longue. "Now then, Doctor—"

"I've come to tell you about your headaches, Mrs. Fillmore," said Philip gently. "Once you know why they come, I don't think you'll have them any more."

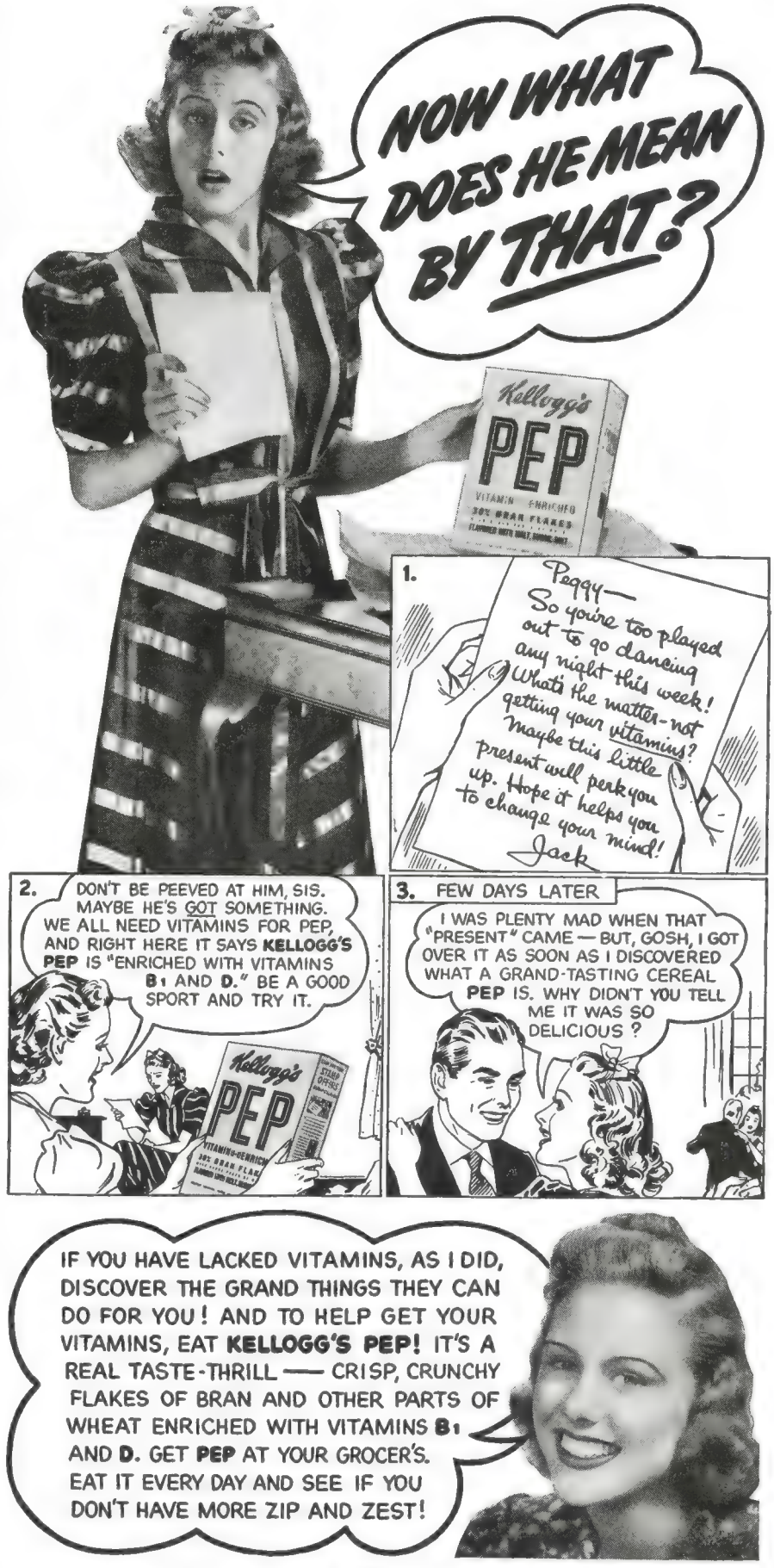
SHE was instantly intrigued. "But how exciting!" Her still lovely face emerged from its mask of polite ennui. "Do you mean you've psychoanalyzed me or something?"

"I don't know what you'd call it." As kindly and as tactfully as he could, implicating Bettina as little as possible, Philip told Elizabeth Fillmore the story of herself. He described the slow, insidious way the shadows of the past could slip intermittently across the glamorous present—and recede again. He saw the tears gathering helplessly in her eyes.

"It's natural enough," he said impersonally, "for the very beautiful woman to long for a beautiful setting. It is also natural for an emotional woman to cling to her memories, not with her conscious mind, but with some part of herself that lies deeper. . . ."

"Yes," she answered him from a dream. "When I was young, I loved Andrew Gray."

To his surprise she wasn't angry. There



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SAILOR, WHAT'S THE SECRET? Better results with Barbasol—in hard water or soft, hot or cold—because it's a modern shaving cream—made with beneficial oils that not only soften the beard, but actually *soothe* and help *protect the skin*—from your razor while you shave, from harsh weather after you've shaved.

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No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

was more to pin to than he had first guessed at when he judged her.

Recklessly he blurted out his final reason for intruding into that personal privacy which even a doctor seldom dares probe. "Perhaps you've seen all along that I'm in love with Bettina," he flung at her. "But tonight Bettina has said she loved me. That makes everything different. It puts her happiness at stake." He gave her no chance to speak, but went hurriedly on: "Mr. Fillmore has my whole history on file in his office. Probably he's told you that I'm not an established doctor yet, I'm merely promising. I can't offer Bettina anything she's been used to, because I haven't a bean. You're her mother; you must know by instinct what would really make her happy. Won't you think—and then tell me, straight from your heart, Mrs. Fillmore?"

She had never looked so much like Bettina as she did then to his startled eyes. Her face wore an awakened, aware expression. She wasn't shocked or alarmed, as he had thought she might be. Her hauteur had fallen away. He waited for two long, breathless minutes for what she would say. He wondered if she were remembering Andrew Gray, lost somewhere at the foot of a glacier—or if the glamour of who she was now and what she possessed was rising in her mind to confuse her. . . .

The instant her tremulous lips opened in answer, he knew who was speaking—not the head of countless ball committees, not the internationally known hostess or one of the "ten best-dressed women," but Bettina's mother . . .

"Yes, Philip," she said thoughtfully. "I believe you could make Bettina happy."

She held up her white-ringed fingers when he tried to say something. "Please go now, Philip. I've had—well, all I can stand tonight."

BETTINA was a lonely little ghost wandering on deck in a white silk dressing gown. For an instant he felt a common-sense qualm or two about how a girl, who was so lovely in French originals, was going to fit into a kitchen smock. Poor kid, she'd have to cook and clean the apartment, answer a doctor's telephone—which as the years went on, he hoped would be busier—and struggle up with him from the bottom of the pile. Bettina, who was so accustomed to the air at the top. . . .

Then he remembered the night without music and the child listening on the stairs. . . . He had one thing to give Bettina she'd never had, and that was security. He'd heard women valued it; he hoped that was true.

She saw him then and called "Philip" very softly, not to waken the people sleeping behind dark portholes.

He went to meet her with his arms outstretched, but knowing with a sudden humorous awareness that behind his elation as a lover there was another, different elation. The triumph of a very young doctor who has solved a case.

HAVE you ever wondered how you would feel if the other person your mate had loved came back? Read Charles Hoffman's "From This Day Forward," in the December issue.

AMERICA'S *Interesting People*

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINO SARRA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Goatgetter

ONE of America's rapidly expanding industries, goat raising, was almost unknown in the U. S. five years ago. Now over 2,000 pints of goat's milk a day are sold throughout the country, and most of the goat getting is being done by women. Probably tops among them is Mrs. Carl Sandburg, of Harbert, Mich. Her goats are annual prize winners at the Illinois State Fair, largest goat show in America, and she owns the champion milk producer among Toggenburgs, most popular breed in this country. In search of a practical pet for her daughter, Helga, shown with her in our picture, Mrs. Sandburg got her a goat. It made an affectionate playmate, supplied the family with milk and butter, and could be easily carried by car to be bred with neighboring goats. Today their herd numbers 92. When not goat raising Mrs. Sandburg likes stargazing and proofreading the poetry of her famous poet-husband.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN FISHER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Wingless

FIVE times a day over the rooftops of Philadelphia, Pa., flies the world's only wingless mail plane. This autogyro carries the mail from the Camden, N. J., airport, 6 miles away, direct to the world's smallest airport —the roof of the Philadelphia Post Office. And the man at the controls is Capt. John M. Miller, America's leading 'gyro pilot. Formerly a test pilot for a large 'gyro company, he was the first to fly a wingless plane across the country and has piled up the record-breaking flying time of 2,500 hours in 'gyros alone. His day off is generally a busman's holiday —hires a plane and takes his wife and two kids for a ride.

Brodie

TO PULL a Brodie means to take a chance. Fifty years ago Steve Brodie made his daredevil dive off New York's Brooklyn Bridge and created this bit of slang. Today the Brodie blood is still running high, and Steve's granddaughter, Helen Howard, has become one of America's leading exhibition divers. But it was only 10 years ago that Helen took her first plunge. She had been watching a diving exhibition in which Sammy Howard, famous daredevil of the high diving board, was making his audience gasp. His performance struck a hereditary spark, and Helen decided to "pull a Brodie" herself. She asked for a personal introduction, and then took her first plunge—into matrimony. So she and Sammy could always be together, Helen determined to make the diving grade beside her husband. Now, with a repertoire of 40 fancy dives, she performs with him in over five exhibitions a week—summers in the North and winters in Miami, Fla., where she models clothes for style movies in her spare time.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALE HABERMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOUCK AND HOLLEM (PIX) FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Playmates

NO JITTERBUG contest for kids has more pep than a meeting of the Three-Quarter Century Club of St. Petersburg, Fla. It has a membership 300 strong ranging in age from youngsters of 75 to Florida's leading oldster, Grandma Weeks, who's 110. The club was organized several years ago by Mrs. Evelyn Barton Rittenhouse of the local Chamber of Commerce to give the visiting oldsters as good a time as their grandchildren. Since then more than 3,000 transients from all but three states in the Union have joined up. At first there were just quilting parties for the ladies. But they wanted more fun, so Mrs. Rittenhouse organized an old men's ball team. Husbands could run, while their wives quilted, heckled, and cheered on the side lines. Before long a singing society developed, which now has more church bookings than it can fill. Specialty is a male quartet with a 91-year-old first tenor. Next came open forum meetings to keep the old minds lively. First subject discussed was "Should oldsters marry?" All members said "yes." Three subjects are taboo—religion, politics, and the Civil War. "If I'd let them," says Mrs. Rittenhouse, "they'd fight that war over at each meeting." Mrs. Rittenhouse finally gave up the Chamber of Commerce because it took too much time from organizing fun for the old folks. Recently she added to the club's activities a dra-

matic society and a grandmothers' dancing chorus. Our picture shows a rehearsal. After each sprightly chorus routine, every chorine dances a jig. Members got so stagestruck they put on a performance of "The Old Homestead." Above, at the right, Mrs. Rittenhouse is selling tickets for the show in a street-corner booth. Below, Miss Alice Chapman, make-up artist, puts the finishing touches on the wig of John Posson, 85, while young Ernest Wilken, 82, looks on. At the right Mayo Harris is running out a two-bagger in a ball game between the oldsters' two rival teams, the Kids and the Kubs. Original rules forbade running, but the players balked, and the rule was withdrawn. Club cheer to open each game: "What's the matter with seventy-five? We're the bunch that's all alive!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD RHODENBAUGH
FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Bullionaire

NO BANK president or million-dollar tycoon in America has the financial headaches of Russell J. Van Horne. As chief guard of Uncle Sam's biggest money bag, the gold depository at Fort Knox, Ky., he is personally responsible for 6 billion dollars' worth of gold bullion—more money than exists in any other place in the world. The gold itself takes up little room (a billion dollars' worth melted down would be about the size of a man). It is two basements underground in a bombproof vault with walls two feet thick. Every window of the building itself is bulletproof and iron-grilled, and the doors are built to resist dynamite. Hourly the depository goes on the air to reassure the near-by Fort Knox army post that all is well. Recently, when a storm disrupted communications, planes started zooming overhead within three minutes, and 400 combat cars bearing 1,000 machine gunners converged to protect the gold. Van Horne started panning for gold when he was 18. At 25 he was a clerk in the San Francisco mint. Today he probably knows more about bullion than any other American living.

Troupe

IT'S a rare movie that doesn't have one member of the Watson family in it. They are America's No. 1 acting troupe, and separately or together have played in more than 1,000 different pictures. Left to right at the dinner table in our picture are Gary, Delmar, Harry, Louise, Gloria, Mom, Pops, Vivian, Coy, Jr., Billy, and Bobs. Mom and Pops went to Hollywood over 25 years ago, and Pops started raising and renting horses. Mom stayed home and raised a family for the movies. Coy, Jr., was the first to make the grade—when he was 9 months old. Since then each of them has played in at least 20 different pictures, and one of them, Delmar, in 120. But most successful of the brood is Bobs, age 8, the baby of the family. In the last year he has played big roles in seven hit shows, including "On Borrowed Time." But Pops doesn't want any star in the family, so there are no long-term contracts, and the money they make goes into a community pot. None of them plans on a permanent movie career. Coy, Jr., the oldest, is already deserting the movies for news photography, and Delmar plans to be a big-league ballplayer. Why isn't Mom in the movies? "I wash 38 shirts a week," she says, "I've worn out six washing machines and six electric irons, and sometimes I have a few socks to darn. That's why I'm not in the movies."

PROBABLY no one has approached the tricky sport of fly fishing more scientifically than Preston J. Jennings, of Brooklyn, N. Y., owner of what is said to be the largest collection of dry flies for trout fishing in the world. Knowing that most of our fly designs come from England, modeled after English insects, Jennings suspected these flies were not familiar to American trout. So he collected over 10,000 specimens of insects from American streams, and discovered that not one was an exact duplicate of any species of English water insect. In other words, he figured, American trout were being invited to bite on English flies, which they didn't recognize; if you gave them familiar American flies, they should bite twice as well. So Jennings designed artificial flies based on his insect research. Three are already well known to fishermen—the American March Brown, the Grey Fox, and the Stone Fly Creeper. His latest experiments are designing flies as they would look to the fish. Uses a glass water tank, through which he gets the fish's-eye view, and a prism to test his designs. All this is Jennings' hobby. Professionally, he's a sales engineer.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER ENGEL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Flycatcher

Gentleman OF THE JUNGLE

(*Continued from page 33*)

happened after that?" the doctor asked.

"A Spanish priest found me and adopted me. He was the kindliest soul I ever knew. He gave me back some of the faith I'd lost. His house was full of books, English and Spanish both, and I read every one before I was thirteen. They were the happiest days I ever knew. Then that came to an end. He was ordered home to Spain, and I started working on the banana farms."

Dexter looked up. "I don't know why I'm taking your evening up with this story about myself." But even as he spoke he realized he did know why. Stockton possessed some of the same qualities of that old Spanish priest. He was unaffectedly friendly, and understanding and sympathetic.

THE doctor was puffing on his pipe. "You've been kicked around. Well, I know what that means, too—I who am a man of books. I've known what it is to be ordered to leave those books forever, within twenty-four hours."

"Where was that?"

"In Austria. I was teaching psychiatry there, at the university. The Nazis decided they could do without me."

"Are you a Jew?"

Stockton shook his head. "No. I just made the mistake of assuming that Jews are human beings. For that they took away everything that I had been building up for thirty years." Stockton smiled. "No, not quite everything. They allowed me fifty schillings to get across the border with."

He spoke with neither bitterness nor anger, but Dexter realized that this man, too, had suffered. Yet it had not embittered him. It had not broken him. Some inner strength or quality of resignation had fortified him against the cruelties of a frenzied world. Resignation—Dexter wondered if he, himself, would ever possess that quality, or if he wanted to possess it. Better to lash out and

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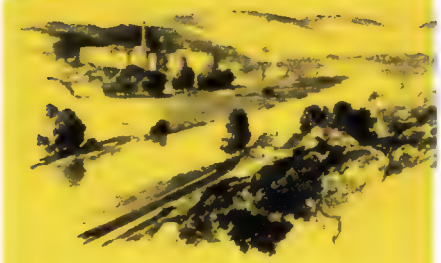

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Beech-Nut

One of America's GOOD habits

fight—to go down fighting if need be. And yet—again he looked at Stockton—there might be a better way.

Stockton finished his beer and rose. "Let's go watch them loading," he said.

Together the two men strolled down through the town to the moonlit bay. At the pier Dexter noticed with interest that the iron gate across the entrance was closed and guards were stationed there. Hogan was seeing to it that Dexter had no chance to go back on his bargain and stow away on the boat.

The doctor was peering through the bars of the gate. "I always love to watch the loading," he said, half apologetically.

GREAT blue-white floodlights were burning on the end of the pier, and a little engine puffing a lurid column of smoke into the sky was busy shifting banana cars, shunting empties to the side tracks, bringing loaded cars up to the boat. There was noisy activity everywhere. As each car was spotted opposite the steamer's open hold, a long line of men, stripped to the waist, quickly formed before the door, each man ready to receive a heavy "stem" of green bananas and carry it on his shoulder over to the electrically driven loader, whose canvas cradles, moving on an endless chain, lifted the bananas aloft over the edge of the steamer and carried them down into the darkness of the hold.

Even from outside the gate Dexter could hear the steady click-click of the loader, the heavy rumble of cars, and the shouts of men working like beasts of burden throughout the night. Here the great jungle harvest, the green gold of the tropics, was starting on its long journey to the far-off ports of the world.

Reluctantly at last Stockton turned away. "We'd better be getting back. You'll need a good night's sleep tonight." Then he added, "Nelson will probably give you enough work during the day." . . .

Stockton was right. Nelson saw to it that Dexter earned every centavo of his pay. The very first day he put Dexter in charge of a peon gang cleaning out irrigation ditches in a breathless part of the plantation where, cut off from the breeze by thick bamboo growth, the sun beat mercilessly down and mosquitoes and other insects swarmed.

During the next two weeks Cloud was subjected to every type of petty bullying that Nelson could contrive. Unpleasant and often impossible tasks were given him. Not once was Nelson satisfied with the work done; always Dexter returned at the end of a killing day to be met with sarcastic abuse from the overseer.

He accepted it without comment. Sooner or later it was bound to end. Some day—how soon he couldn't tell—Hogan would make the next move, and beyond that Dexter didn't care to think. In the meantime, no matter how bad things were, he couldn't get away until the next fruit boat docked.

Dexter was happiest with the laborers. He understood them. He knew their hopes and fears, their quick resentments and their equally quick response to kindness. They were children, loving praise, responsive to leadership. And now, when they found this big *Americano* working beside them—joking, encouraging, kind but always firm—even the laziest of them began to respond.

And when, on Saturday, the little canvas bags of gold pesos were brought out of the safe in Flanders's office and the peons lined up for their pay, Dexter found himself the center of a clamorous throng of workers, each one demanding the honor of getting the big *Americano* drunk. He slipped away, but he knew it was their way of bestowing their stamp of approval.

He saw Flanders almost every morning as she rode with Nelson on her inspection tour. She spoke to him, but her words were few and always confined to the job at hand. He was equally terse with her.

ONE day she rode up with Nelson, and before Dexter caught sight of them he heard the overseer's loud bellow of anger.

Cloud rode over, and Nelson stormed up to him. He pointed to Dexter's crew, digging an irrigation ditch. "I told you plain as I know how to start those men cleaning

Reamer Keller

"Too bad—he was a swell egg!"

out the old ditch. I didn't say nothin' about diggin' a new one."

Flanders sat her horse, watching him.

"People that work for me gotta do as they're told," Nelson snapped.

Dexter turned to his foreman: "Jose, put the boys back on the old ditch."

The men began shouldering their shovels, but something in Dexter's manner had caught Flanders's eyes. "Why did you start a new ditch?" she asked.

"Because the old ditch was never located right. It's below the level of the plant roots, and your water's wasted."

Flanders followed the length of the old ditch, then carefully she examined the route of the ditch Dexter had begun. She said nothing, but rode off with Nelson.

A few moments later the overseer came back, eyes red with anger. "You can go ahead with that new ditch," he said sullenly.

Dexter permitted himself to look surprised. . . .

THAT chance encounter may have been the reason why Dexter was called to Flanders's office the following morning. When he had seated himself she asked, "Mr. Cloud, how dangerous is this new leaf blight they call 'sigatoka'?"

"Dangerous enough to clean you out."

"Nelson doesn't think so."

He picked up his hat. "Is that all?"

She bit her lip. "No."

Dexter waited. For a long time she sat looking out of the window. He saw her breasts rise and fall in a long sigh. Slowly her eyes met his, and he heard the low voice say, "Can't we be friends?"

It was the last thing in the world he expected, and before he could answer she added: "I shouldn't have jumped at you the way I did the other night. I was frightened and tired—and I suppose I have a quick temper." She smiled at him. "You have, too. But I'm sorry—really sorry. We were such good friends when you were here before, I'd like to be friends again."

"Wouldn't it be simpler if I just remember you're my boss?"

"Why must you be so unrelenting? Can't you forgive a weary old lady for being cross—just once?"

Sitting there waiting, she looked more like the old Flanders of other days—the Flanders who wasn't ever tired or tight-lipped or afraid. It was hard to preserve anger against anyone who looked up at you like that, who was asking frankly for your friendship. Dexter gave it up.

"Let's call the whole war off," he said. . . .

NEXT day Flanders put him in charge of the large crew that took care of cultural operations. Theirs was the difficult task of cleaning out the underbrush from beneath the banana plants, cutting back all growth that would sap the strength of the mature trees, but leaving enough young banana suckers to insure a continuous crop of maturing fruit throughout the plantation. It was a job calling for experience and knowledge, and most of all for that rare quality of imagination which enables one to foresee what the results of the cuttings will be in six months or a year.

Beyond that they had to prune and clean, so that the trees themselves would be well distributed and not overcrowded. They had to cut just enough, but not too much, since that would mean a waste of space, or, even worse, an invasion (*Continued on page 114*)

What this

new DELCO *battery offers*

MORE POWER . . . this new Delco battery makes good the *promise of power* you get from its rugged, substantial appearance. Within its husky case of genuine hard rubber are larger plates and more active material; it teems with extra power for sure starting in zero temperatures—extra capacity for lights, radio, heater and other accessories—extra stamina to assure long and dependable service.

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Let's sing us a song of little colleges,
Whose teaching staffs need no apologies;
With ivied buildings and verdant campuses,
And indignant alumni who snort like grampuses.
Let us praise in anthems and toast in toddies
Their intelligent undergraduate bodies,
And celebrate in our songs and stories
Their magnificent chemical laboratories.
Oh, salute until their ears are burning
Their various royal roads to learning;
But let our hosannas be grudging and gradual
For whoever makes up their football schedual.
What is grimmer, or what more sober,
Than the sporting sections throughout October?
You leap from your bed with a gleeful caper
And eagerly snatch the Sunday paper,
Then choke on your coffee and orange juice
With a sickening groan of "What's the use?"
It's completely ruined your peaceful A. M.,
That grisly, ghastly Saturday mayhem.
You read, and, reading, you feel like Nero:
TITANIC 90, LILLIPUT 0.
JONESBURG SMOTHERED BY ELEPHANT STATE;
SMITHTOWN CRUSHED BY GOLIATH'S WEIGHT;
GARGANTUA RUNS UP RECORD SCORE;
BRIGGS 3, COLOSSUS 74;
WOLVES SURPASS COACH'S WILDEST DREAMS,
CUT LAMBS' THROATS WITH ELEVEN TEAMS!
I'd like a word with the individuals
Who compile these dandy October scheduals.
Character-building and sportsmanship's
The readiest phrase upon their lips,
While employing all the bullying tricks
Of Mittel-Europan politics;
Turning a game, as the dollar urges,
Into the grossest putsches and purges.
Tear up yon gruesome sporting pages;
I'm deep in one of my deepest rages;
I'll read no more, my reporting friend,
Until the season nears its end;
When GOLIATH CONQUERS EARLY PANIC,
KICKS A GOAL TO TIE TITANIC;
When LILLIPUT WITH RESULT IN DOUBT
THROWS PASS THAT NOSES JONESBURG OUT.
Let us sing a song of little colleges,
Whose football schedules need apologies.
They all can be my Alma Mother
As soon as they only play each other.

OGDEN NASH

★

(*Continued from page 113*) of weeds which would choke back the banana plants.

They were busy days for Dexter. By dawn he would be astride his mule, starting the men down the long lanes between the trees, wielding a machete with the best of them. He smiled at his newly awakened enthusiasm for the work. He told himself he had to do something while waiting for Hogan to make the next move, and any good banana man would try to keep a plantation from going to ruin.

He often wondered about Flanders White. His earlier estimate of her wasn't working out. He still found it hard to understand why she put up with her bullying overseer; and her ignorance of some of the very principles of banana production continued to provoke him. But he had to admit that she was eager to learn and put in long, hard hours of work. She didn't lack decision, and in all her dealings Dexter found her scrupulously fair. And the workers adored her. To a man they spoke of her with an affection that could not be doubted.

He thought of Hogan no more than he had to. It was better to let the future take care of itself. When Hogan wanted him he would send for him.

Sam he saw often. The fruit company's pilot was daily expecting notice to go to California and fly back a new twin-motor plane. "It's the sweetest job they ever turned out," he told Dexter one evening. "She's rigged up to take off with a ton of lime dust, and I can set her down on a dime. Dusting these plantations will be just play for that baby."

"Is the leaf disease bad here?" Dexter asked.

"If we didn't dust it would wipe us out in a year."

Talks with the ever-cheerful pilot helped Dexter through the hard days, but one thing helped even more—the visits of Elena.

SHE came almost every afternoon after his work was done. When he had finished thatching his new shack with palm leaves, she brought bright-colored curtains for the only window and coco matting for the floor. She was still a little puzzled at his sudden decision to stay, but she asked no direct questions, nor did she greatly care. It was enough that he was still in Guaturas.

On one of her late-afternoon visits Elena sat waiting for Dexter in the doorway of his shack when Flanders White rode by. The mistress of the plantation stopped her horse, and for a second the eyes of the two women met in a look both searching and challenging.

Flanders dismounted. "You're Elena?"

The dancer only smiled, and Flanders added: "A great admirer of yours has told me about you—Tapachula Sam. He says no one dances as you dance."

Elena stretched her tanned legs out in the sun and leaned back, the better to look up into Flanders's eyes. "You should see me dance some time. Or don't you approve of casinos?"

The question, lazily asked, carried its own implication, but Flanders only answered, "I approve of anything that's fun—only I don't get much time for it. I'm a hard-working farmer woman, and by the time the lights come on at the casino I'm in bed."

Again Elena smiled, and Flanders regarded the dancer's slender loveliness with an admiration that carried in its train a sudden pang of envy. Yes, certainly she was exquisite. She seemed so at peace with herself,

so ready to love and be loved. She was one of those who had known happiness—a happiness that Flanders had missed.

Flanders loosened the cinch of her mare's saddle. "You're waiting for Dexter Cloud?"

"For Dexter and a swim."

"You've known him long?"

"Long enough to know he's one in a million."

"That's real enthusiasm."

"Yes. Either I like people or I don't."

They weren't getting anywhere. With a little shock Flanders realized that they were on the verge of quarreling because of a man she had not seen for six years, who was now one of the workers on her banana farm.

Elena was watching her. "Do you really mean," she asked, "that you hadn't heard that Dexter and I came here together?"

"On the same boat?"

"In the same cabin, if you like." The words were spoken with slow indifference, but to Flanders their message was crystal clear. This woman was telling her, in effect, "Hands off." Had Dexter Cloud—?

She heard the sound of hoofs, and saw Dexter jogging toward them on his mule. Flanders gathered up the reins of her mare. "Tell Dexter some day," she smiled, "to bring you up to the swimming pool he and I discovered six years ago."

SHE was still smiling as she rode away, but the smile had gone when she entered the house and threw her riding crop on a chair.

Her uncle looked up from his book. "Tired?" he asked.

"A little." She lighted a cigarette and, perching on the arm of his chair, straightened his tie. "I've just been talking with Elena, the casino dancer. She made a point of telling me that she and Dexter are lovers."

The doctor laid down his book. "That means she's afraid of you."

"Afraid of me! That's funny."

"Is it? You're a woman, you know."

"Sometimes I think I'm just an adding machine—with all the figures in red." For a brief second, rebellion clouded Flanders's eyes. "I envy her. She doesn't spend eighteen hours a day worrying over a damned banana farm and irrigation ditches." She laid her cheek against his head. "Uncle Harry, I'm missing life down here. I'm not living; I'm just getting older."

He was silent for a time; then he asked, "Do you think Dexter Cloud loves her?"

"I don't know anything about him. He always seems on guard with me."

"On guard." The doctor nodded. "I think that best describes his attitude toward the world. Life hasn't been exactly kind to Dexter Cloud. It has dealt him blows, and he has fought back."

"He has the eyes of a fighter."

"Yes, I think he could be absolutely merciless. If he was fighting for a woman he loved or a cause he believed worth while, you could expect no quarter."

Without answering, Flanders walked to the door and looked out into the darkness. "I wonder if that isn't the way life should be lived," she said at last; "fighting for a person you love—or a cause you love—instead of seeing life dwindle away while you wait for banana boats." Then quietly she added: "I'm going down to the casino tomorrow night and watch Elena dance. And I want Dexter Cloud to go with us." . . .

Flanders herself drove the two men the following night to the fruit company town, where they picked up Sam, then parked out-

HOW TOMMY WON BY A HAIR!

"Sorry, Herman, but I've had a date for weeks that I just can't break" (*but she thought* "That frowsy-headed oaf...if he'd only do something about his hair.")

"Gee, Horace, you called just too late. I'm having dinner with Tom" (*but she thought* "Gosh! he looks like a Gigolo with the sticky concoction he uses to plaster down his hair. They'd think I paid to have him take me out.")

"Tcht! Tcht! You're always just too late, Herbert" (*but she thought* "He's about ten years too late. That bald-pated guy looks old enough to be my father.")

"Oh, hello, Tommy. So glad you called. Sure . . . I'd love to go out tonight. About 9 o'clock". . . (*and she thought* "Would I marry that guy if he'd only ask me!")

P. S. Tommy, you see, uses Kreml every morning. Here's why: a daily dousing with water tends to dry out the hair, make it brittle and may even cause it to fall out. Greasy, sticky preparations, besides making you look like a Gigolo, may very well clog up the pores of the scalp. Kreml checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales and relieves itching scalp. Kreml keeps hair in order without having an artificial, plastered-down look.

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side Hogan's casino. It was a night of fiesta and the town's one street was thronged. Beyond the water front they could see a broad-beamed steamer loading bananas—a 3,000-ton tramp of Hogan's line.

"It will be a big night tonight," Stockton said. "Every sailor off the boat will be here."

"And the whole banana gang from the Amalgamated," Sam added. "Tonight's pay night. They'll be whooping things up."

The casino was a blaze of illumination, and already crowded. There were tourists in evening dress and white linens, sailors, planters, and railroad men, soldiers from the *comandante's* barracks. The officers of Hogan's ship were on hand, trim-looking in spotless uniforms. And there were tanned, competent-looking men from the fruit town and men from the upper plantations.

THEY were caught up in the crowd that pressed toward the gaming-rooms, and Sam locked his arm through Dexter's.

"The great altar to chance," Dexter heard him say. "If this place could talk it would ruin half the big shots in Guaturas. Here is where all the politicos come for their relaxation. They say that when the embassy bunch up in the capital want to know what's really going on, they come down here."

A sudden surge of the crowd carried them along into the gaming-room.

Silent and intense, more than a hundred people were crowded about the long double line of tables that held every known gambling device. At the nearest table, a lone player sat.

"That's DeVargas," Sam whispered. "Minister of Foreign Affairs."

He was a tall, heavy-set man, with a square jaw and black, alert eyes. Meticulously dressed, and with a red carnation in his dinner jacket, he sat placing his bets.

Sam leaned close to Dexter: "He comes down every month—great gambler, and the best-loved man in the republic. He was the hero of the last revolution. I don't think he knows what fear is—tough fighter, hard drinker, and—look!"

DeVargas had laid a thousand pesos on the double O. The wheel spun, the ball dropped, and the croupier raked in the chips. DeVargas merely smiled and bet again.

"He has the damnedest worst luck," Sam commented.

"Why does he play if he never wins?" Dexter asked.

Stockton overheard the question. "Haven't you ever played a losing game?" he said.

Dexter looked sharply up. Was there some special note in the doctor's voice? It seemed wildly improbable that Stockton could be warning him, and yet . . .

But again Stockton was speaking: "The older I grow, the more I marvel at the gullibility of human nature. Everyone here knows that these games are created with one purpose—to keep the player from winning. But they come back to gratify their mild suicidal impulses."

Sam looked skeptical. "I wouldn't know about all that. But the government of Guaturas boasts that her gambling concessions are run on the square. They'd be foolish not to be honest, for tourists from all over North and South America come here to play. It means a real income to the country."

From the ballroom came the sharp, introductory notes of marimbas, and a burst of applause. Flanders pushed her way forward. "I don't want to miss the dance," she said, and the little party made its way toward the ballroom.

The lights had been lowered. The ballroom was black except for the pool of illumination where Elena moved to the cadence of marimbas. She had already started her dance when the party entered, and as Dexter first caught sight of her she had begun slowly turning, until her wide-skirted dress floated about her like a great inverted lily, revealing her long, slender legs. Her feet scarcely moved, her bare arms rose and fell, while the clear, staccato click of the castanets kept pace with the marimbas.

Then she saw Dexter. The castanets clicked a happy welcome, and she came forward, eyes on him, turning just enough to keep the swirling circle of skirts free from her body. She smiled at him.

People were beginning to watch Dexter. Elena was making it so plain that this dance was all for the tall man who stood just inside the door.

Nearer the dancer circled, her marvelously flexible body responding to the quickened tempo of the music. Wilder and faster came the beat of the marimbas, faster her twinkling feet turned, until her dress stood straight out from the whirling body, and the castanets had become one long reverberation of sound. Then there was the crash of a cymbal, a last crescendo chord from the marimbas, and the dance was done. Lights blazed amid a deafening chorus of *vivas* and applause. Elena bowed and was gone.

Stockton turned to Flanders: "What do you think of her?"

Like one awakened from a dream, Flanders answered, "A marvelous dancer."

Stockton smiled. "Much more than that, my little niece."

AS THEY left the room Hogan's Japanese attendant pushed his way toward them, and Dexter felt his heart pounding. Was Hogan sending for him? But the Japanese was bowing before Flanders, speaking Spanish. Flanders translated for her uncle's benefit: "Mr. Hogan wants our party to come up to his rooms."

"Tell him, sure," Sam urged. "We had champagne last time."

They began moving toward the stairway, Dexter in the rear. The last thing he wanted was to see Hogan again, but it was too late to escape now.

At the top of the stairs Hogan was waiting in the open doorway. He took Flanders's hand. "You're good to come. It isn't often I have you here." Then, to the others, "Come in, come in. Hello, Doctor. Hello, Mr. Cloud." He shook hands cordially with each, and drew forward a chair for Flanders. "What news from the White plantation?"

"Oh, we just go on growing bananas," she answered.

"I often wonder why anyone grows bananas these days." He offered his guests cigarettes. "With labor prices sailing sky-high, and banana prices going down, it gets to be a worse gamble than the casino."

A servant brought champagne, and Hogan carried a glass to Flanders.

She set it on the arm of her chair. "Mr. Hogan, what about all this expropriation talk? Is the government really thinking of taking over the plantations?"

Hogan frowned. "Today, the legislature passed the Ortega resolution."

"What does it provide for?"

"It's not very specifically worded, but the

intent is that any banana grower who conducts his business against the interests of the government is subject to the loss of his plantation. Damned radical legislation, don't you think?"

Stockton shook his head. "No, I can't say I do. On the face of it, I'd call it a very wise piece of business. Why should any country permit actions derogatory to its national welfare?"

Impatiently Hogan turned. "That's all very fine in theory, Doctor, but it's pure Communistic propaganda, this expropriation business."

Stockton smiled. "I notice a tendency since I left Europe to call anything we don't like 'Communistic.'"

"Well, this is. All this coddling of labor is having a bad effect. The peons used to be glad to get a job—any job. Now when they work for you they act as if they're doing you a favor. And dozens of them are starting up little banana farms of their own. That sort of thing kills prices."

HOGAN glanced toward Flanders. "Your father was responsible for that when he allowed the planters along your irrigation ditch to use his surplus water. Now they look on that water as a right. When your overseer turned it off in the last drought they raised a howl to high heaven until you made him turn it on again."

"I'm willing to share it with them," Flanders answered.

Hogan shrugged. "It's your business—but if you expect them to be grateful you're a worse visionary than your father was."

"I'm not so sure. Too many planters came down here to the tropics for just one thing—to make money and get out. It didn't matter to them if they wrecked the soil and made their workers live under conditions not fit for animals. We're beginning to reap the harvest of that brutal policy now, with the threat of expropriation. Father thought it could be done a better way." Her eyes softened. "People talk a lot about the good-neighbor policy, but he began it twenty years ago. He wanted to see if you couldn't run a banana farm without impoverishing either the land or the peon. He built homes for the workers, he gave them decent wages. He looked on this land as home; he fertilized and cultivated. He loved the land. And he loved the people, too. He never tried to force his own ideas upon them."

Hogan smiled blandly. "You're an impassioned orator, Miss White, but I can't forget that not so many years ago a couple of United States gunboats would have put an end to all this expropriation talk. I lived here through some pretty tough hours, and it was a very comfortable feeling to see a gunboat full of marines come into port."

"Those gunboats were never necessary," Flanders answered. "American business doesn't have to depend on United States gunboats to get along down here. The day I need marines to carry on my banana business I'll known I'm beaten—and I'll quit."

Standing by the window, Dexter watched the girl's mobile face. She spoke quietly but with simple directness and sincerity, and to Dexter came the sudden realization that here in this clash of creeds between Hogan and Flanders two antagonistic ways of life had come face to face. Hogan's system of ruthless exploitation was on the one side, and on the other Flanders's efforts to carry out the good-neighbor policy of her father. Both could not succeed—one or the other had to go—and Dexter knew that in such a struggle his own sympathy and loyalties must inevitably lie with her.

Hogan meanwhile was moving his hands in ironic applause. "You'd make a great Fourth of July orator, Miss White, but"—his eyes moved to the supper table—"we have all our lives to quarrel over your dear, oppressed peons."

So for the next hour Hogan served food and wine, an ever-thoughtful, gracious host.

AT THE end of that hour Flanders rose. "Thanks for a grand party, Mr. Hogan. I'm off for my work camp now."

Dexter thought he saw Hogan's face change. "Tonight?"

"Tonight. This is the one fiesta when I always corrupt my workers' kids with toys and candy. They'll wait up all night for me if I don't come."

Hogan simulated a groan. "How you spoil the brats!"

At the door he shook hands cordially with the two men, but as Cloud started down the stairs Hogan called him back, and Dexter heard him say in a low, quick voice, "Don't let Flanders White go to the work camp tonight. I depend on you to stop her." Without waiting for a reply Hogan entered his office and closed the door.

Puzzled, Dexter ran down the stairs, and found Flanders outside the casino. The street was jammed with revelers.

"Uncle will bring the car around," Flan-

ders told him. "I'll need you to help me carry the children's presents."

Pushing her way through the crowd, Flanders entered a little store, and soon had laden both Dexter and herself with a varied assortment of gifts—horns, firecrackers, tiny dolls for the girls, and pounds of candy.

Dexter smiled. "With all that candy, you ought to throw in a couple hundred pills."

She laughed, and led the way outside. A gang of deck hands from one of the boats, noisy and partly drunk, was shoving its way through the crowd, and at sight of Flanders one of them called, "Hello, gorgeous! Is all them things for me?"

Flanders smiled and shook her head, and the men surged on into a native saloon.

"There'll be a lot of sore heads in the morning," Flanders said, as Stockton drove up in the car.

Throughout the drive Dexter sat silent, his thoughts busy with Hogan's warning words. Why didn't he want Flanders to go to the village of her workers that night? He had found no answer to his question when they reached the house, but one thing he had decided—the fact that Hogan did not want Flanders there might be an excellent reason for her to go. He helped her from the car. "I'll put these toys in sacks and get your horse."

And twenty minutes later, when Flanders had changed into riding togs, she saw with great surprise that Dexter had saddled two horses and was dressed in his field clothes.

"I didn't intend you to go," she objected.

He pointed to the flour sacks, crammed with toys. "You can't carry all this junk by yourself." He was in the saddle before she could reply.

Skirting the pasture, she took a short cut through the jungle, over a dim path.

EVEN without a moon the sky was luminous, but here beneath the canopy of jungle growth he could barely make out the white-clad figure riding ahead of him. They clattered over a wooden bridge, then crossed a span of railroad tracks that led back to the main line, and, following it, emerged upon a knoll where stood the village which for twenty years had housed the workers on the White plantation.

With good reason it was known as the model labor village of the Central American coast. There were about fifty cottages in all, each well built and well painted, set up on their high supports to allow the air to circulate beneath. The space between the ground and the floor level made a large outdoor room where the family could string hammocks for a siesta and eat their meals.

Each house was set apart from its neighbor and thoroughly screened. Each had electric lights, supplied from a modern powerhouse that stood on the edge of the village and served Flanders's home as well. A roadway, well surfaced to withstand the torrential downpours of the rainy season, separated the village from the jungle. At one end was a communal laundry with running water, and at the other a field where the men played soccer and baseball. A careful system of drains had practically eliminated mosquitoes and replaced the usual sea of red mud with a thick mat of Bermuda grass.

It was an environment the workers responded to wholeheartedly. Of their own volition and on their own time they had planted hibiscus hedges and fringed the road with palms. Gaily painted pots of plants stood in the windows. Everything was clean and well cared for.

At the powerhouse Flanders dismounted and tethered her horse, while Dexter unfastened the sacks.

The village itself was almost empty. The men and most of the women were in town. But down on the edge of the ball field an itinerant circus was doing a thriving business among the younger people and the children. From where he stood Dexter could see an acrobat and clown performing beneath the light of innumerable lanterns, and a tiny merry-go-round crowded with shrieking children.

Dexter picked up the bags of toys. "Those kids will have a swell time smashing these up," he predicted, and Flanders laughed.

She walked down toward the circus, and almost instantly the children sighted her. A delighted yell signaled her approach, and in another minute the circus was deserted as half a hundred barefooted, almost naked children came whooping madly toward her.

Five deep they crowded about her, all talking at once in shrill Spanish, as Flanders began handing out the candy and toys, calling each child by name. To Dexter she had never seemed so happy. Her eyes were sparkling.

Intent on helping Flanders empty the sack, Dexter did not notice the commotion at the circus until a roar of laughter made him raise his head. Watching the clown and acrobats was the same group of sailors and stevedores that Dexter had seen outside the casino, and as Dexter caught sight of them a sailor snatched off the clown's wig, amid the profane laughter of the others.

Dexter frowned. There was no good reason for these men being in the village, even on a night of fiesta. Unless—he remembered Hogan's warning.

Busy with the children, Flanders had not noticed them, and presently the men moved up into the village. Once more Dexter was about to dismiss them from his mind when the crash of shattered glass told of a broken window. This time Flanders looked sharply up. The men had halted before a cottage where a young Guaturan girl and her sweetheart were sitting on the top step.

One of the men raised a beer bottle and hurled it at a flowerpot close by the couple. It struck, shattering both pot and bottle, while the crowd began calling in broken Spanish to the two natives, and one of them, climbing the steps, offered the girl a bottle of beer. She shook her head and drew back, visibly frightened, while the boy sat watchful and silent at her side.

All doubt had left Dexter's mind—the gang from the steamer had come to the village with one purpose: to make trouble while Flanders's workers were away celebrating the fiesta.

FLANDERS had dropped her gifts and picked up the riding crop. "Something's wrong over there."

She ran across the road, Dexter behind her. Already two sailors had climbed the steps and pulled the youth roughly to his feet, while the native girl cowered back, screaming in terror. A second later Flanders reached the steps, and without a word struck the sailor full in the face with her riding crop.

With an angry curse he dropped the boy's arm and turned, a white welt standing out on his cheek. Again Flanders lashed out at him with all her strength, but this time the sailor jerked the crop from her hand and broke it across his knee. Mad with pain, he seized Flanders's blouse with one huge hand, while the other rose savagely above her head.

That blow never fell. Dexter had reached the top step, and in that instant he struck. The sailor's chin jerked back, his hand flew upward, ripping the blouse from Flanders's shoulder, and, lowering his head, he lunged at Cloud like a maddened bull. Coolly Dexter waited, then his arm flashed in a short arc, and the sailor slid limply down the steps.

But now the pack was on him, and for Dexter those next few seconds were a blur of swarming, fighting men. The steps were thronged with raging figures. Twice more he struck. Men went down, but others took their places. Dimly he was conscious that Flanders had recovered her broken riding crop and was laying about her like a tiny fury. He pulled her behind him, but she squirmed from his grasp and was back in the thick of it, her blouse ripped to the waist.

But step by step they were being forced back. A dozen hands were groping toward them, a dozen burly forms came pressing on. They were hemming Cloud in. A blow spun him back upon the porch and a yell of triumph rose from the steps. He saw the Guaturan boy throw himself on a sailor, only to fall back with a groan as another struck him down.

Long odds. Impossible odds. It was either run for it or go down fighting. A grinning face loomed suddenly before him; Dexter's fist flashed out in a slashing blow, and the face shuddered back into darkness. In that brief breathing space before they could rush again, Dexter snatched Flanders up, ran the length of the porch, and jumped. He struck the ground heavily and fell to his knees. There was an ominous stabbing pain

"Abner's got a queer notion about meeting 'em on their own ground!"

in his right foot. Rising, he shifted the girl's weight in his arms and made for the horses.

Like a yapping wolf pack they were after him, but the powerhouse lay just ahead, the horses still tethered to the railing. Crossing the road at a limping run, he ripped the reins of the mare loose and set Flanders astride. "Get started!"

He reached for the reins of his horse. She had not stirred. "Go on!" he shouted. "Don't wait for me!" He threw himself into the saddle and his heels struck the horse's flanks. The animal leaped forward—the safety of darkness and the jungle lay just ahead. If only—Dexter looked behind, and stopped.

RUNNING well ahead of the others, a tall, rangy sailor had reached Flanders's mare and jerked the girl from the saddle. Turning his horse in its tracks, Dexter came thundering back. Flanders was beating at the man's face with clenched fists, but at Dexter's shout the sailor pushed her aside and turned to leap for safety. Too late. Without even slackening his speed, Dexter rode the man down.

Slipping from the saddle, Dexter lifted Flanders and reached for the horse's bridle, but now, frantic with fright, the animal jerked loose and tore down the road. For a heartbeat Dexter stood holding the girl in his arms. He looked toward the jungle—too far away. With that right foot almost useless he couldn't make it. Behind him a savage yell disclosed that his pursuers saw his plight, and now they began spreading out fan-shape, cutting off the last avenue of escape. The pack was making ready for the kill.

Desperately he looked about him. The door of the powerhouse stood open, and he carried the girl inside, then slammed the door closed and shot the iron bolt home. A bare second later a burly body hurled itself against the heavy door, shaking it to its very hinges, but the stout wood held. The knob rattled madly—then silence.

Safe for the moment, Dexter looked about him. In the dim light of the solitary electric bulb he saw the boiler and coils of hose used for sterilizing the milk cans from Flanders's farm. Still farther back the little Diesel engine hummed contentedly, and the sleeves of the water pump rocked regularly back and forth. Three drums of fuel oil stood against the wall, and above them Dexter saw what he was looking for—the telephone.

Quickly he twirled the magneto. "Give me the pilot's quarters at the Amalgamated."

The clamor outside had increased. They were hammering on the door.

With a thrill of relief Dexter heard the voice of Tapachula Sam on the wire. "Sam, bring a carload of men to the White labor camp. A gang off Hogan's boat are after us."

"Where are you now?"

"They've got us in the powerhouse."

"Hold everything. I'll be—" The line went dead. Someone outside had ripped down the wire.

Dexter dropped the receiver. Twenty minutes—twenty minutes at best before help could reach them, and outside the noises were getting wilder. The very violence of the attack made him wonder if unwittingly he had not sought refuge in the very place the gang intended to destroy. If Hogan had sent these men from his boat on a mission of destruction, they could find no more vulnerable point at which to do lasting damage than here in the powerhouse, which was the very heart of the plantation. They were beating on the corrugated iron walls now, kicking at the door, and he heard the tinkle of glass as the solitary window was smashed. Picking up a coal shovel, Dexter moved toward the window. Against the sky a form rose cautiously. Dexter took a step forward. The figure had climbed halfway over the sill. Dexter's shovel descended—the window was empty, and a howl of rage rose outside.

IN THE half darkness he felt Flanders at his side. "Those brutes will kill that boy. I'm going out."

Dexter's hand closed on her arm. "You can't do any good. They're ten to one against us."

There was a fresh assault on the door, and he added, "They'll be in here soon enough."

The grim words were prophetic. The door trembled beneath a splintering blow, and through the thick planking a piece of gleaming steel protruded. The besiegers had found an ax!

Another blow, and the upper hinges parted. The door began to sag inward, while the crowd outside whooped with savage delight.

"*One more!*" someone yelled. "*One more does it!*"

Dexter pushed the girl behind him—it looked like the end.

(*To be Continued*)

BY GORDON GASKILL

DRAWING BY STUART HAMILTON

GOOD SAMARITANS OF THE *Highway*

If you should have an accident on a lonely road, here's hoping one of those safety engineers comes your way. They're introducing a new note of helpfulness to the motoring public

THREE o'clock in the morning was not the ideal time to run out of gasoline. Nor was the lonely Texas highway the ideal place. But the automobile, disdaining the proprieties, coughed, and coasted to a definite stop. The driver groaned and got out.

An hour later he was still groaning. Eight trucks and two cars had passed. That was the trouble; they had passed. He couldn't blame them, for he, himself, fearful of a trap, had ignored suspicious breakdowns on lonely roads at night. He couldn't blame them, either, for failing to recognize him as the eminently respectable college president that he was.

Off in the night headlights glowed again, and once more he walked out into the glare of his own lights to wave his arms. Miraculously, the oncoming car slowed behind him and stopped. Two red lights began winking. A husky man got out, and the lights caught the steel of his revolver.

"Having trouble?" the stranger asked.

Anxiously the college president introduced himself and explained what was the matter. The man looked keenly at him and put the pistol back in its holster. He held out his hand and said, "I'm Joe Smith, of the insurance safety patrol."

"Got a can of gasoline in your car?"

"Not a can. That's dangerous. Sloshes around too much. But I've got plenty in my tank."

The husky young man lifted the cover off the rear compartment of his coupé. The college president saw a bewildering array of tools, ropes, and mysterious gadgets. Joe Smith selected a small rubber hose and an empty can. In a minute he had siphoned two gallons of gasoline from his own tank to the stranded car.

"That'll get you to Fort Stockton," he said. "You can buy some more there."

An embarrassing thought struck the college president. "I—I haven't got a cent with me," he said awkwardly. "Guess I'm the original absent-minded professor."

Joe Smith grinned and reached down into his own pocket. "Here's two dollars. That ought to get you home."

"I say . . ."

"Forget it. I know you'll send it back."

Three minutes later both cars were rolling. The young man was making a laconic notation in his logbook. The college president was still puzzling about the young man who had been so helpful.

Thus he joined the growing thousands of American motorists who have discovered a brand-new species of the Good Samaritan. In nearly every state of the Union a corps of competent, well-trained men cruises the highways, on the alert for distress signs. They are the Joe Smiths of the (*Continued on page 168*)

Calamity Cay

(*Continued from page 58*)

Craig never used doubles. She did her own stunts and, watching her, you couldn't imagine how that fragile-looking body could stand the bumps it took.

"I—I was in Miami on a holiday," she said in that breathless voice he remembered so well. "I met Papa Fanning on the beach. I'm supposed to star in this new picture if they ever get around to making it."

"If who gets around to making it?" he asked, not really caring, but having to say something. She had changed in these past three years. She looked more mature, more—well, more feminine, than had the bright-headed youngster who had doubled for Vanda Elsinore in the flying sequences of *Wings of Flame*. The years had done things to the Penny he had known, some kind, some unkind. She had lost the scattering of freckles on her nose, and for that Grayson was sorry. He had liked them; they had been as essential a part of Penny as her fearlessness and her unswerving loyalty toward anyone who had ever befriended her. Another thing he liked was gone—that appearance she had of entirely believing that there was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

"Papa Fanning and George Lamb are going to make it," she said.

"Who is George Lamb?" Grayson asked.

"Oh, he promotes things. Do we have to stand here like this?"

HE GRINNED down into her upturned face. She hadn't changed much, really, and he was astonished to realize how glad he was that this should be so. He swung his door wide. The remembered perfume of her hair came to him as he stood aside to let her pass. He followed her into the room.

She sat down in one of the big, comfortable chairs, and appraised in her turn the changes that three years had made in him. The faint scattering of gray hairs at his temples was new, as were the deep-etched lines from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth. And the gay recklessness which had once been so much a part of him was replaced by a hardness which looked bone-deep.

"Have the breaks been bad, Vance?" she asked.

"At first," he said gravely. "But for the past two years they've been fine."

"But you're Jennifer's private pilot, aren't you?"

"Only temporarily. A favor to the factory."

"You might have dropped me a line."

"I was never much good at writing letters, Penny," he said. "I knew you were making good. People told me."

She shut her eyes for a moment. "I'm not just a stunt girl now, if that's what you

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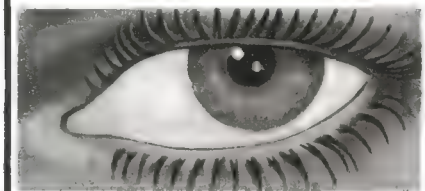

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mean, Vance. But I've gone as far as I'll ever go. I had three pretty good pictures and then two that didn't gross."

"Any contract trouble?"

"Jimmy Fisher hinted to me they weren't going to renew my contract."

She was not complaining. She was just telling him how it was. That was like Penny Craig. That, he thought, was probably why she would never make a great actress. "Need any money?" he asked abruptly.

She laughed, but a suspicious shine came into her eyes. "It's no wonder," she said unsteadily, "they still talk about you on the lots, Vance. No, I don't need any money."

AT THAT he became embarrassed and fumbled for a cigarette. "What about this picture, kid?" he said gruffly.

"Papa and George Lamb are promoting it."

"Promoting it where? In Hollywood?"

"Promoting it here. Allister Lee wants to be a director. So they'll make him a director. He can afford it. He—"

"Does he know anything about making pictures?"

"He doesn't have to know anything. All he has to do is to put up the money." She stood up. "I was making a fourth at bridge. I must get back to the living-room. Come with me."

He shook his dark head. "I don't rate the living-room. I only work here."

She stared. "You—don't rate the living-room?" she echoed incredulously. "You come with me! After I'm through telling them a few things they'll put you at the head of the table!"

At that he laughed out loud. He touched her shoulder with his big hand. She took a long breath and stepped away.

"Coming?" she said quickly.

"No. I don't want to sit at the head of their table. I'm doing all right the way I am. How long are you going to be here, sis?"

"Until this picture thing is settled one way or another. Right now I'm scenery, glamour. Allister goes hard for that sort of thing. It makes him feel important." There was a taint of bitterness in her voice. "Imagine me," she added, "helping to raise the money for my own salary!"

Grayson said in a troubled voice, "What have they been doing to you, Penny?"

She tipped her head up. "They've been teaching me not to believe Mother Goose rhymes," she said. She started for the door, stopped, and turned to face him. "Vance," she said, in a strained voice, "if I should suddenly want to go to Miami, and in a big hurry, would you fly me over? Any time I asked, and without any explanations?"

"Why?" he asked gently.

"No matter why!" she said. "I just want to know if you'll do it."

"You know I will," he said simply.

"I thought you would," she said.

She turned swiftly away. With a deep crease of dissatisfaction between his eyes, Grayson watched her as she hurried out of the room, a proud, honest figure, as brave a girl as he had ever known. It had been that quality in her which had lifted her out of the extra ranks into bit parts, then up the ladder nearly—but not quite—to the top.

And now she, of all people, was afraid of someone, or of something. He must find out what it was that troubled her so.

He walked to the open window and, listening to the dry rattle of the palms in the sea-spiced breeze, thought how odd it was to meet Penny Craig and Papa Fanning here on a tiny cay of the British West Indies.

Grayson got a real satisfaction out of the growing suspicion that Papa Fanning was so broke he was forced to go scalping around for amateur financing. That, Grayson thought, was just fine. So far as he was concerned, Papa could starve in whatever gutter he chose. The pilot had fooled around Hollywood long enough to be entirely familiar with the money-raising methods of shoestring producers, so he was not surprised that Allister Lee was considering financing a picture in exchange for experience in directing—and a screen credit. It was certainly not Grayson's instinct to interfere with that young man's ambitions, especially since Allister could well afford whatever it might cost him to call himself a director.

But he somehow hoped that Jennifer Lee would not be drawn into the mess it would probably turn out to be. Oh, she was spoiled and arrogant and undoubtedly needed a good taking-down. But not at the hands of Papa Fanning. When Papa Fanning took anybody down he—or, more often, she—usually stayed down.

The flier put his strong, stubby forefinger on the call bell. When, promptly, a black houseboy answered, he ordered a double Scotch and soda. He drank it slowly, bothered by his nagging thoughts.

Gradually, as he sat there, the sounds within the house died down. The music of the radio was switched off. There were footfalls outside his jalousied window and he could hear the murmur of men's voices. Guests, Grayson thought idly, going across the patio to one of the other wings of the house. A scrap of conversation came to him: "—and I'm telling you," one of the men was saying in a brittle voice, "if he doesn't want to play ball, there are ways to make him. I've done too much—"

The pilot had a vague impulse to go to the window to see who was so upset. But he discovered that he was not sufficiently interested to make the effort. Heeney, the large mechanic, had warned him that there were goings-on of some kind in this house; the nature of them left Grayson completely incurious except, perhaps, in so far as they affected little Penny Craig. He drained his highball and yawned. Glancing at his wrist watch, he discovered that it was exactly ten minutes after midnight.

THERE came a soft knock on his door. "Come," he called lazily.

The door swung open and Papa Fanning walked in. The light struck him, and Grayson saw how much the director had changed since that day when he, with a cold and wicked anger, had crashed his fist into the man's jaw and been savagely glad when he had felt the bone give under his knuckles. Fanning's hair was now definitely gray and there were bags beneath his close black eyes.

"Vance," said the director, "I want to talk to you."

The flier sat very still, all his muscles tightening. "Papa," he said, "if you're as smart as you used to be, you'll get to hell out of here, and stay out."

"Wait, Vance," Fanning said in a begging way. "I don't hold any grudge against you for breaking my jaw that time. I—"

"That's just lovely," Vance said, and stared steadily at the man whose purring voice had often made stars and extras alike wish they had never been born. "You figured you had worked the grudge off when

you had my name put on the blacklist, eh? I missed a good many meals in the next few months after that, Fanning. But I never regretted it. If I could have bent you backward over a table and snapped your spine I could have starved to death and enjoyed it."

Papa Fanning turned quickly and glanced toward the open door. Grayson remembered he had just heard the gentle clicking of a latch. Papa closed the door.

"Vance, I want you to tell me the truth. Did you and Heeney come here to put the hex on my deal with these people?"

"I wouldn't mind putting the hex on any deal you have with anybody, Fanning," Grayson declared. "I probably will if I have the chance. But Heeney? Why should I hook up with him?"

"You both hate me."

"Who doesn't?" Grayson murmured. "Why does Heeney hate you?"

Fanning hesitated perceptibly. Then: "He was Brenda Barbor's chauffeur two years ago. Remember her?"

"Not distinctly. Didn't she play sweetness-and-light parts?"

"In just a couple of pictures," said Fanning carelessly. "She stopped drawing. Mammoth didn't renew her contract. This Heeney stopped me on Sunset one day and told me I was to blame. Imagine!"

"I can, easily," Grayson said dryly.

"I never saw him again until I landed on this island. Right after I met him the time I speak of I went abroad to make pictures in England."

"LISTEN, Fanning," Grayson said. "I never saw Heeney in my life until a few hours ago. So you can run along now."

"Wait, Vance," the other said urgently. "There's something else. It's important."

"Important to whom?" the flier snapped.

"To all of us. To me. To Penny Craig—you used to like Penny pretty well, Vance."

"You notice everything, don't you?" Grayson said.

"Do you want to make a nice piece of money, Vance?"

"How? And where is it coming from?"

"From George Lamb and from me," Fanning replied. His mellifluous voice became more than customarily smooth, persuasive: "We're right on the edge of putting through a deal here. We're going to start a studio at Fort Lauderdale and begin making pictures in Florida. You know how the whole state is just crazy to have the industry start there. We have an option on fifty acres of property at ten dollars a lot. The day we start clearing the land for the studio—even if we never finish building the thing—those lots will sell like hot cakes at a hundred dollars apiece. As a real estate development it's a honey.'

"Is it a real estate development you're interested in, or the making of pictures?" Grayson asked.

"Both," the director admitted. "We'll go into production on our first picture a week after we have the money. We can shoot the exteriors while the studio is going up. But whether the picture is a success or not, we simply can't lose on the real estate end."

"Ah, the money!" Grayson drawled. "That would be coming from Allister Lee?"

"Yes."

"Is he interested in the real estate end, too?"

Papa Fanning smiled. "You don't know Allister," he said in his smooth voice. "Allister wouldn't care about anything so commercial as real estate. He is interested

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THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

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only in Art. He would just *love*," Fanning added cynically, "to direct a really artistic picture."

"With a three weeks' shooting schedule and a production budget of twenty thousand dollars," Grayson hazarded.

"Ten thousand," Papa Fanning corrected him. "The rest is for studio costs and—ah—promotion expenses."

"What 'rest'?"

"The rest of the fifty grand he is going to put up."

"Fifty thousand is a high price for one screen credit," Grayson said thoughtfully.

"Men have paid more," said the director.

"Just what is it you want me to do?" the flier asked.

PAPA'S small, slightly popped eyes were wary as they studied Grayson's expression. "Jennifer, up to now," he said, "is against this deal, and in this household she is pretty much the boss. She hasn't much confidence in Allister's ability except as an A-number-one dilettante. I think I can handle the lovely Jennifer, but—"

"How are you planning to handle the lovely Jennifer?" Grayson cut in quietly.

Papa Fanning, whatever his failings, was an expert in moods. In his time he had directed practically all the moods there were. Now he recognized the need of proceeding with caution. "What I mean," Papa said smoothly, "is that I'm a new type to her. She's used to the gilded youths of Miami, Palm Beach, and Park Avenue. At least, I *do* something. I think I can convince her she should let her brother have his chance to direct a picture under my supervision."

"If you can't convince her," Grayson murmured "who can? So what do I do to earn this piece of money?"

"Allister has promised to sign the final papers tomorrow," Papa went on. "It would suit me better if Jennifer did not sit in at that final session. She interferes. On your way to Nassau in the morning, make a forced landing. Engine trouble, or something. Get her to Nassau so late you won't be able to fly back before dinner. The next morning would be even better. That's all there is to it, and there's half a grand in it for you."

"That'll give you and George Lamb all day alone with Allister," Grayson said in a musing voice.

"Exactly."

"So, before Miss Lee comes back, you'll have her brother's signature on a contract, and, with luck, on a check, too. Right?"

The pilot's voice was so mild that Fanning's eyes narrowed. He remembered another time when Grayson's voice had been that mild, and the memory was painful. Instinctively he touched his jaw with an exploring finger. "Don't get me wrong, Vance," he said hastily. "It has all been worked out, all the details agreed upon. It's just a case of getting it on paper."

"Once a rat, always a rat," said Grayson, his tone hardening. "I'm on Miss Lee's pay roll, Fanning. I'm working for her. First thing tomorrow morning I'm going to tell her about this little huddle we've had. I'm going to tell her that Calamity Cay will smell better when she runs you to hell away from it."

Papa Fanning took a single step forward. His bland expression crumpled and into his face came a look of wicked anger. "You do," he said, "and I'll—I'll kill you!"

"Consider it done," said Grayson. "So why don't you start your killing?"

WORD TEASERS

★

HOW'S your vocabulary today? The following 12 pairs of words all have 3 letters in common. Your job is to fill in the blank spaces to make 24 different words that fit the definitions listed below. No. 1 at the left, for example, is BRAGGART. Now go on from there. The answers are on page 163.

-----ART	1. TRA-----
----ART-	2. -TRA----
---ART--	3. --TRA---
--ART---	4. ---TRA--
-ART----	5. ----TRA-
ART-----	6. -----TRA
ART-----	7. -----TRA
-ART----	8. ----TRA-
--ART---	9. ---TRA--
---ART--	10. --TRA---
----ART-	11. -TRA----
-----ART	12. TRA-----

LEFT	RIGHT
1. A boaster	1. Grotesque imitation
2. Begins again	2. Science of war
3. A witty reply	3. Place of ingress
4. Naïve	4. Keep in check
5. Ancient African country	5. Humbug
6. Trained workmen	6. Small opening in a bone
7. Trickery	7. A gymnasium
8. A minute portion	8. Site of a federal prison
9. Lodgings	9. Formal agreement
10. Frustrated	10. An act of treachery
11. Separates into parts	11. Choke
12. Of sturdy build	12. Peaceful

"We've gone too far with this for you to spoil it now!" Fanning said, his self-restraint all but vanished. "For the past two years I've been dragging bottom—I, who made the best pictures Hollywood ever saw! And now's my chance to make money enough for a new start! You think I'll let you—anybody—louse it up for me?"

Vance Grayson walked to the door, cracked it open. "Scram, rat, scram," he said bleakly. "Get out of here before I lose my disposition and break your other jaw."

Still-faced, he watched Papa Fanning drag in four or five long breaths, watched Papa Fanning get himself under control, watched Papa Fanning walk silently past him and out of the room. . . . And when he next saw Papa Fanning, some thirty minutes later, the man was as dead as a finnan haddie. . . .

It was Penelope Craig who brought Grayson the news. She knocked frantically on his door. "You'd better come out, Vance," she said in a queerly choked voice.

Vance opened the door. Penny was standing there in the hallway. Her face was chalky; even her lips were pale.

"Vance," she whispered, "you'd better get in the plane and beat it. You could fly to Miami and be halfway to New York, or somewhere, before the law gets here."

Grayson stared at her. "Maybe you'd better tell me what's wrong, sis," he said.

"They've found Papa!" she blurted out. "In the living-room, with the knife in his back."

For the space of a dozen heartbeats he just stood there, saying nothing at all. Then, grimly: "It was only a question of time. There've been two strikes on that monkey for years. Who did it?" And when she did not immediately answer, he asked sharply, "Just why did you tell me to beat it?"

The girl made a slow gesture with her hands. She looked very tired and almost without hope. "Because all the windows are open, on both sides of the patio," she said. "I probably wasn't the only one who heard you fighting with him half an hour ago."

Grayson blinked. "You think I killed Papa, Penny?" he asked gently.

"Yes," she said gravely. "Not that I blame you. He has needed killing for a good many years. But this is a bad spot for you, Vance." She put her slender hand on his arm. "Listen," she whispered anxiously; "we could make it, even now. We could head south, to Havana, and—"

"Don't jump to conclusions, sis," he said evenly. "I didn't kill the guy, so I've got nothing to run away from."

"All right," she said; "you didn't kill him. But you are going to have one lovely time proving it!"

"We'll take that up when we get to it," he snapped, and started toward the great room at the end of the corridor, with Penny hurrying along close at his heels.

TWO girls and a man were standing just inside the living-room door, and at their feet lay Papa Fanning, who had once been called the greatest director of all time. The handle of a knife slanted up from a big, dark stain under his left shoulder blade, and beneath him was a puddle, not pleasant to see.

Instantly Vance Grayson's eyes catalogued the three who stood there. Jennifer Lee, in an incredible negligee, was staring down, wide-eyed and unbelieving, at the still figure of the murdered man. Beside her stood a smallish, partly bald man, dressed in dinner clothes. On the other side of the body was a tall, bleached blonde whom Vance recognized instantly. Gloria Rogero. She had been tops in Hollywood when Vance Grayson and his gang had been flying in *Wings of Flame*. But not tops now. Not for the past two years, since the last scandal over somebody's husband. But Rogero was still the actress. Or perhaps not—Vance could not tell. At any rate, she was crying in great, shaking sobs. From time to time she lifted her face and glanced at the others as if to appraise the audience reaction to her emotion.

"Where's your brother, Miss Lee?" the flier asked quietly.

Jennifer took a long, hissing breath and

shook her head, trying to clear her brain of nightmare. "One of the houseboys has gone for him," she said, hardly above a whisper.

"It might seem silly to ask," Vance Grayson went on, "but does anybody know who did this?"

The man in dinner clothes opened his mouth and tried to say something. His lips moved several times in a silent stammer before words came. "Wh-wh-where were you this last half-hour?" he demanded.

"In my room," Grayson said. "And, now that we're asking questions, what's your name?"

Again that wordless stutter. "I-I-I'm George Lamb," the man said at last.

"Papa's partner," Grayson observed. "Remind me some time to ask you where you were when Papa was stabbed."

He squatted on his haunches and, bending over the very quiet figure, inspected the handle of the knife. It was, he judged, a sharp steak knife.

"Who would want to kill him?" Jennifer Lee whispered.

Penny Craig spoke up promptly: "In Hollywood, practically everybody. Or, to be more exact, all the men with pretty wives."

VANCE GRAYSON straightened up. He turned to Jennifer Lee: "Miss Lee," he said, "how many others are there in this—this house party?"

"Just two," Jennifer said shakily. "Bill Vandersant and Sonny Cook."

"Where are they now?"

"I suppose they're asleep."

"Better send someone to call them."

Jennifer, moving like a sleepwalker, went to the door and called a houseboy.

"Well," Gloria Rogero said in a tired voice, "George, you may as well stake us to a ride back to Hollywood. This tears everything."

"Nuh-nuh—not necessarily," the promoter said after a couple of false starts. "There are plenty of other has-been directors we can get for the price of cakes, a warm bed, and an occasional bottle."

"I've had enough!" Gloria said on a rising note. "I want to get out of here. Jennifer, can you send me back to the mainland tomorrow—this—morning?"

Jennifer looked at the flier.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Rogero," he said. "We'll have to sort of stick around here until an investigation is made and the police say we can go."

Allister Lee came hurrying into the room, hastily tugging at the belt of a dressing gown. He looked as if he had tumbled out of bed in a hurry. "This is *too* terrible!" he bleated. "Who did it?"

"Nobody has admitted it yet," Grayson said dryly.

Jennifer's brother circled the corpse, careful not to touch it. "Well," he said complainingly, "who was last to see him alive?"

There was a short silence. Then Jennifer spoke in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper: "I—I think I was."

They all looked at her, and the silence grew cold and uncomfortable.

"Would you care to tell us about it, Miss Lee?" Grayson asked, his tone very gentle.

"I was just—just talking with him. Right here in this room we were talking. And then I went into my room. Maybe ten or fifteen minutes—I don't know how long—after that, Gloria pounded on my door and said Papa was here—dead."

"So then you were the last one to see him

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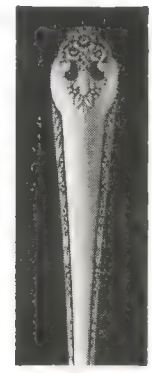

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STERLING INLAID FOR A LIFETIME OF BEAUTY

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alive?" Allister said, swinging toward Gloria.

"I just saw him after he was dead!" Gloria said, her voice rising.

"From where I stand," Grayson said mildly, "I'd say the thing to do would be to go after the officials and let them handle this. Where's the nearest one, do you know?"

"The commissioner on Andros Island, I think," said Jennifer unsteadily.

"I'd better go after him in the plane," Grayson said.

Allister Lee scowled at him. "No!" he said flatly. "You'll stay right here. I'll send one of the boat boys in the runabout."

Grayson shrugged his heavy shoulders. "After all," he said carelessly, "it's your jack pot, not mine."

"Oh, isn't it?" Allister said in a nasty-sweet voice. "George, tell them all what you told me about Grayson and Papa."

The promoter rolled his popped eyes at Grayson, then looked away hastily. "I—I know how you hated him. He told me how you smashed his jaw after one of your friends was killed—"

"After the fourth of my friends was killed," Grayson corrected him.

"Here! Here!" a cool voice interrupted. "What's all this?"

GRAYSON spun around, all his senses alert at the sound of that voice. Two young men had entered the living-room from the east door. One, tall and blond, had pulled on a jersey and a pair of slacks. The other was small and pallid. He was still in dinner clothes, as if he had not yet started to undress when the servant's summons had pulled him out of his room.

The two advanced across the room, their eyes darting to Papa Fanning's motionless figure, then to the others.

"Bill!" Allister Lee cried in a frantic voice. "Papa has been murdered!"

Bill seemed to be the tall blond boy. Bill Vandersant, Vance remembered. So his companion would be Sonny Cook. Vandersant's first words were astonishing. "I warned him," he said, without regret.

"Warned him of what, Bill?" Jennifer asked.

The Vandersant boy met her eyes in a look which seemed to carry some unspoken message. "That if he didn't behave himself," he said clearly, "he'd get what was coming to him."

"And he didn't behave himself," Penny Craig said from her chair, "so you gave him what was coming to him."

Young Vandersant's voice lifted, went almost out of control. "I didn't kill him!" he cried. "But if you think I'm sorry, you're wrong! I'd have done it myself before long."

"Why?" Vance Grayson asked quietly.

"Because he had the morals of a goat!" the Vandersant boy flamed.

Jennifer Lee closed her heavy-lidded eyes, and Vance, watching her, thought he had never seen lashes so long, so heavy, so wholly lovely against her exquisitely smooth skin. In these past fifteen minutes all the young arrogance had seeped out of her in the face of this sudden disaster. Here was one trouble she could not settle with a generous check, and the realization of that had shaken all her previous beliefs.

Sonny Cook, the small, pallid man in the dinner coat, turned his acquisitive gaze upon Vance Grayson. "Are you Miss Lee's new pilot?" he asked.

"I am," the flier said, obscurely irritated by some quality in the man's voice.

"You have the last room in the south wing?"

"Yes."

"Did you kill Papa in there and carry him out here?" Sonny Cook demanded.

Somebody at Grayson's left—George Lamb, perhaps—breathed harshly, like an asthmatic. It was the only sound to be heard except the dry rattles of the palms and the booming of the surf on the opposite side of the cay.

"Not in my room," Grayson said, his narrowed eyes putting a hard pressure on the man with the pallid skin, "nor anywhere else."

"I saw him in your room, just a little while before he was killed," Sonny Cook stated. "I saw him through your window."

"Peeping Tom, in person!" Penny Craig said with contempt.

Cook shot her a furious glance. "This man," he snapped, jerking his chin toward Grayson, "was fighting with him in there. He called him a rat."

"Practically everybody who knew Papa has called him a rat at one time or another," Grayson said levelly.

"I've called him a rat myself," Penny put in.

"You looked ready to murder him then!" Cook said accusingly.

"You saw all this through the blinds?" Penny demanded.

"Through the slats, yes," said Cook uncomfortably.

"Did you see me in there while you were putting on this Peeping Tom act?" Penny asked.

"I wasn't putting on a peeping act! I heard this man threatening Papa as I walked by the window and—"

"Did you see me, I asked you!"

"No, I didn't."

Penny lifted her slim shoulders. "You'd make a foolish witness in court," she said contemptuously. She let her bright blue eyes sweep the circle of intent faces. "I may as well tell you," she added. "I didn't go back to my own room after we finished playing contract. I went to Vance's room to—to talk over old times in Hollywood. I was in there all the time Papa was, and I was in there when Papa left on his own two feet."

"Penny!" Grayson cried, aghast.

"So you know each other that well!" Sonny Cook said, with an emphasis which drove the color out of Penny's face.

"S-she was a stunt girl when he was flying in Hollywood," George Lamb said. "Papa told me t-tonight."

"I left his room," Penny went on recklessly, "when I heard someone running down the hall, and here Papa was, like this."

JENNIFER LEE looked soberly at the pilot. "And you said poker was your weakness," she murmured.

"It still is," he said succinctly. He walked over to Penny. "You're a swell gal," he said, "but a poor liar. No need of trying to alibi me at your expense, sis."

"I'm not a liar!" she declared. "I *was* in your room and you know it!"

A sudden and corrosive fear bit into him. He stared soberly at Penny for an instant, looking deep into her troubled eyes. Then, deliberately, he turned to Sonny Cook. "You were doing quite a lot of strolling around in the patio, weren't you?" he asked, anxious to say something, to do something, that would keep his thoughts away from the idea which had just come to him.

"I was not," Sonny Cook snapped.

"You brought up the subject of things that could be heard through open windows," the flier went on, his voice deceptively gentle. "You can hear both ways, you know—in and out. For example, I heard you say, 'If he doesn't want to play ball, there are ways to make him!' You wouldn't care to explain that threat, would you?"

Under the focused stare of every eye, Sonny Cook flushed beet-red. "Certainly I'd care to explain," he said in a strained voice. "I was in Miami for a vacation and heard that Papa was going to produce a picture. I heard he was over here. I knew Bill Vandersant was here, so I came over to see if I could get contracts for two or three of my clients—"

"Clients?" Grayson cut in.

"I'm an agent," the other explained. "I represent talent, in Hollywood."

"He wants to be a rug—heaven knows why!"

"Ah!" Grayson exclaimed. "Then you must have known Papa out there, too, eh?"

"Of course."

"Well, go on. Did he promise to cast any of your clients in this picture?"

"He wouldn't even listen," Sonny Cook admitted. "He said he had already cast Penny for the lead and Gloria for the supporting part, and—"

"You're a liar, Sonny!" Gloria flamed. "I was to star, and Penny Craig was to support me! You're just saying that because you don't represent me any more."

The pallid man cut her off with a glance. "Your time for top billing is over, Gloria, and you know it," he said with cruel emphasis. "And the reason I don't represent you any more is because you won't play matronly parts." Then, to the others: "I was—well, very angry at Papa, so—"

"S-so what were you going to do about it?" George Lamb demanded after one or two false starts.

The agent had the grace to look uncomfortable. "In this business," he said, "you have to use what tools are available—"

"Even if they're knives?" Penny Craig interrupted.

SONNY COOK glared at her, recovered his poise, and went on: "I hoped to get Bill Vandersant, here, to intercede for me and to get Allister to stipulate that some of my clients be cast in any production he might finance."

"So it was Vandersant you were talking to in the patio?" Grayson demanded.

"It was," said the Vandersant boy unhappily.

"Oh!" Gloria wailed. "Does Papa have to stay like that? He looks so—so uncomfortable!"

"Yes," Allister Lee said. "He does. For the coroner."

"No," Grayson corrected him quietly. "Not in the hot countries, he doesn't."

He walked over to the body and glanced down at it. From his hip pocket he took a handkerchief. This he placed carefully over the protruding handle of the knife. He looked at the three girls. "It might be better," he said, "if you didn't watch this."

"Grayson!" Allister snapped. "Go to your own room!"

The flier just looked at him.

"Go to your room, I tell you!" Jennifer's brother repeated in a rising voice. "You are just an employee here and—"

"Allister!" Jennifer said sharply. "Stop that!"

Grayson bent down, took the handkerchief-shielded knife between his strong thumb and forefinger and drew it out of Papa's body.

"Ah!" Gloria whispered, and pressed her wadded handkerchief to her mouth.

"Mr. Lee," Grayson said, his voice cold and hard, "you'd better take charge of this knife. And I mean just that. Put it where it will be safe until the officials come."

"I'll take charge of it," Jennifer said.

Grayson looked at Allister, who had not moved. With sudden decision he wrapped the handkerchief carefully around the knife and handed it to Jennifer. Then he bent down and scooped up Papa's heavy body.

Allister Lee came to life. He charged wildly at the flier. "Put him down!" he squalled. "You're destroying evidence!"

He did not strike Grayson. He clawed at the pilot's face, his fingers pronged like those of a girl. Grayson (*Continued on page 128*)

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WE ARE MAKING a direct appeal to the general public to aid us in locating some of our clients whose paid-up certificates have matured or for whom we are holding a cash balance which is due.

Although we have endeavored to keep in contact with these people, they have apparently moved without leaving a forwarding address. Our efforts to find them through regular channels have proved fruitless, and, therefore, we are soliciting your aid through this advertisement.

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INVESTORS SYNDICATE
Established 1894
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The HOUSE Detective

BY ROGER B. WHITMAN

THERE'S quite a nip in the air these days and before long the falling leaves will keep pace with falling temperatures. Then comes the problem of how to keep warm. Mr. P. R., of Penobscot, Maine, a disciple of preparedness, wants to know the best way to get his coal furnace ready for the winter. . . .

The first step is to clear the chimney flue of bird nests and other obstructions. 2. Clean the ash-pit and grates, replacing grate bars which are bent or broken. 3. Scrape the edges of the doors free from dust and dirt to be sure that they fit tightly. 4. Look for leaks of air into the chimney by moving a lighted candle around the chimney connection of the smoke pipe, over breaks in the mortar joints, and elsewhere. The flame will be sucked in near leaks. Close them with mortar or asbestos cement. 5. See that the pipes are free from rust, for where there is rust there may be a rust hole, and it doesn't take a large hole to let a tiny spark escape. 6. Clean dust and soot from the inside flue passages of the heater. In a steam boiler, water should be at the correct level, as shown by the water gauge; safety valve should be worked by hand to be sure it is free. A hot-water system should be filled to the proper level. Make sure, Mr. R., when you start the fire, that you open the draft and the turn-damper in the smoke pipe.

MR. AND MRS. R. J., Columbia, S. C., tell me they are blue in the face from trying to remove stains from the tile floor of their stall shower, brown stains from their bath, and spots from their white-glazed tile walls. . . . Try steel wool for the tile floor, carbon tetrachloride for the tile walls, and a bleach, such as you use for laundry, for the tub. Run enough water into the tub to cover the stain, put in three cupfuls of the bleach and let it remain all night. Or the stain might give way to a scratchless scouring powder moistened with a little kerosene.

SO MANY distraught housewives have written to me about moths and similar insects getting in their upholstered furniture that I'll take the case of Mrs. I. A. G., of Memphis, Tenn., who has them in her davenport. . . . Ask the weather man for a cloudy, damp (not rainy) day and then get a husky member of your family to drag the davenport out of doors, because I'm going to recommend that you soak the upholstery with *clear* gasoline, and that means a fire hazard if you don't handle carefully. The gasoline will kill every trace and stage of insect life, and will not injure either the colors or the fabric. Allow the furniture to remain outdoors until the gasoline has completely evaporated.

TALKING about fire hazards reminds me that Fire Prevention Week is around this time of year, and I advise all wives to visit their attics, and husbands their cellars, for a cleaning out. From the attic, turn out all those old piles of papers, broken down furniture, which you know you'll never use, old straw hats, broken mattresses, and other rubbish. In the meantime, the husbands can be clearing out the old packing boxes, barrels, excelsior, worn-out garden stuff which has accumulated. Collect the oily rags from the kitchen and other closets or place them in a metal container.

SMOKE stains on the front of the limestone fireplace in her living-room are bothering Mrs. J. W., of Manitowoc. . . . Remove them by scrubbing with any scouring powder. Use a stiff brush and only enough water to make a thin paste. Afterward, rinse off the limestone with plenty of clear water. Repeat the process whenever the stains reappear.

AS a surprise for his wife, Mr. F. C., of Waterbury, Conn., decided he would make cherry jam. He did, but some of it burned and stuck to the bottom of an aluminum pan. . . .

Tough luck; I hope all the jam wasn't spoiled. The standard method for removing burnt food from aluminum is fine steel wool and soap. Another method is to cover the burnt food with damp baking soda and allow it to remain for a number of hours.

THINGS OLD AND NEW THAT SHOULD BE BETTER KNOWN

Tempered steel screw nails to drive into concrete or mortar for attaching wood and other materials. . . . Compressed briquets of pure charcoal for the quick starting of fires, and for broiling. . . . Floor finish of exceptional hardness for gymnasium and dance floors; resistant to staining and ordinary damage. . . . Calking compound and pointing mortar that swell in hardening and thus make tight joints. . . . Portable electric fan attachment to increase the heating effect of a steam or hot-water radiator.

HAVE you a problem in your home? Mr. Whitman will be glad to help you solve it. Just send your question to him in care of The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. But don't ask legal or financial questions, because he can't undertake to answer them.

(*Continued from page 127*) shifted Papa's position in his arms. He freed his left hand, placed it against Allister's chest and pushed. Not hard. Or at least it did not look hard. But Allister Lee flew backward as if he had been hit by a car. He slammed into the Vandersant boy, who steadied him. And in that electric silence Grayson said frigidly:

"I don't like to have people push me around. Don't do it again." He turned to Jennifer, whose cheeks could not have been whiter, and this time his voice was gentle: "Where is Papa's room?"

"I'll show you," she said on an outgoing breath. She paused for a moment. "Allister," she murmured, "pull yourself together and send a boat boy to Andros Island after the commissioner."

Jennifer led the way down a long corridor in the west wing. Vance Grayson, carrying his burden as if the dead man weighed nothing at all, followed her until she stopped midway along the hall. She opened the door and Grayson walked into the room. When the flier had gently placed the body upon the bed and drawn a sheet over it she said, almost in a whisper:

"What do we do now?"

Grayson came back to the door, his brown face expressionless. "Nothing, until the law comes," he answered. He pointed down at her hand, which was still holding the knife. "I'd do something with that."

"Do what?" she asked listlessly.

"I'd put it in a safe place," he said patiently, as if to a child. "If somebody remembers there may be fingerprints on it, he may want a little session with that knife."

SHE looked around without much interest. Then she walked across the room, opened a bureau drawer, and dropped the thing inside.

"Not too good," Grayson said. "If the prints have been wiped off, they can say I knew where the knife was, came back here, and polished off the handle."

"I can lock the door of the room," Jennifer said in a dead voice.

"What you need," he said, very gently, "is a little sleep."

"Sleep?" she echoed incredulously. "You could sleep—after this?"

"Look, sister," Grayson said, standing flat-footed before her, "I wouldn't want you to misunderstand. I hated Papa Fanning's guts. He drove four of the best friends I ever had into killing themselves so Papa Fanning might have a little better picture. As if any picture could be worth just one of those boys! He killed them—murdered them!—by nagging them, by accusing them of being yellow, by making them so sore they lost all their flying judgment." He glanced angrily at the white silhouette on the bed. "He was a rat alive and he's a rat dead! Sleep? Sure, I can sleep!"

He turned to walk away from her, then halted. "I have most of your friends straight in my mind," he said. "But I don't place this Vandersant boy. Who is he? What does he do?"

"He fishes," Jennifer said.

"What does that mean?"

"It means that's about all he does. He has a thirty-eight-foot sport-fisherman—a cruiser equipped with outriggers and bait wells and all that sort of thing. It's in Miami now. He fishes the Gulf Stream in the winter and off Nova Scotia, or somewhere, in the summer. He's what they call a red-badge angler at the Rod and Reel

Club, and that seems to be very important."

"Not to me, it isn't," said the flier shortly. "The only thing important to me right now is why he should be so interested in Papa Fanning's morals. To the extent, for instance, of warning him about them."

"Perhaps," Jennifer said, tiredly, "you'd better ask him about that."

And then, so abruptly that she gasped, "Miss Lee," he demanded, "do you know who killed Papa?"

She looked fully at him. "I think I do," she said faintly. Turning away from him, she crossed the threshold. Then she paused, looked back, and said in a very low voice, "If you—borrow the plane, please leave it at Miami. We can find it there." . . .

IT WAS two o'clock in the morning, and Vance Grayson was pacing restlessly back and forth across his room, smoking an endless chain of cigarettes.

Two o'clock of the first night he had been on his new job. Well, he told himself wryly, he had guessed he wouldn't like it, but never could he have imagined that it would be like this. Penny Craig here. Papa Fanning here, dead under a sheet in the other wing. And most of the guests, apparently, thinking that he had killed the rat.

It was strange, the pilot thought, that both Jennifer and Penny had suggested, directly or indirectly, that he escape in the plane.

Not too strange, of course, that little Penny Craig had suggested it, nor even that she had shamelessly claimed to have been in his room before, and during, Papa Fanning's visit. When she had been only an extra kid on the lot, even before she had started doubling for Vanda Elsinore, Grayson had been riding—and flying high. He had liked her boyish grin and the scattering of freckles on her perky nose. When she had gone into stunt work he had helped her plan her stunts, and had told her, usually profanely, when she was attempting too much or when the timing would be off. It would be like her to try to repay him by giving him an alibi now.

On the other hand, it was entirely possible that she was trying to give herself an alibi for that half-hour during which Papa Fanning had been murdered. She might well have a motive for killing him. How could he, Grayson, know what had gone on during those three years since he had last seen her in Hollywood? And hadn't she begged him to promise to fly her away to Miami whenever she wanted, and with no questions asked? How soon, he wondered dismally, would she come to collect on his promise?

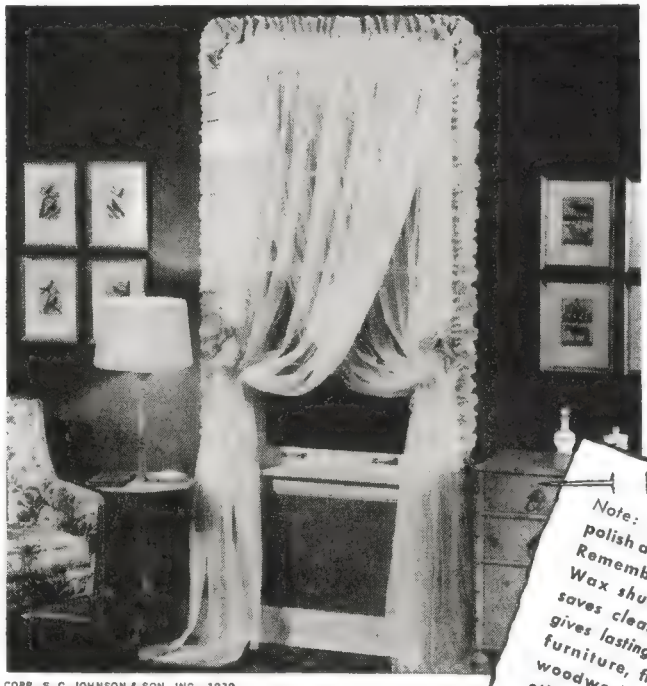
But he could not imagine Penny stabbing anyone. He could picture her swinging a vase on Papa's skull if he started playing too rough. But stabbing, he told himself, was just not in Penny's character.

And Jennifer Lee—who had discharged two pilots because they had made passes at her, and who had told Grayson only a few hours ago that he probably would not do on the job—why should she indirectly give him permission to escape in her air yacht?

There was, of course, the possibility that she thought the authorities would consider his flight a confession of guilt and therefore relax any suspicion they might entertain toward herself, her futile brother, and the shabby assortment of guests on Calamity Cay. But Grayson considered this theory difficult to believe. There was a forthright honesty in Jennifer's eyes, in her manner,

How to be original

ON A LIMITED BUDGET



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Plenty of feminine appeal here! Curtains of inexpensive white scrim (used double) are generously gathered into billowy folds. Old-fashioned cotton embroidery run with pink satin ribbon outlines the window frame. You can duplicate this unique window treatment for less than $4.00.

Note: Be sure to wax-polish all window sills! Remember Johnson's Wax shuts out dirt—saves cleaning work—gives lasting beauty to furniture, floors and woodwork. Also 100 other uses.

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which would make this kind of deliberate double cross alien to her nature.

All right. If neither Penny nor Jennifer had killed Papa, who had? It was pretty important to figure it out, Grayson decided, because if they ganged up on him he would, as Penny had suggested, have a fine time proving he hadn't done the trick himself. After all, he had hated the man, and had admitted it. And his alibi was pretty weak unless he accepted Penny's assistance and permitted her to throw away her reputation by saying she was in his room.

Who, then, had been up and around the house when Papa had been murdered? That yammering, half-bald George Lamb, for one. He had been still in his dinner coat when he had entered the living-room. A slick bird, no doubt, and probably a bit of a crook. There was certainly no fragrant odor of sanctity about this effort to pander to Allister's yearning for cinema fame. But killing Papa could not possibly help the project. It would unquestionably delay it, and for that reason alone Grayson was inclined to dismiss George Lamb as a suspect.

Gloria Rogero had been up and around, apparently. She had been still wearing an evening gown. There was plenty of unrestraint in that girl. Two or three times she had been in scandals that had threatened to close doors to her. And now she had less to lose than ever before. Sliding downhill professionally, another scandal could do her little harm. Perhaps, in an incalculable business, it might even focus the morbid attention of the public upon her to her own box-office benefit. There was also this possible motive: Papa Fanning, in an effort to "sell" Jennifer Lee, was using the full power of his considerable charm upon his hostess. Could jealousy have played a motivating part in this killing?

THERE were left Allister Lee, Bill Vandersant, Sonny Cook, and Tim Heeney. Grayson could think of no reason why young Lee should desire Papa's death. Indeed, the murder would only mean the delay of Allister's plans to achieve fame as a director. There was also little cause to suspect the Vandersant boy. He typified, to the pilot's way of thinking, a wholly useless class of society, who would do harm to others only by negation. Expert at sport-fishing, at polo, perhaps, at leading a grand march at some debutante ball, Bill Vandersant was a menace to nobody.

But Sonny Cook was something else again. His Hollywood connections would be worth looking into. Certainly anybody active in the picture business might well have a reason for killing Papa Fanning. Another thing: New York and Hollywood, both, were full of has-been directors whose names might still have some value as producers or supervisors of this picture which Allister Lee was to direct. With Papa out of the way, Sonny Cook might easily put some of his talent on the pay roll. That was not a convincing motive for murder. Nevertheless, Sonny could not be eliminated as a suspect.

Grayson's nerves suddenly jangled a warning. Somebody was peering in through the Venetian blinds.

"Ps-s-st!" came a melodramatic voice. "Boss, I'm coming in!"

Grayson let his breath run out in a long sigh. He decided he must be getting old. The time had been when nothing could have given him a start like that. "Come in," he said wearily. "I was just getting around to thinking about you. But why the window?"

Tim Heeney's immense hands pushed the blinds inward. Sidewise he wriggled through the opening between the jalousies and the window frame. "What's the use of advertising?" he asked. He was still clad in the monkey suit he had been wearing when the pilot had first seen him. But there was a lot more grease on it, so Grayson guessed the man had been busy getting the plane and the hangar ready for morning inspection. "Boss," he said in a stage whisper, "the plane's ready. You could take off right now."

"*I* take off?" the pilot echoed. "Why would I want to take off?"

Tim Heeney leaned against a chair and scratched himself thoughtfully.

"Away, son," Grayson warned. "You're getting grease on that chair."

"Why would you want to take off?" Heeney asked, moving away from the chair. "Well, if you don't know, I don't. A little test hop, maybe?"

"At night, a test hop?" Grayson said quietly.

The mechanic's gaze came to rest upon Grayson's hard-blocked face. "Well, come right down to it," he said, "I hear you slipped a chiv into Papa Fanning."

"No," Grayson said, "I didn't."

"Got a good alibi?" the mechanic asked.

"Not for half an hour that's pretty damned important. Only my own word that I was in this room."

"That's going to be a big help to you," said Heeney, with profound gloom. "Can you just imagine what the district attorney, or whatever they have in these islands, will say about that? From where I stand, boss, it looks like they've got you behind the eight ball. Why mess around with it? In the plane it's only a couple of hours to Cuba. You could just borrow it, you know."

"Thanks," Grayson said dryly. "I'll see this through."

"That's what I heard about you," said Heeney unhappily. "You love trouble like some guys love their schnapps."

"On the beach, just after supper," Grayson said, watching Heeney, "Papa Fanning complained that you were insolent to him."

"Sure, I was," Heeney said instantly. "There's no law against being snotty to a lug like that. He was trying to take the Lees for a sleighride."

"DID you know him in Hollywood?" the flier asked, his voice very casual.

"I'll say I did!" Heeney snapped. "I started to tell you about it this afternoon in the hangar, because I knew you knew him, too. But you switched the subject, and we didn't get back to it. After Jimmy Duncan got washed out I ran into a spell of hard luck. Couldn't get a mechanic's job at Glendale or Burbank, or anywhere, and I didn't have dough enough to come East. So I took a job as a chauffeur for a movie actress. Brenda Barbor. Know her?"

"No."

"She started as a dress extra and then got some bit parts. When I drove for her she had just begun to get into the money. She and this Papa Fanning were pretty palsy-walsy, see? She told me she was going to marry Papa, and Fisher put it out on the radio. Then all of a sudden Papa took up with a blonde and gave Barbor the air. The next thing you know she was out at Mammoth and couldn't get a job at any of the other studios, not even for nickels."

"You mean Fanning put her on the skids?"

"Yeah, and greased 'em plenty. I saw him one day at Sunset and Vine, and if I didn't give him an earful, nobody ever did."

Grayson sat motionless, his steady gray eyes considering the mechanic. "Papa," he said at last, "said you hated him."

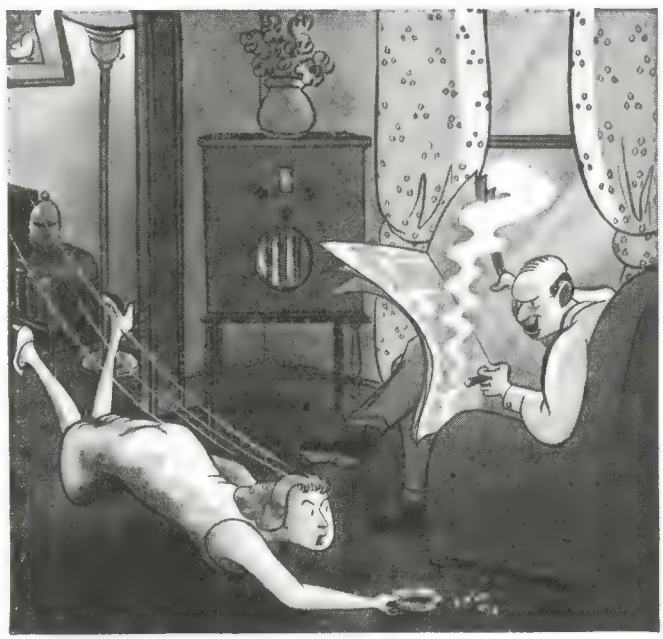
"Sure, I hated him. And so did you, and so did practically everybody who knew him, from what I hear. But if you're trying to ask me did I kill him—well, just look at my hands." He put his immense hands out, each as large as a palm-leaf fan. "With those hands," he said tightly, "I could of reached down his throat and turned him inside out. I could have yanked his head off. So why would I bother with a knife?"

The pilot grinned. "All right; I guess you could. But if neither you nor I killed him, who did? Who on this island would want to kill him?"

Tim Heeney stared. "You've fooled around Hollywood and you can't guess? This Gloria Rogero, for instance. Ever see her watching him when he turned on the heat for Miss Lee? Take Miss Craig, the one they call Penny. Last night I saw her paste Papa on the mouth hard enough to push his front teeth through his back hair."

So there it was. Penny again.

"Any idea, Tim, why Miss Craig slapped Fanning?" Grayson asked.



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"Nice try, dear!"

"I'm not sure, but I think it was some argument about the picture business that got her upset. I heard her ask him if she was supposed to act in a quickie or was to be a shill to get poor suckers to buy lots, thinking they could get jobs in the movies that way. I just heard that as I was walking past them. It was a couple of minutes later that she socked him."

"What about the men?" Vance Grayson asked. "What about Allister Lee?"

The mechanic grinned scornfully. "That punk? He might slap Papa, or try to scratch his eyes out, but I don't see him sticking a knife into the man, do you? Look, boss. Get this straight: All the guts in the Lee family are in Miss Lee. Now, there's a gal! In spite of her money and the crowd she trails with, they don't come any nicer. She says to me, 'Tim, is the chef taking good care of you?' and, 'Tim, if there is anything you need, just let me know,' and, 'Tim, tell the pilot to give you a few flying lessons, because you'll have more of a future as a pilot than as a grease monkey.'"

"WHAT about the Vandersant kid and those other two, George Lamb and Sonny Cook?" Grayson asked.

"The only reason the Vandersant kid might kill Papa would be if Papa caught a bigger fish and got one of the kid's records away from him," Tim Heeney said with contempt. "And he's too dumb to see what's going on, anyway. He figures, I guess, that because he's engaged to Miss Lee, nothing could happen—"

"What's that?" the pilot cut in sharply. "Young Vandersant engaged to Miss Lee?"

"That's what they say around here," replied Heeney.

"What about Lamb and Cook?"

"Cook just got here two days ago. Right away he and Papa Fanning started to argue. And I know this about tonight: A little after midnight I saw the Cook onion wandering around the grounds and—"

"How did you happen to see him?"

"I've been working in the hangar since dinnertime. You know, cleaning up. I was scrubbing the workbench with gas, and my back started to ache me. I looked at my watch, wondering if I'd better knock off. That was just after midnight. I decided to work a couple of hours more. I wanted to straighten out my back and have a smoke, but the hangar was too full of gas fumes to light up a cigarette inside. I stood just outside the door while I had my drag. I saw this Sonny Cook cut down across the lawn from the house."

"Where did he go?" Vance Grayson demanded.

"I wouldn't know. He was heading down the beach when I saw him. He went behind that stand of coconut palms in front of the house and I didn't see him again. . . . Now, take George Lamb; I'd like to figure if anybody is going to get a ride for murder it would be that monkey. I don't like him. But would he bump his own partner when they were just on the edge of putting over a smooth one on the Lees?"

"It doesn't seem likely," Grayson admitted. "Let me ask you one more question, Tim, and then I'm going to sleep."

"Shoot, boss," Tim said cheerfully.

"What made you think when I told you to scram this—yesterday—afternoon that you could get Miss Lee to override my authority to fire you?"

The mechanic flushed to the color of

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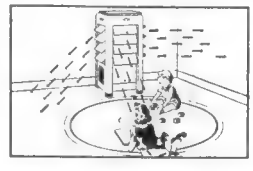

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bright-red flannel. "I'll tell you. The two pilots ahead of you were on the make, same as practically everybody who comes here. Miss Lee's got sense enough to know I got nothing to gain or lose here except my job, and I can always get another job. One time she told me I was the only mug on the island she could really trust, and if I ever got myself into a jam to let her know. So I was going to let her know I was in a jam with you."

He fumbled with his coveralls while Grayson silently watched him. Then, in a rush of words: "Oh, I know I ought to have paid more attention to keeping the hangar clean, and I oughtn't to have lost my temper so when you bawled me out, but you've got no idea how things are here!"

"How what things are?" Grayson asked.

"The rummy gang that hangs out here. They're all trying to clip the Lees, one way or another. Even the society mob. They come over here to get well of a hang-over and then to build up a new one. This Allister Lee; every guy who gets his name in the papers for anything short of murder, is just tops and is on the free list here just as long as he wants to stay. And Papa Fanning's gang are the last straw. They're like barracudas that smell blood and come rushing to the kill."

"All of them?" Grayson asked.

"Well, this kid they call Penny. She's all right. She comes down to the hangar and gives me a cigarette, and we talk about old times out on the Coast. I don't think she likes that picture mob, but pictures are her racket and I suppose she has to play ball the way those guys call it."

"If you got fed up here," Grayson said, "you could always have quit."

"Sure, I could," Heeney admitted ruefully. "But I'm living pretty soft here, and I don't like the snow and ice up north. Besides, Miss Lee's damned decent, even if her brother is a four-flushing pain in the neck."

"You might be right," Grayson said, yawning. "I haven't been around here long enough to know, and the way it looks now I probably won't be. Run along now, so I can get some sleep. I'll be having a look at the hangar in the morning."

THE mechanic started toward the window, stopped, and turned anxious eyes back toward Vance Grayson. "Boss," he said earnestly, "couldn't I sell you on the idea of getting out of here? There's an outfit down in Guatemala that's ferrying freight by air over the mountains. Some openings there for a flier or two and four-five mechanics. I ought to stay around here until this ruckus is all settled, but if you'd check out of here tonight, damned if I wouldn't go with you. One filling of gas in Cuba and we'd make it."

The pilot smiled and it softened the appearance of his entire face. The hard lines, deep-etched from his nostrils to the corners of his lips, were smoothed out, and it made him look his own age, thirty-two, instead of half a dozen years older. "No, Tim," he said gently. "I'll be seeing this through. Scram, big boy, I'm needing my sleep."

But Vance Grayson did not go to sleep. He did not, as a matter of fact, even want to sleep. There was too much on his mind.

He watched the immense form of the mechanic slide between the Venetian blinds and the window frame and disappear into the darkness. A good egg, he told himself, and was grateful to the man for his loyalty. Once in a while you ran across them, men who gave much and asked for little in return.

The hands of the electric clock inched around to two-forty-five, and then to three. Grayson wanted another drink, and it was too late, he thought, to ring for a houseboy. He decided to forage for himself. Not wishing to wake anybody, he opened his door quietly and moved down the silent hall toward the living-room. There was a light in there and he could hear voices. A phrase, almost shouted, came to him through the open door.

"—and I heard him, I tell you!" a man was saying loudly. "He told Papa that if he could have put him over the edge of a table and broken his back, he would have enjoyed starving to death!"

Quickly Vance Grayson marched across the threshold. It was Allister Lee who was talking. Gloria Rogero and Penny Craig were seated in big wicker chairs, listening. Before the three saw him, Vance heard Penny's vibrant voice.

"Vance could have done just that," she said angrily. "So why would he stoop to a trick like stabbing him?"

"A fair question, sis," Grayson said easily.

GLORIA and Allister started violently. Penny went rigid for a moment, then relaxed and contrived to smile.

"Did your ears burn so you couldn't sleep, Vance?" she asked.

"They are fireproof ears, Penny," he said. "But now that you've decided to give me a going-over, do you mind if I sit in?"

Color returned to Allister's smooth cheeks. "Has it occurred to you," he asked coldly, "that you're forgetting your place?"

"Forgetting what place?" Grayson asked.

"As an employee here," Allister said, with dignity. "As our paid pilot. I don't know exactly what you're doing in the living-room when you haven't been sent for."

"I haven't been paid yet, so I'm not your paid pilot," Grayson said mildly. "What's more, I haven't started working for you yet, and I've decided not to start. I wouldn't care for the work. So you may consider me your unwilling guest."

Deliberately he turned his back upon Jennifer's brother and began to walk around the big, dimly lighted room. While the others watched in uncomfortable silence he moved to the spot where Papa's body had lain and estimated the distance to the various doors and to the windows.

"Don't mind me," he said politely. "Go right ahead and finish convicting me of murder."

He strolled to the nearest door, and paced off the distance to the nearest window. He looked through the interstices between the slats of the Venetian blinds. There was a big hibiscus bush immediately outside. He looked at the edge of the blinds, and his glance sharpened. He rubbed his finger on one of the painted slats and regarded his finger tip closely. Slowly he turned to Allister. "Just where were you, Lee," he asked, "when you heard me tell Papa Fanning I wished I had broken his back, or words to that effect?"

"I was in the patio."

"How did you happen to be in the patio? Weren't you supposed to be in bed?"

"I went to my room intending to go to bed," Allister stated. "But I was restless. I couldn't sleep. So I went out through one of the French doors and tried to make myself sleepy by walking."

"How about telling us where you walked?" Grayson asked gently.

"Why should I?" Jennifer's brother snapped. "It's none of—"

"But it *is* our business!" the flier cut in. "You see, all of us are under suspicion. And only one of us killed Papa. It's only fair to the rest of us to help as much as you can to pin the job on the guilty person."

"Maybe," said Penny slowly, "he has a reason for not wanting to tell. Not before he sees his lawyer, anyway."

"I haven't a thing to hide!" Allister flamed.

"Well, then," Penny said, "stop hiding things."

"Where did you walk?" Vance Grayson asked him with quiet persistence.

"If it's so important," Allister snapped, "I'll tell you. I cut down across the lawn to the beach. I—"

"On which side of the house?" Grayson cut in.

"On the hangar side."

"Was the hangar light or dark?"

"It was light."

"Did anybody see you as you walked past the hangar?"

"I haven't the foggiest idea," Allister declared.

"Put it another way: Did you see anybody at all while you were wandering around?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody in the hangar? Nobody on the lawn? Nobody in the patio?"

Penny stiffened. Her level gaze sought Grayson's, but the pilot was staring steadily at Allister Lee.

"Not anywhere," Jennifer's brother insisted.

"This was about what time?" Grayson asked gently.

"About midnight. Maybe a few minutes later."

"Just before Papa was killed, eh?" the flier mused. Then, in a hardening voice: "If you didn't see anyone to talk to, when was it that George Lamb told you I hated Papa and broke his jaw back there in Hollywood?"

ALLISTER flushed a dark and angry crimson. "I forgot," he said. "I saw George in the patio just as I was going back into my room. That's when he told me."

"If I were you, Lee," said Grayson, his tone smooth as butter, "I'd plan out my story pretty well before the commissioner comes and begins asking questions. It doesn't sound so good right now. Just one more question I'm curious about: How did you happen to get mixed up with Papa Fanning?"

"I met him at the studio of some mutual friends on the Boulevard Montparnasse, in Paris, seven months ago," said Allister Lee sulkily. "He learned I had definite ideas about motion pictures and he thought them valuable. We became good friends. Ten days ago he wrote me that he was in Miami, and had a perfectly *lovely* idea for a picture. He said he was planning to start producing in Florida, but needed a little more backing. He said he had brought Gloria and Penny with him and could start shooting in two weeks, but that somebody who had promised them some money had unexpectedly backed out. So I asked them over, and he brought his business manager, George Lamb, with him."

"Did you know about the real-estate racket in connection with the picture?" Grayson asked.

"I wasn't interested in the commercial

end of it at all," Allister declared loftily.

At that Penny Craig laughed aloud. Allister glared at her. He rose to his feet and walked haughtily from the room.

Gloria lighted a long Cuban cigarette and drew at it with long, nervous puffs. Her almond-shaped eyes, half closed, considered the pilot briefly.

"Grayson," she said tiredly, "you might as well know. I wasn't in my room, either, when Papa was knifed. I was in the bar—you know, down the hall that leads to the north veranda."

"Why didn't you say so before this, Miss Rogero?" Grayson asked.

PENNY CRAIG was sitting bolt upright in her chair, staring hard at the older actress. "How do you know," Penny demanded, "that you were in there at the time—or exactly when he was knifed?"

"I—I found him," Gloria said simply.

"So it was your steps," Penny breathed, "that went flying down the hall toward Jennifer's room?"

"Yes."

"Let's get back a little," Grayson said soberly. "How did you happen to find Papa?"

"I was finishing up my last drink. I was sitting on one of those chromium stools in the bar —"

"Alone?"

"Then, yes. Just as I was finishing it up, I realized I had heard a queer thump and a sort of a thrashing-around sound. I hadn't paid much attention to it at the time, and—"

"Why not?" Penny asked.

"I had a lot on my mind. Well, I went into the living-room, and there was Papa. I—I guess I saw him take his last breath. It was terrible," she added, shutting her eyes. "It—it bubbled! I ran and got Jennifer Lee." She looked straight at Penny. "And when Jennifer and I got back to the living-room, there was Penny!"

"How did you get in here, Penny?" Vance asked in a troubled voice.

"You know perfectly well how I got in here," Penny declared. "I was standing just inside your closed door and we heard Gloria go dashing along the hall. We didn't know who it was then, remember? I said to you, 'I wonder what's the matter out there,' and you said, 'A drunk, maybe.' And then I went out to see, and when I found what it was I came back and told you."

Gloria's smoldering eyes narrowed as she studied Penny's face. "Instead of asking everybody else a lot of questions," she said caustically, "I'd advise you two to get together on a story."

"Miss Rogero," Grayson said evenly, "you didn't kill Papa, did you?"

"I'll say I didn't!" she burst out. "With Papa alive I'd have a part in a lousy picture. With him dead I've got to sell another ring to get back to the Coast!"

"Miss Rogero," Grayson persisted, "who was with you in the bar—before you were alone?"

"Sonny Cook," she said, her resistance gone. "We had a couple of rye highballs. Over the second one he began to talk about the picture. He told me how Papa was giving the rush to Jennifer, and tried to get me jealous. So we began to fight. He got mad and rushed out the door."

"Rushed out what door?" Grayson asked.

"The one leading out into the patio."

"Another one strolling in the moonlight!" Vance Grayson said in a gritty voice. "Then

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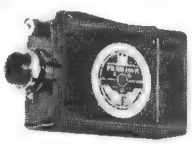

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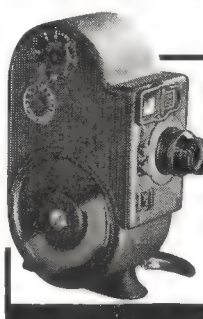

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you swallowed the last of that drink and remembered the noise you had heard in the living-room?"

"N-no," Gloria said with some hesitation. "I poured myself another drink and finished that before I came in here."

"Another tall one, or a quick one?"

"Another tall one."

"It took you ten or fifteen minutes to drink it?"

"Ten, maybe."

"And all the time this Sonny Cook was helling around the house somewhere," Grayson said. "Did you see Papa Fanning after you and Cook went into the bar?"

"Yes," the actress said. "He and George Lamb came in and they each had a straight shot of bourbon. They were mad about something. You, I think. I heard them mention your name. Sonny heard it, too."

"That," said Penny Craig, crinkling her nose, "is going to help Vance a lot!"

The pilot's expression did not change. "Where did Papa and George Lamb go when they had finished their drinks?"

"They separated," Gloria answered. "Papa went into the living-room. George went the other way. Toward his room, I suppose."

"Or toward the patio?" Penny Craig asked.

"Possibly," said the older girl indifferently. She rose to her feet and scanned Grayson with her eyes full of ironic amusement. "Never let it be told," she murmured, "that I turned down a guy who was in a jam. Now that I've spotted all the other suspects for you, you and Penny can get your alibis ironed out." And out she went.

Penny stared somberly after her, then got to her feet. "I'll be going, too," she said uneasily. "We have enough things to explain already without my sitting up here with you all night."

"How simply you put things!" the flier snapped. "But why start worrying about your reputation now after three-sheeting all over the place that you were in my room when Papa was killed?"

Two bright spots of color flamed on Penny's cheeks. "My mistake," she retorted. "I should have said it was Sonny Cook's room I was in. At least, he'd appreciate the gesture—and the motive behind it!" As if she could not trust herself to say more, she hurried out of the room. . . .

USUALLY Jennifer Lee's guests breakfasted late in their sunny rooms, served from wicker trays by a deft corps of Bahamian houseboys. Usually they met for the first time on the beach and drank Planter's Punches between dips into the tepid waters of the Florida Straits.

But not this morning. Not with Papa Fanning's ghost riding the spirits of them all. Not with the knowledge that there was a murderer among them.

This morning Jennifer, her brother, and all their guests appeared early at the buffet on the east veranda and ate their breakfasts there. Then they just sat around, looking as if they wished very much they were elsewhere—which, probably, they all did.

Vance Grayson was already in the hangar, inspecting the wonders big Tim Heeney had accomplished with broom, gasoline, and polishing rag since the afternoon before. The mechanic, never saying a word, trailed around after Grayson as the pilot looked into the dark corners and ran the palm of his hand along the surface of the air yacht.

"Nice going, Tim," Grayson said at last, and the mechanic heaved a tremendous sigh of relief. "We'll forget what I said yesterday about your moving along. Unless, of course, you think you'd better move along anyway."

Tim Heeney stared at him. "When I move along, Mr. Grayson," he said, "I hope it will be with you to your next job."

THE flier opened his lips to answer, but Heeney's glance suddenly shifted. Jennifer Lee was coming into the hangar. Looking at her, Grayson drew in a swift breath; she was that straight, that slim, that lovely.

"Good morning, Tim," she said in a friendly way, and the mechanic beamed as if an accolade had been bestowed upon him. "Mr. Grayson," she added, "where can we talk?"

Grayson cocked a hard eye at his helper.

STRIP TREES

★

I think of trees as virgin things—
Quite modest—never bold—
Yet only trees take off their dress,
To face the winter's cold!

NATALIE ROBINSON

"Tim," he said, "you haven't had your morning walk yet."

Tim Heeney put down his cleaning rag and went out into the hard sunlight. Aimlessly, he sauntered down the concrete ramp toward the boathouse.

Grayson opened the door in the side of the air yacht. "Might as well be comfortable," he said. "Inside we can sit down."

Jennifer Lee climbed into the plane and sat down on the big divan. Grayson hesitated, then seated himself in a chromium-and-white-leather chair opposite.

"Mr. Grayson," Jennifer said in a small voice, "I don't believe you killed Papa."

"Thanks," the pilot said dryly. "I *didn't* kill Papa."

"I don't know why I didn't tell you before," Jennifer said haltingly, "but somebody was at the window."

"At what window?"

"At the living-room window when—when Papa was trying to make love to me."

"When was this?" Grayson asked sharply.

"It must have been—well, just before Papa was killed. Maybe ten minutes before."

The flier's face settled into deep lines. "It was the middle window on the west side, wasn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," Jennifer gasped. "How did you know? Was it you who looked in at us?"

"No," Grayson said. "So you don't know who it was?"

"I couldn't tell. The face was broken up by the slats of the blinds. I—I was sort of upset at the time and I didn't pay much attention. But I began to remember later."

"I never saw such a house," Vance said irritably. "Everybody helling around; nobody in his or her own room! Doesn't anybody ever sleep here?"

"Only mornings," Jennifer said. "I'm pretty tired of it myself. I'm pretty tired of everything." She got up suddenly, walked over to the compact bar, and poured herself a stiff slug of Scotch. She lifted the jigger halfway to her lips; then changed her mind and emptied it into the tiny sink. The pilot watched soberly, his gray eyes very thoughtful. She turned and met his steady gaze. "There hasn't been a time since we built this house that the whole place couldn't have stood a good fumigating!" she burst out.

"Why don't you run them all off and start over again?" he asked her.

"Start where? Start with what? With one of those marble mausoleums at Newport so the stiff-necked old dowagers could put the snoot on us? Oh, I know them! I was what they called the number one debutante my first year out. And did they give me a going-over, those old buzzards whose families earned—or stole—their money two generations before mine did. I know what they call us—café society! Well, so what? At least the crowd is lively and we have a good time."

"Do you?"

"Do we what?"

"Have a good time? Are you having a good time now?"

She shuddered, and the color went out of her face. "He—he put his hands on me!" she said, almost in a whisper.

"Who did?"

"Papa Fanning. Last night, I mean. There in the living-room—just before he was—was killed. He tried to kiss me on the neck. He—he pushed me around. He got—pretty rough."

"And then?" Grayson prompted quietly.

"I got frightened. I was afraid I couldn't get away from him. I—I stuck my finger in his eye. That gave me my chance."

"To do what—to kill him?" Grayson asked, keeping his voice level.

"No," she said instantly. "But if I had noticed the knife there I would have."

"The knife where?"

"On that smoking stand near the window. Allister was going to eat an orange. You know, the Cuban way, speared on a fork and the skin cut off with a knife. They were there on the stand, on a plate, the orange and the knife and fork. After the—the murder, the fork was there, but the knife wasn't. It was in Papa."

"I'm so noticing!" Grayson said in an exasperated tone. "I never saw the orange and the fork on the stand. I took it for granted somebody got the knife out of the pantry."

"YOU aren't a detective. You aren't supposed to notice everything. I told Allister before breakfast that you didn't do it."

"Thanks," Grayson said dryly. "Did he believe you?"

"No," she said. Then, in a hopeless tone: "I wish I knew what to do about Allister."

"Why do you do anything about him?"

"Anyone can make him believe anything if they flatter him enough," she said dismally. "You know what Papa Fanning and George Lamb were going to do? They were going to advertise over the Miami radio stations saying the studio needed extras and bit players. They were going to tell anybody who wanted to get into the movies to come to the studio and to register at the casting office. Then they were going to tell them that those who owned building lots on the studio property would get the first chance

for parts. Can you imagine a more crooked way of selling real estate?"

"Not easily," Grayson said, tight-lipped.

"They planned to use our money to start on and our name to give the thing respectability," Jennifer went on, "and the keystone of the whole thing was Allister's vanity. I—I love him, but—but I wish he had more sense."

"That face you saw at the window," Grayson said. "Was it that of a man, or of a woman?"

"I couldn't be sure. It was just a dim, white blur, with the slats of the blinds cutting across it."

"There's one person we haven't talked very much about," the pilot said carefully. "Bill Vandersant. After all, he was pretty sore at Papa. Are you engaged to him?"

Jennifer went very still. "No," she said tonelessly. "I was, but I'm not any more."

"When did you stop?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Was it on account of Papa that you broke it off?"

"That had something to do with it. He thought I was beginning to go for Papa."

"Well, were you?"

"A little," she said, looking down at her nervous fingers. "Before I learned all the details of his scheme. I—I don't go to the movies much and I didn't know how far he had slipped. He was so—so different from Bill and the rest of the boys I have known all my life. I—I guess I was a little flattered. But last night I began to realize that he was only making love to me to get me so I wouldn't spoil his deal with Allister. Tim Heeney told me that Bill grabbed Papa by the neck and threatened to pull his head off his shoulders."

SHE paused for a moment and turned her amber eyes toward Grayson. "I hate to tell you this," she burst out, "but I know you're thinking Bill may have killed him. And he didn't! I think I know who did, though. It was Penny Craig. I'm almost sure of it."

"I wouldn't be sure of it unless I watched her do it," said the flier definitely, "and even then I wouldn't believe it."

Jennifer studied him intently. "So that," she said, very slowly, "is the way it is."

"The way what is?"

"Never mind. Go on. Why wouldn't you believe Penny did it? She got in a row with him and smacked him, didn't she?"

"Who told you that?"

"Tim Heeney told me."

"One strike on Tim," the pilot said thinly.

"And she said she was in your room when Papa was killed, and you said she wasn't."

"She wasn't."

"All right. She tried to use you for an alibi, and you thought she was trying to protect you. I saw her face when you let her down."

"She didn't need an alibi," Grayson insisted, "because she didn't kill Papa."

"You just hope she didn't!" Jennifer retorted. She rose. "After this, nothing will be the same, ever. I'm going to sell the place. If nobody wants it, I'll just go away and let the hurricanes and the land crabs have it."

A queer choke came into the voice of this rich, this spoiled, girl who could have practically anything she wanted just by signing a check. "Calamity Cay!" she burst out. "And to think I used to like that name! 'Amusing,' I called it!"

Then she was gone. By the time Grayson

reached the hangar door she was well on her way up the slight rise to the house and was walking swiftly—almost running.

"Tim," the pilot called. Almost immediately Heeney came around the corner of the door. Grayson surveyed him without pleasure. "I didn't realize you were a talking man," he snapped.

"Meaning what, a talking man?"

"Was it part of your job to tell Miss Lee that Miss Craig smacked Papa Fanning?"

"That's hard to answer, boss," the other replied slowly. "I'm on her pay roll, aren't I? Besides, that guy was a two-timing louse. He two-timed Miss Barbor and he was two-timing Miss Lee, and, after all—"

"If there is one thing I hate more than another," the flier broke in, "it's a man who talks too much."

Tim's face set itself into lines of stubbornness. "Any time I see a bad break for Miss Lee coming up," he stated, "I'm warning her—no matter how much talking it takes."

THERE was a queer sort of silence. Then, slowly, Grayson asked, "Can you think of any reason why the commissioner shouldn't have been here before now?"

"Yeah, I can think of a swell reason," said the mechanic promptly. "I figured if you had a little time to see how you were backed up in a corner, you'd take the plane and get away from here."

"So you emptied most of the gas out of the runabout's tanks?"

"That black boat boy is dumb, but not that dumb," said Heeney, grinning. "I knew he'd measure his tanks before starting off to Andros. I just dropped a couple of handfuls of sugar through the filler pipe."

"Now he's probably drifting around somewhere wondering why his carburetor jets keep gumming up."

"I hope so," Heeney said in a pleased voice.

Vance Grayson stood for quite a long time, just rubbing his forefinger along the tailing edge of the wing. "Well," he said at last, "fill four five-gallon cans with clean gas and put them in the plane. Then begin warming up the engines."

"We're getting out of here?" Heeney asked.

Grayson shook his head. "No, Tim. I'm going after the commissioner—whether they like it at the house or not. I'll find the runabout on the way and put twenty gallons of gas aboard. Have the plane ready to go in fifteen minutes."

Soberly he turned and went out into the hard, hot shafts of tropic sunlight. Allister Lee and Penny Craig were listlessly batting a ball back and forth across the tennis court. Gloria Rogero, in a deck chair, was slowly swishing a highball glass around in her hand Bill Vandersant, sitting cross-legged on the grass, was doing something to a fishing rod.

Sonny Cook and George Lamb, clad only in swimming trunks, were on the diving raft, a hundred feet off the thin scimitar of beach. They were sitting close together, their feet dangling in the tepid water, their heads moving in unison as their eyes followed Grayson's progress toward the house.

Penny saw the solid figure of the pilot walking up the lawn. "Vance!" she called.

She dropped her racket and cut across the grass. He stopped and waited for her.

"Vance!" Penny said breathlessly. "I'm going to take you at your word. I want you to fly me to Miami."

"Okay," said the pilot, watching the swift play of emotion across her face. "When?"

"Right now!"

"All right," he said calmly; "but what's the rush?"

"If we don't go now," she said in a strained voice, "it will be too late."

"Too late for what?"

She steadied herself with a visible effort. "They are planning to see you don't escape," she blurted. "They would lock you in a room and keep you there until the commissioner comes."

"Sister," said Grayson, his smile widening, "when they all rally around to start locking me up, plan to be where you can see it. It ought to be fun to watch."

"I'm not going to be where I can watch anything like that," Penny said tempestuously. "And you aren't, either. I'm holding you to your promise to fly me away any time I asked you, and with no questions."

"That's to get me away," the flier said. "I don't often break promises, but I'm breaking this one. We'll stay and see this mess through."

"All right," Penny said. "As soon as the commissioner gets here I'll confess."

"Fine!" Grayson said approvingly. "Confess to what?"

"To killing Papa, fool! He was a rat. All the time that he was telling Gloria she'd have the honor of being his third—or was it his fifth?—wife, he was trying to catch me in a dark corner. And between rounds he was making love to Jennifer Lee."

"And for that you killed him?" Grayson asked quietly.

"Of course I killed him!" she declared in a ragged voice. "And don't think the commissioner won't believe me!"

He stood before her, saying nothing, just studying her flushed and lovely face. The years hadn't done much to her, really. She was still the eager, gallant youngster he remembered during those days of heartbreak out on the Coast.

"I think," he said, very gently, "we've fooled around with this long enough, Penny. First thing you know somebody will begin to believe you, and then there'll be hell to pay. You didn't kill Papa, and neither did I. If I had done it do you think I'd let you take the fall for it? Is that the idea you got of me when we were on the lots out there?"

She stared up at him, her hair a halo of spun copper about her head. Something in her expression made his heart skip a beat.

"Vance," she whispered, "do you know who killed Papa?"

"Yes," he said, "I think I do."

"Who—who was it?" she demanded.

He made no answer. He put his big hand around her arm and drew her along as he moved up the lawn toward the house.

"Miss Lee up here?" he said.

"I—I think so," Penny said in a faraway voice. "She told Allister she was going to do some work at her desk."

SUDDENLY the flier pulled her to a stop. "Listen, sis," he said, soberly. "I want to know just one thing. That first time you saw me in the hall; why did you ask me if I'd fly you to Miami any time you wanted to go? What were you afraid of then?"

"Papa was bothering me. I could see trouble all around me. I was frightened of it. And I had just learned how raw the racket was they were trying to put over on Allister. Trying to sell lots to those poor little dime-store clerks who wanted to be movie stars. It got so I couldn't sleep at night. When you came I didn't dare explain. I was there, remember, when you broke Papa's jaw. I was afraid you'd kill him this time. And then," she added, with a catch in her voice, "I was afraid you had."

He took a long breath. The pressure of his hand turned her toward the house. Behind them, from the direction of the hangar, came the sudden bark of an airplane engine. The sound lifted to a roar, then redoubled as the second engine was started. Penny's steps faltered.

"Heeney's just warming them up," Grayson told her. "I told him to get the ship ready to take off."

"Now," said Penny, as they mounted the steps to the east veranda, "the men will come to stop your going away."

Colin Allen

"I hope we don't have to wait much longer; I'm in a hurry to fix that phone"

"If they don't," Grayson retorted, "I'll send for them." . . .

Jennifer Lee was sitting at her desk. She looked up at the sound of footfalls in the doorway. Her amber eyes lighted when she saw the big and solid figure of Vance Grayson silhouetted there. Then the light faded as the pilot stood aside to let Penny Craig enter. Jennifer sat up very straight.

"I'm sorry," Grayson said, and his tone was the gentlest she had ever heard him use. "We have some bad news for you."

"You—you are taking the plane?" she asked, her words hardly audible.

"That's part of it, but not in the way you think," he told her gravely. "I'll have to go to find the runabout. It's stalled between here and Andros. And then I'll have to go on and get the commissioner."

Jennifer drew a long breath. "All right; go ahead," she said, with quick relief.

Allister Lee came hurrying into the room, still carrying his tennis racket. Just behind him, and looking very unhappy, was Bill Vandersant, who eyed the pilot briefly, then walked over to the desk and stood close beside Jennifer's chair.

"Grayson!" Allister panted. He had run perhaps a hundred feet and was badly foundered. "Why are the plane's motors running? Why is it out on the runway?"

"I told Heeney to warm her up."

"Why?" Allister demanded. "You think you're going anywhere in her?"

THE flier turned to Jennifer. "Your brother seems sort of upset, Miss Lee," he said. "Maybe you'd better tell him."

"He's going after the commissioner," Jennifer said. "I gave him permission."

"Well, *I* didn't give him permission," Allister declared. "And he's not going to escape like that."

Penny Craig, her voice faintly amused, said, "Better sit down, Allister. You're getting yourself into a state."

Bill Vandersant swallowed hard. "Allister," he said unhappily, "if Jen says it's all right for him to go, it's all right for him to go."

Jennifer reached up and touched the boy's hand with hers. "Now and then you are nice, Bill," she said.

George Lamb and Sonny Cook, both in swimming trunks and dripping wet, rushed in. Both stared at Grayson with extreme disfavor and ranged themselves ostentatiously beside Allister.

"All we need now," said Penny Craig, tartly, "is a chairman and a secretary."

"Penny!" Grayson said. "Pipe down, sis. This is serious."

George Lamb opened his mouth and closed it in that painful stammer of his. "S-serious is a mild word for it," he managed. "We're not letting you fly away before the police come."

Grayson made his face into a grin, but his eyes were dark with anger. "It would be almost worth trying, just to see what you'd do to stop me."

Gloria Rogero walked into the room. Her eyes were narrowed to pin points, her face slack. "What is this?" she asked jauntily. "A Quaker meeting?"

"Rogero!" Sonny Cook rasped. "You're tight! Sit down and shut up."

They all watched her as she walked unsteadily to a chair, sat down with neither grace nor dignity, and began to pout.

In that silence, Grayson said, "Penny, did you know Brenda Barbor?"

"Slightly," Penny said, a puzzled line be-

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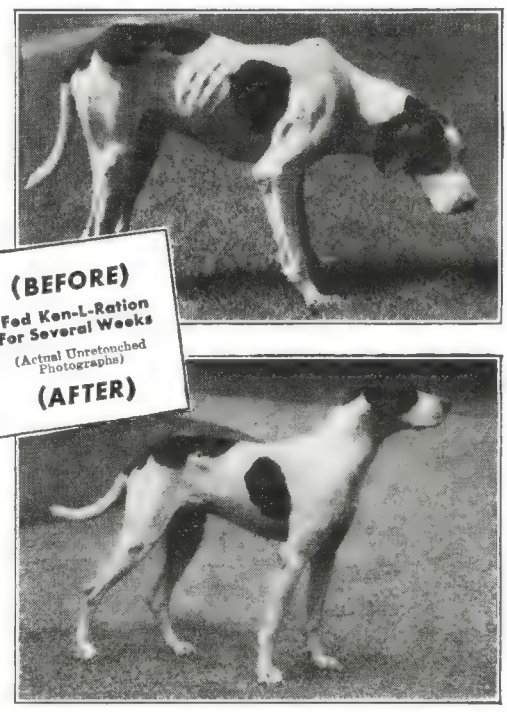

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tween her eyes. "I knew her when she was a bit player."

"Poor darling," Gloria Rogero said in a hiccupy voice. "If Papa meets her in the Great Hereafter I hope she scratches his eyes out."

"What do you mean, in the Great Hereafter?" Grayson snapped.

"She's dead, didn't you know?" Gloria said. "She took an overdose of sleeping stuff after Papa gave her the bum's rush out of the picture business to get rid of her."

"Was that her real name—Brenda Barbor?" Grayson asked.

"No," Penny said. "She changed it while she was an extra girl. Her real name was—" She stopped short, her eyes expanding as she stared at the sober face of the pilot.

THERE was a sudden diversion which cracked the growing tension in the room. Tim Heeney appeared in the doorway, his immense figure almost filling the frame. "Sorry, Miss Lee," he said apologetically. "When I saw these gentlemen all heading for the house, I sort of hunched they were fixing to gang up on Mr. Grayson. I just thought I'd like to watch what he'd do to them, one at a time, or all together."

Allister Lee gasped. "Heeney!" he cried. "Go back to your work at once. You are being *too* insolent!"

"Tim," Grayson said. Something in the quality of his voice laid silence across the room, a silence broken only by the muttering of the airplane engines down on the ramp. "Was the girl you drove for in Hollywood, Brenda Barbor, your wife?"

Tim Heeney took a very long breath. But his eyes were steady as they met Grayson's. "No, Mr. Grayson," he said, his voice hardly more than a whisper. "She was my sister. She changed her name on account of 'Heeney' not having—well, glamour."

Gloria Rogero began to laugh on a rising note. Grayson looked at her. Meeting the full intensity of his gaze, Gloria's laugh was choked off as suddenly as if he had laid his hand across her mouth.

"Tim," the pilot said, very slowly, "I hate to say this to you, but your overalls are dirty and you weren't invited in here. Maybe you'd better go outside and stand where you stood last night. Remember? You could see perfectly well, couldn't you? The only thing is, don't leave any more grease stains behind."

Breath ran from Jennifer's lips in a long, hissing sigh. Penny Craig sat up straight and gave Grayson her entire attention.

Allister Lee, Sonny Cook, and George Lamb shifted their feet uncomfortably and looked from Grayson to Heeney in puzzled silence. Bill Vandersant moved a trifle closer to Jennifer Lee, and waited.

Tim Heeney was still staring solemnly at Grayson, whose gray eyes held an expression of deep regret. The mechanic hiked up his shoulders. "The grease stains," he said in a tired voice. "Yeah. On them I skid out of this into—what?" He glanced at Jennifer and contrived to smile. "It was nice working for you, Miss Lee," he said. Then, to Grayson: "Boss, I got something to do on the plane. Okay?"

It seemed odd to the others that Grayson should wait so long before answering. Finally he said, "Okay, Tim. Be sure she's right," and stood watching the huge mechanic amble out of the room.

"Oh, no!" Jennifer cried, and put her face down on her folded arms.

"Will somebody please explain what this is all about?" her brother demanded in a tone of exasperation.

"A reasonable request," Grayson said levelly. "There goes the man who killed Papa Fanning."

The four young men gazed at the flier with a sort of stupefaction. And so did Gloria Rogero, who blinked and peered vaguely from one to another. Penny Craig murmured, "Well!" and came up out of her chair to move toward Grayson. Jennifer Lee lifted a tear-smudged face and said in a choked voice, "It's a mistake to trust anybody—ever!"

Bill Vandersant put his hand on her shoulder and patted it shyly, awkwardly, glaring the while at Allister. Jennifer's brother took a single hasty step toward Grayson. But only one. Then he came to a prudent stop. The flier's expression was not inviting.

"You're blaming it on Heeney to save yourself!" Allister shouted.

"Your foot is in your mouth again, Allister," Penny Craig said indignantly. "Vance, tell us about it, so it will make sense."

Grayson stepped to the window and looked between the slats of the jalousies. Heeney, big and broad and erect, was trudging down the lawn toward the hangar, where the plane was still sputtering on the ramp.

"This all started in Hollywood," he said, turning back into the room. "Heeney ran out of luck as an airplane mechanic. Apparently the only job he could find was as a chauffeur for his sister, whose stage name was Brenda Barbor. And she was in love with Papa Fanning, who seems to have given her a pretty raw deal."

"He did," said Gloria. "He promised to marry her, and then dropped her like a hot potato for Yvonne Dumont. And Brenda, when she couldn't get another part anywhere, killed herself."

"Was Papa Fanning in this country when she killed herself?" Grayson asked.

"No. He'd dusted off to England to make pictures there. He saw he was slipping here and—"

"That fits," Grayson said. "Before his sister killed herself, Heeney saw Papa Fanning and told him what he thought of him. If Papa had been in this country when she killed herself, Papa might have died on Hollywood Boulevard instead of here in this room. Maybe Heeney had planned all this time to kill Papa the next time he saw him. If not, Papa sealed his death warrant when he began making love to Miss Lee."

"Jennifer!" Allister said in a shocked voice.

"Oh, you knew it," Bill Vandersant said contemptuously, "so don't begin acting tragic."

"TIM HEENEY," Grayson went on soberly, "was—and this is difficult to tell you, Miss Lee—as completely and as humbly in love with you as any man could be. If you had asked him, he'd have marched straight into the arc of a whirling propeller. He knew more about what was going on here than you'd expect. Hating Papa, and knowing that he and our good friend George Lamb, here, were trying to work a pretty rotten racket on you—"

"Y-you lie!" George Lamb cried. "I-it was an opportunity for—"

"For you and Papa to clean up about a million in a damned dirty real-estate dodge," Grayson cut in, his words as hard as chipped steel. "You took it for granted that Allister wouldn't lay too big an egg with his directing because Papa would be supervising the job. And it wouldn't matter much, anyway, for, with the Lee money and influence behind your racket, you could sell building lots to all the clerks and stenographers who hoped in that way to get preferred places in the casting office."

He stopped and looked hard at Lamb, as if to invite the promoter to call him a liar just once more. But when the man lapsed into sulky silence, Grayson went on:

"Whether Heeney would have killed Papa had it not been for these other complications—the dirty real-estate deal and Papa's making love to Miss Lee—I don't know. I rather doubt it. But Heeney had learned a lot of things which were piling up in his mind. Most of them, I think, he learned by standing here at this window and listening."

Jennifer gasped, "Then he was—"

"The man you saw standing outside the blinds last night," Grayson finished for her. "I have an idea that he did most of his listening to help you, Miss Lee, and to learn what he could that would protect you from Papa."

"He could have told me," Allister said testily, "and I'd have done all the protecting that was necessary."

"If I were in the mood," Penny told him, "I'd laugh myself to death!"

"Pipe down, Penny," Gray-

John E. Pierotti

"The years sort of flew by—didn't they, little girl?"

son said. "Well, anyway, Tim told me he didn't leave the hangar once last night until he came to my room a couple of hours after the murder. That's what tripped him up—he lied. I had suspected him right away, because Papa had told me Tim hated him on account of the Brenda Barbor thing in Hollywood. So I asked him about that, rather expecting him to deny it. But he didn't. He told me frankly about the Barbor girl—but neglected to tell me she was his sister or that she had committed suicide. He seemed so honest in establishing a motive that he disarmed me, for with Papa dead he might easily have lied about it."

"He was smart enough to act dumb?" Penny asked.

"Exactly. But when, later, I found he had lied about one thing, that tipped it over. Allister Lee walked down the beach just about the time the murder was committed. He went past the hangar door. He said the building was lighted, which it was. But he also said he didn't see anyone in there, and Heeney was supposed to be in there fully visible under the bright lights."

"He wasn't in there," Allister snapped.

"I assume not, because, as things turned out, your seeing him—and, especially, his seeing you—would have given you an alibi which you might have needed very badly. A lot of you weren't altogether straightforward about your doings last night, you know."

"You were too damned nosy!" Sonny Cook declared.

"As I see it," Grayson went on slowly, "Tim Heeney, knowing that things were coming to a head with this picture deal, and wondering whether or not to kill Papa to avenge his sister, left his work and stood outside the window there, looking and listening through the slats. Papa chose that very unfortunate time to act cave-mannish with Miss Lee, and to be pretty rough about it."

"If he were here now, I'd kill him myself," snarled the Vandersant boy.

"Too late," Grayson said grimly. "Tim Heeney had an almost ungovernable temper that was never too well under control. When he saw Papa struggling with Miss Lee, he probably thought of the way Papa had treated his sister, and everything boiled up inside him. He'd fix it so Papa would never treat anyone else like that. Just then Miss Lee stuck her finger in Papa's eye and broke away from him. I imagine Tim came barging in through the window at about the same moment that she ran out through the door."

"HOW do you know all this?" Allister asked shrilly.

"Part of it from your sister, part from evidence I saw, and part of it from adding two and two."

"What evidence that you saw?" Allister demanded.

"When Tim came into my room a little while after the murder he was still wearing his coveralls and they were covered with grease. I had to warn him away from a chair so he wouldn't smear the upholstery. I don't know the exact timing of the killing, but I do know Papa was being rough with your sister, and I do know Tim came in through the window and killed him just about that time, because a few minutes later Miss Rogero, in the bar, heard Papa die."

"How do you know Heeney came through the window?" Allister persisted.

"He left grease stains on the blinds. I saw them last night."

Allister flounced to the window, jerked at the blinds, and examined the slats for some moments. The others, watching in sultry silence, saw him rub his fingers on the painted wood and examine the result. "Grease is there, all right," he said grudgingly.

"If he said it is, it is," Penny asserted indignantly.

"If that knife hadn't been on the table," Grayson went on, "I imagine Heeney would have killed Papa with his bare hands. It was probably Papa who grabbed up the knife when he saw Tim bearing down on him. It would have been the easiest thing in the world for Tim to have yanked it out of Papa's hands and, since he was berserk at the moment, to stab him with it. Then he hurried back to the hangar to continue his work of cleaning up.

"As his temper cooled and he began to think things over, he must have decided that he had a pretty good chance of getting away with it. Nobody had seen him, and practically everybody had some motive for killing Papa. And he must have seen enough people walking around to know that a lot of you would have pretty thin alibis to cover those few minutes after midnight. He heard somewhere that I hated Papa and that I was the chief suspect. So he wanted me to escape in the plane, knowing that if I ran away the authorities would assume I was the murderer and not bother anyone else. He—"

At that moment the sputtering sound of

the airplane's engines lifted to a full-throated roar. Grayson did not move. But Allister did. Nearest the window, he swung around and stared toward the hangar. "He's getting away!" he squalled. "He's taxiing the plane down into the water! Stop him!"

Grayson looked at Jennifer, who had pushed herself to her feet and was standing with both slender hands braced on the desk. Her face was chalky white and her eyes were tragic.

"Miss Lee," Grayson said sharply, "how many lessons—flying lessons—has he had?"

She moistened her lips. "Just two," she whispered.

"Less than I thought," Grayson said. "Not enough."

He whirled and raced out of the room. As he hit the blazing sunlight outside he saw the great amphibian waddle off the runway into the water. With his throttles cracked open, the mechanic ran the air yacht thirty or forty feet away from the shore. And by that time Grayson had reached the concrete ramp. He skidded to a stop, put two fingers between his teeth and whistled shrilly. Tim Heeney, cutting his engines to a rumble, slid open the window at his left shoulder and turned his face toward the pilot.

"Tim!" Grayson shouted. "Don't try it! I'll hire a lawyer for you. Come back here!"

Heeney turned his eyes toward those who were streaming down the lawn from the big house. "Sorry, boss," he called through the murmur of the idling engines. "It would have been swell if I could have worked for you. And, listen; I'd never have let you take the fall for this—I'd have confessed first." He pulled his head in and began to close the window. Then, impulsively he leaned out again. His voice, clear and unhurried, came to the pilot on the ramp: "And I'm not sorry I killed that rat. In Hollywood they ought to vote me a medal!"

"Tim!" Grayson yelled desperately. "Don't take off in that ship! You haven't had enough flying lessons. If you'll—"

But the twin motors roared full out and Grayson's words were whipped away in the hurricane of sound. The big plane wallowed heavily ahead, gaining speed very slowly.

"Stop him!" Allister Lee screamed at Grayson.

The flier turned. They were all there, ranged along the edge of the concrete. Allister, Sonny Cook, George Lamb, Bill Vandersant, and the three girls.

"Stop him, I tell you!" Allister cried again.

"*You* stop him," Grayson suggested.

NOW the plane had more speed, but Tim Heeney seemed to be having trouble getting her on her step, and for a few heart-stopping moments she porpoised wildly. But somehow the mechanic got her straightened out, and again Grayson was able to breathe. A tiny sliver of light appeared between the dripping keel and the turquoise water.

"Get your right wing up!" Grayson groaned.

The amphibian, one wing dragging alarmingly, clawed her way into the air. Still climbing, she inched around until her gleaming white bow was headed due south, toward Cuba and Jamaica, and all the republics of South America.

Grayson, stonily watching her shrink in size, suddenly became conscious of Penny and Jennifer standing close beside him.

"Can he make it?" Penny asked in a shaking voice.

THE ANIMAL FAIR

In Southington, Conn., Stanley Ogonowski has trained a raccoon to act as watchdog on his dairy farm. He says the raccoon is worth three dogs for alertness and observation.

Given mineral water to drink because she suffered from rheumatism, three-year-old Rosanda, a race horse living in Melbourne, Australia, now refuses to drink any other kind, although she is entirely cured.

Raymond Beckitt, of Barnegat, N. J., has a pet deer that lives and dines with the family and occupies a room of his own in the house.

Two bear cubs at Jasper Park Lodge, in the Canadian Rockies, harass the greenkeepers of the local golf course, by turning on the sprinklers and taking watery siestas on the fairways. Mamma Bear, who taught the cubs this trick, forgot to show them how to turn the faucets off.

Bobby Moscript, of Cedar Rapids, has a year-old owl which rides on the handle bars of his bicycle.

Every morning, when put to pasture, an old horse belonging to Kenneth Wells, of Riverhead, N. Y., gets a complete bath in the form of a tongue-licking from a cow with which he is very friendly.

Goo-goo, a Mohican duck owned by Mrs. W. E. Rice, of Oklahoma City, does his best to make up for the fact that he is not a dog. He responds to a whistle, wags his tail, takes nips out of people, and quacks loudly when strangers enter the yard.

Bill Taylor, a filling-station attendant in Denver, Colo., swears that he saw a bulldog dig a grave for a small terrier that had been killed by an automobile. He claims the bulldog carried the terrier's body behind the station, dug a hole, pushed the body into it, and covered it up.

Sandy, a cocker spaniel owned by William T. Sanders, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has kept him supplied with golf balls for three years. The dog exercises near a golf course and he seldom fails to nose out several balls lying hidden in the long grass.

●

Do you know any unusual facts or original stories about animals? We will pay $1 for each acceptable anecdote accompanied by corroborative proof. Address ANIMALS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries returned.

"Make what?" the pilot asked roughly. "Where's he going? He can stay in the air, I guess; that ship will almost fly herself as long as her gas holds out. But his job will be to land her. That's what takes the experience. And, if he does manage to land her, what then? Will it be in a place where they'll be waiting to arrest him? Or in a jungle river, for instance, where he might have a chance to live?"

"I hope," said Jennifer Lee, her amber eyes on the fast-disappearing plane, "it's in the jungle river! I want him to have his chance!" . . .

Vance Grayson walked away from them. He circled the hangar and headed toward a lonely spit of beach at the extreme south end of Calamity Cay.

Jennifer Lee watched him go. Then she turned and looked at Penny Craig, who was standing stock-still, her troubled gaze following the lonely figure of the pilot. Jennifer took a very long breath. "Bill," she said.

Bill Vandersant was right beside her. Bill Vandersant, it seemed, was usually right beside her. He led a pretty useless life. He didn't try to fly the wings off planes so subsequent models would be safe for people to ride in. He didn't take charge when there was trouble and see that everything was straightened out. But it was comforting to have him around. She put her shaking hand on his arm. "Bill," she said, "let's go up to the house."

PENNY CRAIG, not even glancing at the others, marched away from them, marched straight after Vance Grayson. She found him sitting on a piece of timber washed up from some long-forgotten wreck—perhaps from the wreck that had given Calamity Cay its name. His broad back was turned to her, turned to everything on the island, and his brooding eyes were staring toward the horizon across which Tim Heeney had flown into limbo.

"Move over," she said.

Vance Grayson moved over, and Penny sat down on the timber beside him. For quite a long time they sat there in silence, not saying anything, not feeling the need to say anything. It was enough, after these three long and tumultuous years, just to be there together.

A pelican, scaling soundlessly through the blazing sky, shot down into the water like a falling torpedo. A great fish broke the surface, leaving it a bull's-eye of ripples which widened and widened, spreading endlessly. The morning trades from the southeast laid soft fingers on the island and all the palms began to rub their leaves together in appreciation. He turned his head and looked at her. "You are through with Hollywood?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," she said. "I never was much of an actress; I didn't have what it took."

"You had honesty—and courage," he reminded her.

"And loyalty," she said, meeting his eyes. "I loved you that very first day, and I've loved you every day since."

"You deserve more than a flier," he said. "The life I lead will not be easy to follow."

"I'll manage, Vance," she said.

He swung around and took her into his arms and put his hard lips to hers, at first tenderly, then violently. And he knew very surely that this gallant child would manage, and that so would he, through whatever might be ahead of them both.

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Golden Lady

(*Continued from page 41*)

said. He sat back in his chair and looked at Darnley as if he were seeing her for the first time. "Hey," he exclaimed. "it looks to me like you are getting yourself mixed up in my business."

"It's time somebody did," said Darnley.

"Maybe," suggested Jerry, "it's fate."

"What's the idea?" demanded Farrish. "Do you go around socking cops?" He seemed for the moment to have forgotten his own predicament in a suddenly awakened interest in Darnley's activities. "Are you making a play for me?"

"I'm making a play for myself," Darnley said, "and all you need is to have one of your cameramen take a picture of you to know that no girl with unimpaired eyesight would make a play for you. And if you use your common sense you would realize that no girl who wants to eat three times a day would go for a man who runs his business the way you do."

"You must have read that book," Farrish said. "The one about how to make enemies."

"DARNLEY," said Jerry, "is one of those people that things happen to. You know, like throwing a cigarette out of the window and having it hit the Prince of Wales in the eye. There are people that happenings happen to. Now, if I stood in a window and pelted the street all day with cigarette butts, who would I hit? Nobody. Me, I'm going to stick around and be an innocent bystander. I'll see sights."

"If," said Darnley, "you want to know why I'm meddling in your affairs I'll be tickled to death to tell you."

"Pray do," said Farrish.

"Because," said Darnley, "I'm going places—up. And you're the most available rung of the ladder."

"So you're going to make use of me, are you?"

"I'm going," said Darnley, "to make use of everything and everybody. I'm selfish. I'm for myself. I'm going to start out by getting to be the Golden Blend Girl. The only way I can see to get it is to use you. And the only way you can be useful to me is for you to make a success of this business."

"So you're going to run it for me?" asked Farrish.

"I wish I could—for six months," said Darnley.

"Modest little thing—isn't she?" he asked of Jerry. "And what would you do with this business?"

"In the first place," Darnley said, "I'd get my head out of my hands and quit being sorry for myself. Grandpa Carfax says the only way you can tell if a pugilist is a good fighter is to see what he does when he gets knocked flat. Grandpa says there aren't more than three or four times in a man's life when he really needs ability and—and backbone—and those times are in the pinches. He says the ordinary man may never get more than one chance to show his stuff, and that out of fifty years he may only really live for an hour. All the rest of the time is getting ready for that hour. And when it comes you know if he's the sort you can ride the river with or just a flop."

"Grandpa Carfax," said Farrish, "must be quite a talkative fellow."

She paid no attention to him. "And you,"

= FLASH = JUST OUT = A

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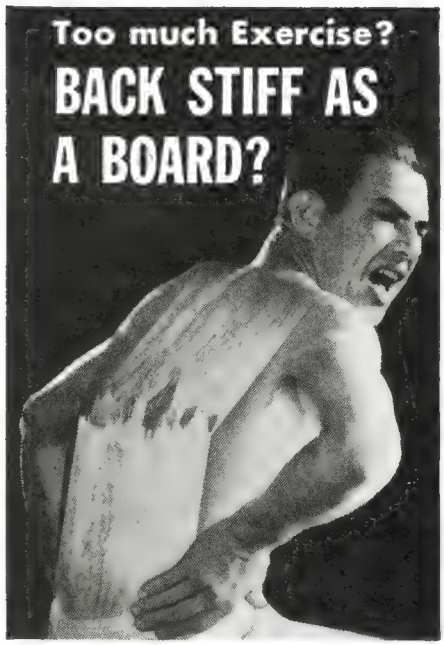

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she told him, "seem to have come up against that hour."

"And am just another flop?"

"Precisely," said Darnley, "and it interferes with my plans. So please unflop."

"And do what? Unsteal that sable coat?"

"She means," said Jerry, "you ought to rise superior to sable coats."

"Sure. Just pretend," said Farrish, "it never happened."

"Why not?" asked Darnley. "You won't be any worse off."

"Yeah? And when they come down on me for forty thousand smackers?"

"Stall," said Jerry Shafto, "and hope for the breaks."

"If," said Darnley, "you can put off a piece of bad luck till tomorrow, it may never happen."

"She makes epigrams," said Farrish.

Upon this remark Lieutenant Hixon opened the door without rapping. He addressed himself gruffly and directly to Darnley. "You're the only one around this joint," he said, "that clicks above the ears."

"What about me?" demanded Jerry.

Hixon's granite face twitched. "You're the comedy relief," he said. "Now, you Miss Carfax." He rubbed his smitten cheek ruminatively, "have you any ideas?"

"Yes," she said.

"Open up."

"I don't believe," she said, "that the person who stole that coat wanted fur."

THE detective's eyes narrowed and he sat down in a chair heavily. "What did he want—excitement?"

"He wanted," said Darnley, "to bust up Mr. Farrish's business. If I were a detective I'd find out what person wants Mr. Farrish put out of business, and why."

"Go ahead."

"I'd find out," said Darnley, "what there is about this studio and its equipment and all that some man wants to get hold of, and why he wants it. I'd find out if anybody has been playing dirty tricks on Mr. Farrish, and then I'd comb the people who work here to see if there's any connection between that man and any employee who could have gotten his hands on that sable coat. You know no outsider sneaked in and took it."

"So?"

"I'd say that was impossible. And I'd say that coat wasn't taken outside this studio, or at any rate this building. Not right away. It was hidden some place."

"Yes," said Hixon, "but how would anybody know that coat was going to be here this afternoon so he could plan to steal it?"

"He wouldn't have to know," Darnley said, "if he had a man here whose job was to do Mr. Farrish dirt when the chance came."

Hixon grunted. "You heard, Farrish. Now, what about that angle?"

"I know of no reason why anyone wants to put me on the skids."

"I've checked you girls," said Hixon. "You didn't carry anything out of here, and there's no sable coat in your flat."

"I thought the Constitution said you have to have warrants to search anyone's house," Jerry said.

"When we're in a hurry," said Hixon, "we try to get along without."

"If you made a mess," Jerry said, "you can darn' well come and straighten it out."

"We're neat," said Hixon.

"If that's all," said Darnley, "I want some sleep."

"That's all," said Hixon, "for now."

Darnley turned to Farrish. "Thanks," she said, "for a very enjoyable day."

"And this time," said Jerry, "I'll take mine with strawberry." . . .

Darnley's telephone awakened her and Wolfgang's voice spoke to her over the wire: "Miss Carfax it iss? You should be in Lacey Gorse's studio ten o'clock. With dinner dress color black if you got it. Otherwise dark."

"Lacey Gorse! Did he say he wanted me?"

"Otherwise I don't send," said Wolfgang.

"I'll be there," Darnley told him, and, replacing the receiver, she turned to Jerry Shafto, who was blinking sleepily at her from the other bed. "Lacey Gorse wants me this morning," she said.

"How's your resistance before noon, honey?"

"High," said Darnley, and glanced at the clock. It was nine. She scurried into the bathroom, bathed, engaged in a prolonged battle with her make-up, and then packed dinner dress, shoes, stockings in a small bag. "I'm on my way," she said.

"Remember," said Jerry from the bed, "that a girl's best friend is her intuition."

"I polished mine with chamois this morning," Darnley answered, and closed the door.

In twenty minutes she opened the door of Gorse's studio and stepped into a reception-room so utterly different from the workmanlike confusion of Farrish's place that she paused on the threshold to stare. It had an expensive look. The furniture was ultra-modern; the lights were calculated to the last shadow. On the walls were enlargements of photographs of nude girls which had been skillfully distorted on the negative so that they seemed not to be photographs of human beings but of strange, decadent creatures. They were larger than life; striking, irritating, somehow disturbing, but startlingly well done. Darnley's little nose twitched as if there came to it a faint and disagreeable odor.

"I'm from Wolfgang's," she said to the receptionist.

"Right through there. He's ready," the girl directed.

She opened the door into the studio itself.

GORSE turned his head as she entered. "Good morning, Miss Carfax," he said.

"Good morning."

He smiled. "You and I," he told her, "seem to have gotten off on the wrong foot."

"Does it matter?" she asked. "I don't have to like you to photograph well."

"I dislike to be disliked," he said.

"It's probably something chemical," she answered. "We're just antipathetic."

"Then," he said, laughing, "I'll change my formula. As an artist, Miss Carfax, may I say that you are extraordinarily beautiful. But you have something else—something elusive—something that makes for personality. I wonder if it will photograph."

"I hope so," she said, "if it will give me more work."

"It will," he said, "give you more than work. Do you know," he asked, "why one beautiful girl with a splendid voice can be a flat failure on the stage, when another with less beauty and almost no voice at all can be a tremendous success?"

"I never thought about it."

"It's color—an undefinable thing. It's personality. It's the unteachable thing of being able to put it over. You have that."

"Splendid," said Darnley. "Now, suppose we go to work. Where do I dress?"

"You have," he said, and his eyes were

calculating, "what it takes to make a man go off the deep end."

"And I have what goes with it," she said.

"What goes with it?"

"The swell judgment to select the man I want to take the dive," she said.

The corner of his sardonic mouth twitched. "You dress in there," he said, pointing.

DARNLEY went into the immaculate little dressing-room and made ready. When she emerged she found Gorse quite another person than the man who had striven to ingratiate himself with her upon his arrival. He was impersonal, distrait. His eyes seemed almost blank as they studied her, and his voice was brisk, harried, staccato. He talked to himself rather than to her.

"Yes, yes, yes," she heard him say. "Over here. Stand there. Lift your head." He placed her before a painted background and lights played upon her through colored gelatins. First he arranged the pose, muttering to himself. Again and again he arranged her draperies, and when his hands touched her she had no sense of being handled by a living man. Then he worked with lights, changing gelatins, shifting standards, so that different shades met and mingled and played upon her. He lifted his head.

"I paint with lights," he said, and she had sufficient wisdom to recognize that, whatever else might be said about Lacey Gorse, he was a sincere artist. "This is to be in color," he said. "In color photography I am the top. The top. Nobody can touch me."

He moved about her, about the set as if he were distrait. Detail. Detail! "These artists, these painters," he said, "are afraid of photography. Afraid of color photography. Think it will take the bread out of their mouths. I'll show them. I'll show them the camera can do all they can—and more. Sneer at photographers, will they? Call me a mechanic, eh!"

"Art begins where representation leaves off," said Darnley, parroting a remark of Clyde Farrish's.

"Quiet! Yes, and they're getting to a point where they believe that art can get along without representation. If you can tell what a picture is supposed to represent it is not art. No drawing! No composition. Kindergarten daubs. Primitive! Don't they know primitives were primitive because they knew no better. Because knowledge of art had advanced no farther. They weren't primitive on purpose. A musician might as well play discords on purpose. A singer might as well sing flat on purpose."

He tilted her chin the merest fraction of an inch with his finger. "Hold that. There. Get expression into your eyes. The man you adore is coming up that walk yonder. You're on fire to feel his kiss. Put something into it. Live. Feel. Damn it—yearn!"

His voice, something in it, stirred her, worked upon her, compelled her emotions to do his bidding. The man had genius, and his genius controlled her for the moment. "Now!" he said sharply.

He sank into a chair with a sigh and covered his face for a moment—exhausted. "If I caught that expression! If I caught it! Then we've got something. Rest!"

Darnley relaxed and walked to a chair.

"No more till after lunch," said Gorse. "What time is it?"

"Nearly one," answered a cameraman.

"See if Henry Garden is here yet." He turned to Darnley. "Garden is going to lunch with us. See if cocktails are ready," he directed. He got to his feet as Garden came into the studio and shook hands. "Cocktails in the dining-room," he said as Garden walked past him to Darnley and smiled down at her.

"You had a large day yesterday, Miss Carfax," he said.

"It bulged," said Darnley.

"But it's an ill wind," he said, "that doesn't blow somebody some swell publicity." He shook a newspaper at her. "Mr. Manhattan is always entertaining."

"About me?" asked Darnley.

"You're on the highroad to fame," said Garden. "Or something."

"LET me see." She took the paper from him and found it open to De Groot's column. In the first paragraph was her name. She read it with contradicting emotions:

"The newest Beautiful to gladden our jaded eyes has been at it again. Darnley Carfax, like Dolly Varden, dainty as a summer garden, buffets cops—and hard-boiled ones. In the midst of turmoil resulting from the disappearance of a $40,000 Russian sable coat from the studio of Clyde Farrish, Miss Carfax added to the seasonal joy by slapping down New York's toughest copper, Lieutenant Hixon. It comes to our ears that Hixon, during his questioning of Miss Carfax, alluded to her beloved profession in terms offensive and crude. Whereupon the little Carfax, outraged, demonstrated that beauty has a punch. In the daintiest and most workmanlike manner she swatted

Hixon till his ears rang—and made him like it. We learn on unimpeachable authority that Hixon succumbed and purred and ate from the little lady's hand. Things happen in Darnley's vicinity, and, when they do happen, she adds drama and charm."

There was more of it, ironic, gay, but all complimentary to Darnley.

"Well?" asked Garden amusedly.

"However did Mr. De Groot find it out?" she asked.

"Not from you, of course," Garden said with lifted brows. "You have no idea of the value of advertising."

"It was not from me," Darnley said sharply.

"It'll get you," said Garden, "a Madison Square contract—and invitations to dinner. What could be more novel than a beautiful copper slapper!"

"What's this about Farrish?" asked Gorse, but even as he asked the question Darnley had a feeling that it was a spurious display of ignorance.

"It seems," said Garden, "that someone lifted a valuable fur from his premises."

"I wonder," said Gorse, "if I'm sorry."

"You might learn to be if you study," said Darnley.

"I'll try while we're having lunch," he said, and led the way to an exquisite little dining-room where a luncheon was served that would have graced any table.

"I have it sent up," explained Gorse, "from the club."

"He denies himself nothing," said Garden, with a smile. "He's a hedonist."

"What," asked Darnley, "is a hedonist?"

"It's a person," said Garden, "who thinks honey may be sweet enough for other people, but who puts sugar on it for himself."

"JUST what happened at Farrish's?" asked Gorse.

"Confusion," said Darnley.

"No trace of the coat?"

"I deduced from the actions of the police," said Darnley, "that they were at what is commonly known as a loss."

"It won't do Farrish a lot of good," said Gorse, "to have advertisers get the idea he can't look after what they send him to photograph."

"Even banks get robbed," said Darnley.

Garden chose to change the subject: "Have you been kept busy, Miss Carfax?"

"Quite."

"But you wouldn't mind being busier?"

"Who would? If they got paid plenty."

"I've heard," said Garden, "and, as a matter of fact, I know it to be true, that some of the more socially presentable models pick up rather a pleasant sum of money on the side."

"You interest me," said Darnley.

"I'm not talking about apartments on Park Avenue, or allowances or trust funds. What I refer to is quite *au fait*, as we Eskimos call it. Involving nothing except a slight amount of boredom."

"Even in the town where I was born," said Darnley, "people would guess you are leading up to something. Would it be what Grandpa Carfax calls skulduggery?"

"No, indeed. I mean that some of the more beautiful and entertaining models are very frequently paid quite respectable sums for simply being present at little dinners and exerting their charm."

"Dinner included?" asked Darnley.

"Frequently some man in town wishes to entertain a few out-of-town friends. He likes to do it lavishly and make a show of knowing some lovely young women. He throws a dinner party—good taste and all that—and is glad to pay the right sort of young women for giving up their evening. I know a man who paid four girls a hundred dollars apiece the other night."

"Just to come and eat and chatter?" asked Darnley skeptically.

"That," said Garden, "and no more." He raised his rather fine brows. "Might you care to add to your income that way?"

"Suppose you deal them face up, Mr. Garden."

"You were at Sanson's with me the other night."

"Yes."

"Not bad to look at; not hard to talk to?"

"No."

"It wouldn't be torture to dine with him?"

"Do you mean he is willing to pay me a hundred dollars for eating dinner with him?" Darnley asked.

"No," said Garden, leaning across the table. "But I am. One hundred dollars for every engagement of any kind that you make and keep with Sanson."

"But suppose he doesn't want to invite me places. It is difficult to imagine it, but it might be true."

"He will invite you once. It should be simple for you to see to it he invites you again."

"And where," asked Darnley, "do you come in. What makes it worth such excellent wages to you?"

"I'm always thinking of others," said Garden. "I only want him to have a good time. Does the idea appeal to you?"

Darnley stared at the tablecloth. She was remembering those fragments of conversation she had heard at Sanson's. The one about the advertising account of the Intercontinental Tobacco Corporation, and the other one that hinted at possibilities that Sanson could be placed on a spot. It involved the Golden Blend and appertained to the Golden Blend Girl. This offer of Garden's was a piece with those bits of talk.

Consequently it touched Farrish and the Britton Agency and her own career. There would be skulduggery. And she, Darnley Carfax, would be on the inside—on the inside, where she could watch and learn what was afoot and, possibly, use that information for her own advantage, and for Farrish's. Which, after all, was for herself. She smiled a bit thinly at Garden. "The proposition," she said, "sounds attractive."

"You'll get to like him," said Gorse.

"Not too much, I hope," said Darnley. "And now, how's for getting back to work?"

"Work's done for the day."

Darnley rose and walked to the door. On the threshold she paused and smiled graciously. "I'm glad," she said, "that nothing very important depends upon my trusting either one of you," she said, and went to the dressing-room.

Garden nodded his head with satisfaction. "We couldn't have picked a better gal," he said. "She's wise and she's hard." . . .

Though her days were occupied and her nights spent in such pleasures as her native village never afforded, Darnley Carfax found time once each week to write Grandpa Carfax at length. She took him into her confidence completely. She told him about the sable coat, about Farrish and the Golden Blend girl. She gave him the particulars of her agreement to receive a hundred dollars for each date she made and kept with Chico Sanson, and her reasons for doing so. Possibly she hoped that the old gentleman would reach down into his store of wisdom and advise her. But he did not do so.

"You grabbed the oars," he said; "now let's see you row the boat."

SHE met all sorts of men; single men, married men, partially married men. She met men who were adroit and charming in their approach; men who were obvious and clumsy. She encountered men who were gay and spendthrift and men who were dour and parsimonious. One and all were avid to be seen with her, for there seems to be nothing the New York male delights in so much as to be observed in public places with a young and beautiful woman. She was mildly surprised to discover what a high percentage of these gentlemen were innocent of any hopes or intentions except social ones.

She also discovered that the attitude of the artist toward the model was vastly different from the attitude of the layman. To an artist—as Peter Orrick, for instance—the model was a part of his equipment, and not to be pampered. The artist in general seemed to feel that any girl should be gratified to pose for him and to run his errands and to do chores about the studio. Most artists, instead of being gay dogs whose studios were hotbeds of glamorous sin, were plodding fellows and not especially interesting outside their art. They were glamorous only because story writers, from Henri Murger onward, had found them excellent material. On the whole Darnley found them a rather dull lot.

She discovered, of course, that artists had affairs with their models, but mostly they were casual, without meaning, without poetry or glamour. And for the most part they were carried on with girls who did not rank high in the profession and who were either little idiots who thought they were living life, or with completely unmoral girls who regarded love as they regarded breakfast food or shaking hands.

The fire department at Fort Madison, Iowa, must practice for 15 minutes before attending a fire

Models in the upper brackets were of two sorts, Darnley discovered: those who were out for bigger game than artists, or those who were too cold, vain, and generally snippy to engage in anything so necessarily undignified as love-making.

One truth she came upon very quickly, and that was that men were easy to handle, not dangerous, and easily put in their places. Of course, Darnley was extraordinarily sure of herself. But very quickly she assumed an attitude of contempt for any girl who came around with a hard-luck story about how some man had done her dirt, or how her innocence had been taken advantage of by some philanderer. Nobody, said Darnley, was taken advantage of unless she wanted to be.

But, to this point, Darnley had not known what it was to be in love. She discounted love and its power to do mischief. Privately she sneered at girls who got into a state of mind over some man and let their emotions entangle them with tragedy. In short, she did not believe them.

She was dining and going to the theater tonight with Chico Sanson. It was her second engagement with him, and on the first occasion she had found him charming, entertaining, not without wit, and if he were a trifle avid of the society of celebrities, he was so obvious and naïve about it that it ceased to be objectionable. With respect to famous people he was very much as another man might have been about Chinese porcelains or Old Masters. They were his hobby.

It was impossible to guess his age as he sat across the table from her in the Colony, but she imagined that he was older than he looked. He might have been forty.

"Everybody," he said, "is there at one of Kinsolving's First Night's."

"I've never been at a First Night," said Darnley.

"I like them," he said. "Whether the show is good or bad. You know just who you are going to see."

"Isn't that a little boring?" she asked.

He looked at her a moment as if that was a very difficult question to answer, and then avoided it by changing the subject: "May I say that you are lovely tonight. It's a lovely kind of loveliness."

"Thank you, sir," she said demurely.

"It is more," he said, "a Junior League kind of loveliness than an artist's model."

"Maybe," said Darnley, "that's because models like to look like their idea of Junior Leaguers and Junior Leaguers try to look like models."

THIS also was too much for him. It savored of that bewildering thing, the epigram.

"I've been doing a great deal of thinking about beauty lately," he said.

"I understand that many men do"

"This," he said, "was in a business way. I am connected with the Intercontinental Tobacco Corporation. We manufacture a cigarette called the Golden Blend."

"Indeed," said Darnley.

"I've been working on an idea for our advertising. To have the cigarette practically trade-marked by a girl. The Golden Blend Girl. We would use her picture in all our copy. The first idea is to have a sort of contest to find the Golden Blend Girl. That's why I've been giving so much attention to beauty—to make up my mind just what type would be ideal for our purpose."

"And what type had you decided on?"

"I haven't. I'm keeping an open mind. Would you mind smoking a cigarette?"

"Certainly not. But why?"

"I ask every girl I am with to smoke a cigarette," he said. "Because the type I want must look as every girl would love to look smoking a cigarette. You've no idea how clumsy some girls are at it."

She took a Golden Blend from his case and lighted it at his gold and jeweled lighter. He watched her with interest.

"You look nice doing everything I have seen you do," he said.

"Is it your general idea to turn a girl's head?" she asked.

"It would be nice if I could do it," he answered, and then looked up as he saw Orrick and Adrian De Groot making their way between the tables. He waved a hand. De Groot headed his bulk toward them and Orrick followed.

"Twice in ten days," De Groot said. "Can it be love?" Then to Darnley: "You haven't done anything in more than a week to deserve public attention. Are you slipping?"

"I'm thinking up something tremendous," she said, and smiled at Orrick.

"You never," Orrick said, "dropped in at the studio?"

"Should I?" she asked.

"We're old friends, aren't we? Wasn't I to blame for your coming to New York?"

"Yes," she said, "and when you saw me here you shied like a skittish horse."

De Groot chuckled and Orrick flushed. "Well, I won't shy again," he promised. "I

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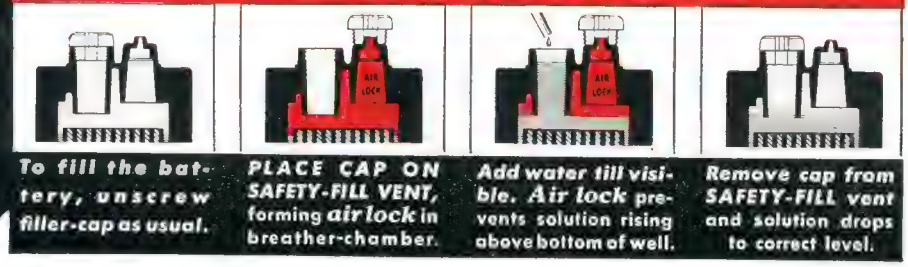

To fill the battery, unscrew filler-cap as usual.

PLACE CAP ON SAFETY-FILL VENT, forming *air lock* in breather-chamber.

Add water till visible. *Air lock* prevents solution rising above bottom of well.

Remove cap from SAFETY-FILL vent and solution drops to correct level.

"May we ne'er want a freend
—nor a dram ta gie him!"

*("May we never lack a friend
—nor a drink to give him!")*

Make your welcome as hearty as the *rugged* quality of Teacher's. The smooth, delightful tang of this friendly Scotch is appreciated more and more by an *increasing* number of Americans. You, too, can learn much about Scotch from Teacher's.

"It's the flavour"

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

86 PROOF

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U.S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

was going to call Wolfgang. The *Metropolis* wants you on another cover."

She considered that. It would be good business to appear again on the cover of that popular magazine—even if it meant a financial sacrifice. Artists paid only five dollars. "When?" she asked.

"Could you start tomorrow?"

"I think so. I'll have to check with Wolfgang. I'll call you in the morning."

"Who," demanded De Groot, "was the head man of the Pazzi conspiracy? Quick!"

"Girolamo Riario, nephew of Pope Sixtus IV," said Darnley promptly.

"Who was assassinated?"

"Giuliano dei Medici, brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent."

De Groot spread his hands. "Ain't she unique?" he demanded. "As learned as she is lovely." He turned to Sanson. "Chico," he asked, "would you say offhand that twice in ten days was constantly?"

"I don't get you."

"If I said that Chico Sanson was being seen constantly in the society of the Isabella d'Este of artist's models, Miss Darnley Carfax, would that be accurate?"

"It would," said Chico, "be accurate as a statement of my ambitions."

"Neat," said De Groot, nodding his huge head. "You are improving, Chico. Next I'm going to hear that you missed a First Night on purpose, and then I'm going to respect you as a man and a brother. Don't be late. The battery of flashlights is already set up on the sidewalk." He grinned down at Darnley. "Cut up a caper soon," he said. "A poor columnist must have copy."

"You may rely upon me," Darnley said.

"It's surprising," said Sanson, when the pair had moved away, "how much power De Groot has. He can almost make anybody, or any play or novel. With just a few words."

"Is that," asked Darnley, "why I'm dining with you tonight?"

"It planted the seed," said Sanson frankly, "but you did the rest yourself."

DARNLEY gave her attention to the breast of guinea hen. She looked up after a moment. "Isn't there such a thing as family life in New York? People do marry and live somewhere, don't they?"

"It has been done."

"But almost everybody one meets spends their noons in Thirty-nine and their evenings in restaurants or night clubs or theaters."

"Don't you like it?"

"As a novelty—yes. As a permanent thing it would pall on me."

"It does pall," said Chico, "but what else is there to do. It becomes a habit."

"But you—and men like you," said Darnley. "You have plenty of money. You have position. Why don't you marry and—oh, and have a different sort of a life?"

"I did marry," said Sanson. "Everybody does it once. For six years I've been doing First Nights and cafés. She won't divorce me and I can't divorce her." His voice changed and became lower in tone. "So I took up celebrity collecting."

"I'm sorry," Darnley said.

"No need to be. So, you see, I can't marry again." He smiled wryly. "There is such a thing as loneliness. Oh, I know what you're thinking—that I don't need to be lonely. There are always apartments on Park Avenue and charming girls willing to occupy them. I've thought of it. Naturally. But I've never yet run across just the right girl."

Darnley did not speak. "What's coming?" she asked herself.

"I've found out from my own experience and from watching my friends that there's no happiness in marriage. Maybe there could be happiness outside of marriage. It could be. It might be worth a try. But," he hesitated a little, "but it seems to me that sort of union would require a lot. To be any good, there would have to be a pretty perfect love, don't you think?"

"I'm just an innocent girl from the country," said Darnley.

"Most of these affairs are bargain and sale," said Chico. "I wouldn't like that. I would want sincerity. I would have to worship her and she would have to adore me. Then, if that ever happened I'd be willing to go off the deep end with trust funds or annuities or whatever to make her secure."

DARNLEY wondered if this were an oblique proposition; if it were a leading-up-to. But she did not think so. She was rather sorry for Sanson. He was a bit pitiful.

"At best," he said, "it must be rough on a girl—to be known officially as a man's mistress. Not so bad in New York, of course. But there are always cats to claw. And there are places she could not be received. If ever I did go into such an arrangement I would want the girl to look it in the face and consider all the possibilities."

"You can't consider possibilities," said Darnley with more wisdom than one would have expected her to possess. "You have to experience them to know what they mean."

"I fear you're right," he said. "Nobody can describe a toothache."

Darnley chose to change the subject this time: "When do you start the search for the Golden Blend Girl?" she asked.

"Officially? It will be announced in two weeks. There—there are things going on—certain changes in plans and—er—in personnel," he said. "We are not quite ready."

She understood as he could not know that she understood. It was the taking away of the advertising account of the Intercontinental Tobacco Corporation from Hatch & Miller, and the bestowal of it upon some other agency. There was that, and she was convinced that it was a part of the intrigue concerning this matter that had caused Henry Garden to pay her a hundred dollars for each evening she spent with Sanson.

She wondered what Chico Sanson would think of her if he knew it; what he would do; what he would say. This reflection caused her acute discomfort, for she found herself liking the man and unwilling to forfeit his good opinion.

Of one thing Darnley was convinced: She would be guilty of no treachery toward Sanson. She would not allow herself to be used, but would use those who were trying to make a cat's-paw of her. She would use them for her own ends, to further her ambitions, to give her the position she coveted as the most sought-after, the most glamorous model in America. Nothing should interfere with that. Let others do what they would, she could not be swerved from her course.

"You see," said Sanson, "we spend a tremendous sum in advertising. We have to have the best brains, the best advisers, to get adequate returns from it."

"You mean the advertising agency that handles your account?" she asked.

"Exactly," he said.

Presently they left the table and stepped into Sanson's town car. The chauffeur drove

them to the theater, where they had to wait in line before they could alight. The sidewalk was crowded with sight-seers, autograph fiends, cameramen from the newspapers.

"Please, Mr. Sanson! Please. . . . Just a second. . . . May I have the lady's name also. . . . Oh, Miss Carfax." The newspapermen grinned at her amiably. "We'll be seeing lots of each other," one of them told her, and she thrilled to the words. If only Grandpa Carfax—all her home town—could see her at this moment! It was gorgeous! It was heavenly! It was perfect! . . .

DARNLEY thought she never had seen so discouraged a young man as Clyde Farrish seemed to be. His hair, never neat, was tousled by fingers that had run and run through and through it. His eyes were weary as if with loss of sleep. Yet, for all of it, he seemed somehow younger, more boyish than he had ever seemed before. It was a quenched, gloomy boyishness, rather pitiful and appealing.

"Lawyers," he said, and shrugged.

"The sable coat?" asked Darnley.

"I surrender," he said. "The whole studio, lock, stock, and barrel, won't pay for it if they sell me out. I'll still be owing money."

"But they've got to give you time—give the police time to hunt for it," she said.

"Oh, they're quite decent about it. But what's the use? I'm all for giving them the key to the place and walking out."

"How," asked Darnley, "could that coat have been gotten out of this place? Have the police no idea?"

"They don't say so," he said, "but their idea is that I got away with it somehow—probably with your help. They've looked into my affairs. They know I'm shaky. I suppose it's a natural suspicion."

"Why," asked Darnley, "is your business shaky?"

"Because we're in a depression," he said. "Because advertisers aren't advertising. They've no use for photographs."

"Is every commercial photographer in a bad way?" she asked.

"Some of them seem to be getting along all right."

"Why they and not you?"

"How should I know?"

"Have these other studios better cameras and equipment than yours?"

"No."

"Are they better photographers?"

"I'm the best blasted photographer in town," he said tartly.

"Then where is their advantage?"

"They can sell their stuff. I can't."

"Why?"

"Quit pestering me," he said irritably. "I'm a flop. I haven't got what it takes to compete. I'm nothing but a bloody shutter-snapper."

"These furriers," said Darnley, "must know that if they push you they won't get the value of their coat."

"They do," he said.

"Then," said Darnley, "they have everything to gain and nothing to lose by giving you time."

"But if they give me time—what? Nobody's going to find that coat. This business couldn't earn money enough in twenty years to pay for it."

"You wouldn't happen to be a quitter, would you?"

"What's it to you if I am?" he demanded with a sudden flare of temper.

"Less than the dust," she said. And then, "Grandpa Carfax says when you're puzzled about a thing always go back and look at its elements. Lay them in a row, and see if you can put them together better."

"You talk too much," said Farrish.

"The first element," Darnley said, "is: Are you morally liable for that coat?"

"And legally," he said.

"Then it's a debt," she said, "and Grandpa Carfax says a man never belongs to himself so long as he owes a penny. A man that is square would either find it or pay for it if it took him forty years."

"Right now I don't feel noble," he said. "Bankruptcy looks like man's best friend."

"And be ashamed of yourself all the rest of your life!" she said.

"DO YOU," he asked, "think I want to crawl back home licked? Do you think I like it?"

"If," she told him, "you let yourself be licked now, you'll stay licked to the end of time. You can't lie down! To keep your own self-respect you've got to fight."

He raised his tired eyes and looked at her curiously. "What's all this to you? What do you care?"

She bit her lip. What, indeed, did she care? What were Clyde Farrish and his affairs to her. The question startled her, embarrassed her. So, as people are prone to do with troublesome things, she put it away from her for the future to consider.

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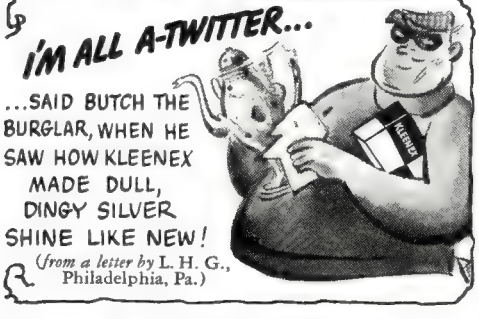
(from a letter by L. H. G., Philadelphia, Pa.)



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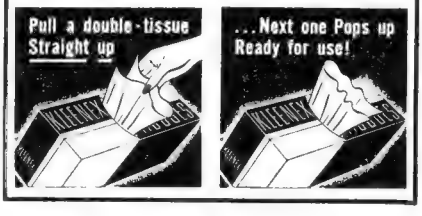

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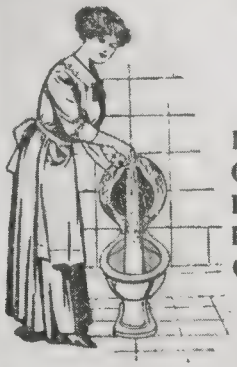

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

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.....

"You," he went on, "are just a model I happen to use. I can go to hell in a handbasket and it's no skin off your nose. Or is it the mother instinct?" His lip curled. "I've had women try the mother-instinct dodge on me before."

Her eyes snapped. "Just what," she asked, "do you think you've got that I want? I'm just interested, and if you want to know why I'm interested I'm darned if I know. It just came on like a cold in the nose." She paused. "Maybe," she said, "it's because you didn't start making passes at me. Maybe I liked that. Maybe I had a fool idea you were a decent sort. Maybe it's because you look and act like a sap and I'm sorry for you. But, whatever it is, I'm done. I've spoken my piece and now, for all of me, you can dive out of the window."

She turned and marched toward the door, but before she reached it he said, "Hold your horses!"

SHE paused and turned her face—an angry, startlingly beautiful face—and remained poised with her hand on the doorknob.

"Suppose you were in my place, what would you do?" he asked.

"I've told you," she said sharply. "I'd keep going. I'd hang on until there was nothing to hang to. I'd hold off those fur people, and I'd hunt to find what was wrong with me that I couldn't do as much business as other studios do. And then I would go out and get it. I'd keep trying. I'd keep on getting up to fight until I won or was knocked out cold. I certainly wouldn't lick myself; I'd make somebody lick me and work hard to do it."

He ran his fingers through his hair. "I'm a lousy businessman," he said.

"Why?"

"I suppose," he said, "because I am a sort of half-baked artist."

"What has a businessman that you haven't?"

"The ability," he said, "to make money."

"Are you lazy?"

"No."

"That's something. Maybe you're dumb."

"I've been considered quite brilliant."

"I haven't noticed," she said tartly. "Why not take half an hour off and think up why you're not a businessman. Maybe it's been because you haven't tried."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning," she said, "that you've been doing all your good thinking about making pictures and nothing else. Maybe you've given that all your attention, and sort of expected the rest to take care of itself."

He thought that over. It took him between wind and water because it was so penetrating; because, as he saw in a flash, it went to the very root of the matter. He stared at her. He started to say something and then changed his mind. After a pause he said something quite different than he had at first intended. "I still," he said, "can't understand why you are interested in what becomes of me."

"Neither can I," she said, compelled again to face that question. "Maybe it is because of that first day in the railroad station. That was an odd thing. I was coming to New York to be a model—and I ran into you needing a model." She was talking now more to herself than to him, trying to explain it to herself. "Maybe there's some sort of law that makes people meet at the right moment. Maybe there's something that sends one person moving from one spot and another person moving from another spot. They both thought they were starting out to do something they wanted to do—but maybe they weren't. They were being maneuvered by somebody or something so they would meet. Possibly we met like that, and now we can't help ourselves."

"Kismet?" he asked curiously.

"I don't know."

He scowled and made a boyish grimace. "You don't by any cockeyed chance," he asked, "think you're in love with me?"

"Definitely not," she said sharply.

"All the same, that was funny talk about Kismet."

"Probably it doesn't mean anything. I was just thinking out loud."

He sat whistling through his teeth, saying nothing.

"Now," she said, "if you want to make that picture let's get at it. My afternoon is taken. I'm working in a Fashion Show."

They went out into the studio and were finished with the pose in an hour. Farrish walked with her to the door. "Funny thing," he said jerkily. "Somebody busted into this shop last night."

"Burglars?"

He shrugged. "Can't find they took anything," he said. "Just rummaged. Around an old library of negatives I bought."

"Did you tell the police?"

"Didn't bother."

"Don't you think," she asked, "that too many queer things are happening around this studio?"

"Yes," he said promptly, "and first among them is you." . . .

THE Fashion Show wasn't good for Darnley's soul. With half a dozen other beautiful girls of assorted complexions she slithered across the stage and down the runway wearing exquisite costumes and gowns and hats and furs. She experienced the sensation of lovely textures caressing her flesh. She studied herself in mirrors as she wore dresses so expensive she never could hope to own their like, and realized how much the couturier can contribute to the beauty of a woman. She would not have been human had she not been envious of those who could afford such garments; envious and resentful of women with a fraction of her beauty but with deep purses out of which to buy and own what she wore temporarily to parade before them. She resented it that the gowns she wore might be ruined by the wealthy bodies they would presently encase.

As she undulated before the roomful of women her heart was hot. Not one in that great apartment was so beautiful as she; she doubted if any were as intelligent. Yet she, their superior in everything but money, was paid to exhibit herself before them like some freak of nature, while they sat back smugly and fatuously imagined that they could look as she looked.

What, she asked herself savagely, was the difference between herself and these women? She could find but one answer: money. Because they had the money, and the social position money could buy, they might treat her as dirt beneath their feet; ordering her sharply to turn, to retreat, to advance, to stand, as if she were an inferior animal. It was wearing to body and to nerves, but she must smile that insipid model's smile and glide among them and suffer their critical stares and comments.

"Oh, model," said a clear-cut, not musical

voice, "will you turn so I can see the back? Not that way—not that way."

Darnley halted as commanded and modeled the gown. The woman before whom she stood was but a few years older than herself, metallically beautiful, with golden hair worn smoothly and tightly like a rich helmet, and cold, calculating eyes, and a mouth at once sensuous and bitter. She narrowed those eyes and looked insolently into Darnley's face. "What is your name, model?" she asked.

"Carfax," Darnley said with what courtesy she could muster.

"I thought so," said the young woman. "Well, Miss Carfax, watch your step."

Darnley slithered back along the runway and to the dressing-room. "Who," she asked of one of the other girls, "is the blond woman in the sixth row by the runway."

"The dame that looks like she was made in a brass factory?" asked the model.

"Rather," agreed Darnley.

"That," said the girl, "is Mrs. Chico Sanson."

IN THE dressing-rooms the models whispered gossip and scandal about the women in the audience—about this woman's affairs, that woman's marriages; about the origin of Mrs. Palmer Studer, for instance, who had been a chorus girl until she charmed industriously the dull, fat, pig-eyed man who had made her his wife.

"If you got the jack" said a gorgeous brunette, "you can get away with murder."

"It's only the saps and the crumbs that marry us," said another. "Either young saps and rummies, or old pigs."

"Yeah. If you get it you got to pay for it one way or another," said a third.

"Men aren't so bad if you know how to take them," said the brunette. "It's the women that build the fence to keep us out. The Wives' Union."

"Nobody," said Darnley, "is going to keep me out."

"Is zat so!" said the brunette sarcastically. "Listen, baby, when you've been around you'll find out you either marry the garageman and raise a basketful of squalling brats, or you grab off a handsome broker that ain't understood at home. And some Christmas Eve he kicks you out because he's got indigestion. You can get a wedding ring, with a perpetual license to wash dishes, or you can pick you off a lad with a roll and a frigid wife and be lonesome about five nights a week—provided you're a straight shooter."

"The glamour of a life of sin," said a fairy-like little blonde, "is swell till you try it. And if you happen to fall in love it's hell."

Darnley, in a reckless mood, left the Fashion Show and took a cab to the apartment she shared with Jerry Shafto. She threw off her clothes while the hot water was running in the tub and then lay in its grateful warmth with closed eyes. As she dozed she found herself thinking of Chico Sanson—Chico and his social position, his business position, his wealth. She thought about what he could give her, and of how easy and pleasant his money could make her life. She would have gowns, lingerie, hats, furs, jewels such as she had worn today. She could have all these things whenever she chose to accept them. And Chico was neither a sap nor a rummy. He was a gentleman, courteous, kindly, companionable.

She tried to consider the matter dispassionately. But she could not seem to do so. Her mind flitted away from Chico; away from any effort at practical reasoning, moral considerations, social barriers. Her thoughts darted off to remember how comically a shabby hat rested upon a tousled head; to recall a certain boyish expression on a thin, high-cheekboned face; or the satiric, sidewise glance of a pair of quizzical brown eyes. This angered her. She wanted to be calculating on the subject of Chico Sanson, but found herself being oddly sentimental with respect to Clyde Farrish.

"Nonsense!" she told herself sharply.

BEFORE she had dried herself the telephone rang, and she threw on a robe to answer it.

"Miss Carfax?" asked a masculine voice.

"Yes."

"Lacey Gorse speaking."

"I'm just getting out of my bath," said Darnley.

"How nice!" said Gorse. "You will meet me at El Picador at eight-thirty tonight."

"I'll what?"

"I hope I spoke clearly."

"I have an engagement tonight."

"Break it," said Gorse.

"Certainly not," said Darnley sharply.

"I was not asking you," said Gorse evenly; "I was telling you." He paused. "What do you suppose we've been paying you for? Eight-thirty at El Picador—and I don't mean perhaps."

(To be Continued)

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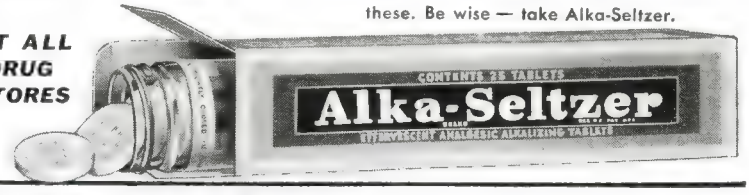

LOVE COMES TO *old mom*

(*Continued from page 50*)

of course. And then what? Who should put these Quints through their act but the Jungle Elephant Doctor, surrounded by chorines dressed up like storks—"

"But I had Old Mom playing like she was the babies' mother," interjected Pokey faintly.

Mr. Mulgrave surveyed him with bland scorn. "Who's interested in the mother of the Quints?"

"Follow the news if you want real acts," added the Major. "It's the Doc who's gotten all the press stuff."

POKEY BOANES passed a hand over his cold forehead. "Well, I guess I could dress Old Mom up in pants and such like she was the Doc."

"Oh, we were coming to that, Pokey," interrupted the Big Geezer. "You see, since we're advertising the biggest Quintuplets in the world, we'll have to present the biggest elephant to play the part of the Frontier Doctor. So we've bought that Massivo bull off the Sellson Shows. On the way down now; be here day after tomorrow."

"Massivo?" Again Pokey reeled. "He's an African elephant."

"He's big," snapped Mr. Mulgrave.

"But he's African! He's spooky, scared of half his shadow. And he don't like railroadin'."

Mr. Mulgrave smiled benignly. "We won't have to railroad him around at the World's Fair."

"His legs is weak," Pokey insisted desperately. "And babies get him crazy. I've seen it. How's he ever going to train them punks?"

"But can't you understand?" the Major asked. "He don't have to train the punks. Old Mom can look after that."

Hope flared anew for Pokey Boanes. "Suppose Old Mom decides she don't want to work with no big, dumb African elephant?"

"Now, Pokey," chided the Big Geezer. "You know how Old Mom is about big male elephants."

"Oh, I know she likes 'em. But that ain't no guarantee she'd go to no World's Fair and share star position with this here Massivo."

"But you don't seem to understand," the Big Geezer explained as gently as possible. "We rather need you and Old Mom back at the show. So, as soon as she gets through breaking the babies and Massivo to this act—"

"Think I'm going to be responsible for some act up in New York when Old Mom's back on the show?"

Mr. Mulgrave sucked deliciously at his toothpick. "Oh, I'll handle all that. You see, I'll work the act after you've got it broken. A thing like the World's Fair's got to have class. But, of course, if you haven't got the best interests of this show at heart—"

"That's just what I've got!" snapped Pokey. "And that's why I'm squawking!" Then he wheeled away blindly and left the office building. Old Mom wasn't going to the World's Fair!

"I bet if there was some way to get that to the public, they'd raise hell about it," mumbled Pokey doggedly. But there was no way. The elephant boss stumbled on, at last to reach his little shack at the end of the elephant yard. There, surrounded by four walls solidly plastered with photographs of Old Mom in grave moments and gay, he sank upon his cot and thought it all out. Mr. Mulgrave had pulled the fastest one in the whole history of a long feud.

MOREOVER, Mr. Mulgrave had crossed a barrier. Before this, at least, he had remained aloof from Pokey's actual control of the elephant herd. Now, however, he not only had managed to unseat his rival, but had walked into his shoes as a trainer. And nothing, seemingly, could be done about it, unless—

"Old Mom ain't never seen an African bull elephant," Pokey mused hopefully. "Maybe she won't go for him like she would an Asiatic." . . .

Two days passed in hope and wondering. Then Mr. Mulgrave hurried into the elephant yard, shouting, "Hey, Pokey! Rush Old Mom out to the railroad siding. They've just switched in Massivo's car."

Wildly the elephant boss grabbed for his bull hook and ran for Old Mom, trotting her toward the siding just outside the big gate.

"Don't you take nothing off this African bum!" he commanded sternly as he trotted beside her shuffling form. "Don't let him make a fool out of you."

Old Mom chirruped querulously, then suddenly raised her ears. From within a big boxcar came sounds of thrashing about and wild trumpetings. Then Mr. Mulgrave, who had preceded them, shouted from the car, where he was helping Unconscious to raise a runway, "Okay—now watch it!"

Pokey took advantage of that. "Watch it, Mom!" he bellowed, and added in an undertone, "If this guy makes a pass at you, slap him!"

The door was opened now, to reveal a thrashing form. Then Mr. Mulgrave jumped to safety, bawling for Pokey to get up there with Old Mom. The elephant boss sought to obey, but the ancient leader hung back. She was staring at the mammoth form which had appeared at the head of the runway, a towering elephantine thing of a type she never before had seen. He had tremendous, fanlike ears and an inordinately long trunk. His front legs were like stilts and somewhat convex at the knees. Now he had shaken off Unconscious, who had sought to hook him by an ear, and was half falling, half loping down the runway. Then he sighted Old Mom, and took a hesitant step in her direction. Another followed. The pace quickened. Soon he was running, straight for the old herd queen, while, beside her, Pokey Boanes urged again:

"Watch him, Mom. Don't let him sock you!"

OLD MOM drew back, her eyes rolling. But suddenly she relaxed. Massivo, the great African, had stopped dead before her and had given a squeal of delight. Lonely after a long journey, Old Mom was to him a welcoming committee. His trunk stretched forth. He stroked her quivering shoulder. Again he squealed, joyously. His tremendous form shook with gelatinous delight. Closer he came, his trunk fawning. Old Mom gave a great sigh. Her head went coyly to one side and her shoulders swayed as, overcome, she met the advance.

Pokey Boanes dropped his bull hook and turned his back. "Love at first sight!" he moaned.

That wasn't the end of Old Mom's surrender. They reached the elephant yard, where the Quintuplets viewed the tall visitor with high disfavor. Then Babe let out a chirrup, echoed by Eva, to be followed by Gracie and Fannie and Mabel. With this, they broke the wooden bar at the gate of their private enclosure, scampered in five directions, and then converged for a concerted rush in which they used the vacancy beneath the tall-legged Massivo's belly for a tunnel. The flighty African whooped with fear. Knock-knees flinging wildly, he gave evidences of a breakaway.

"Take him!" shouted Pokey. "Now's your chance, Mom. Take the big bum!"

Instead, she chased the Quintuplets back to their enclosure, blasted warnings that sent them cowering into a corner, and, turning, hurried back to calm the fears of the shivering African.

"Chain 'em up," said Pokey faintly. "Some things I just don't understand."

"If that's the case," announced Mr. Mulgrave, appearing from behind a pile of baled hay, "I'd better take complete charge right now—and break the act myself." . . .

TWO days later, he explained to the Big Geezer how easy it was—when an expert was in command. "All you got to do is use brains," said Mr. Mulgrave. "Spot your men and keep 'em working."

Pokey glared, while something rolled heavily about in his brain, making a tremendous dent.

The Big Geezer asked, "Think you can guarantee to have this act ready by the sixteenth?"

Mr. Mulgrave smiled, and stood in survey of the Great Massivo. The tremendous African was blissfully placid now; what with Old Mom chirruping and twisting girlishly beside him.

"There's the answer. That's the key to this here whole situation. Get Massivo gentled up and the act's in the bag. Pokey might have fooled around here a month while Old Mom tried to train this whole act. I ain't knocking his methods. But this way's just better; put her where she does the most good, and let humans handle them punks."

"If you're sure of the sixteenth, I'll wire the Major in New York to release the date to the New York papers," said the Big Geezer.

"Count on it," answered Mr. Mulgrave, and fished in his vest pocket for his engraved gold toothpick.

That evening Pokey Boanes sat dolorously on the step of his shack, with Unconscious beside him, as usual, missing blackbirds.

"I kind of ought to go to the Big Geezer," the elephant boss said mournfully. "They's got to be a head to every act. But Mr. Mulgrave ain't training it that way. And what'll Massivo do when they ship me and Old Mom back to the Pacific Coast?"

Unconscious sighted his slingshot, with his average bad aim. "The Big Geezer don't like guys coming to him squawking."

"Yeah, that's right."

"He don't like guys buildin' themselves up, either—if they can't make good."

Pokey Boanes came slowly into ramrodlike stiffness. "Your brains ain't all mush, is they?" he asked. . . .

It was an entirely different Pokey Boanes who greeted Mr. Mulgrave the next morning. The sulkiness of previous days had departed. He touched his cap and asked, almost with servility, "Shall we go right ahead the way we've been doing, sir?"

"That's right. You and the rest of the boys handle the Quints. Get them set in their routine, you know. A child can handle them after that. You see, when the act goes on—if we train it right—the nurses can romp the Quints through their tricks, while I handle Massivo. And, of course," he added, rocking on heel and toe, "generally supervise the whole production."

"Oh, sure," said Pokey. "It won't be a production 'lessen you're supervising it."

Upon this basis the training progressed, with the Twins harnessed by man power,

Pokey reeled. They were junking Old Mom's act—she wasn't going to the World's Fair, after all!

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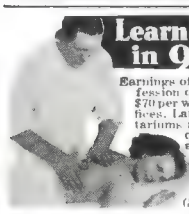

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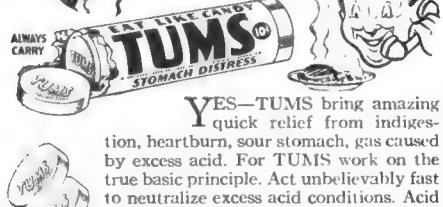

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plus remote control by Old Mom. For, while she worked with the slow-witted Massivo, chirruping and trumpeting and cajoling as she led him about in circles, or trotted with him to the center of the ring, where he was supposed to direct the antics of his cute little Quintuplets, her wary eye was ever on the watch for interference. Not a baby even started toward the big African without being scared out of its wits by the angry trumpeting of the old queen. Pokey Boanes wondered if Mr. Mulgrave had foreseen that.

A week more went by. With Old Mom always beside him as his coach, even the dumb Massivo seemed to have gotten a faint idea of what was transpiring. Into the ring he came, with his top hat, his spectacles, and his Prince Albert. He climbed upon an elephant tub and trumpeted, whereupon a parade wagon, redone into a huge baby incubator, lugged the Quintuplets in, then disgorged them, whereupon they were supposed to run to their Frontier Doctor and kneel in gratitude. And even this was all right; Old Mom made it so with blasts of warning for the Quints and cajolery for Massivo.

FINALLY came the day when even Pokey was forced to admit that the act was letter-perfect. To the bull-hooked cue of Mr. Mulgrave, Massivo at intervals blasted what was supposed to be a command, whereupon the helpers hooked the babies into walking "tightrope" on the edge of the ring curb, bouncing a colored ball from one to the other, sucking on tremendous nursing bottles, and other kindergarten tricks.

That evening Mr. Mulgrave dropped by Pokey's shack, to gloat a bit. Old Mom, with Massivo, was just returning the Quints from their daily runaway. The superintendent frowned. "I didn't know you was letting Massivo wander out there with old Potato Puss after them babies!"

Pokey stared innocently. "What's wrong about it?"

The menagerie superintendent blinked. "Well, nothing, I guess," he said finally. Then: "Well, we're shipping out, tomorrow."

That night, when the moon was shining, Pokey, unable to sleep, left his shack and went to the elephant shed. There he took Old Mom's trunk in his arms and held it tight to him. "Don't fail me tomorrow, Mom," he begged. "Please, baby, for your own good—don't fail me!"

Then he stood for a long time beside her, just dreaming. What a knockout she'd be if she only had the stellar role in this act, instead of Massivo. "That big bum just walks through his part," Pokey mourned. "No actin' ability, no stage presence."

But there seemed nothing to do about it, unless Pokey's one last chance worked. In that he had nothing to say—his only hope lay in what he believed elephants were prone to do under certain circumstances. And he could be wrong, even about that. Thus came getaway day.

The act was given its final rehearsal. Dress costumes were brought forth and worn, without mishap, then packed in their hampers for express shipment to New York. Two big boxcars were switched to the siding. It was this extra elephant car which broke Pokey's heart. Tonight, he and Old Mom would be in it, headed west, for the Pacific Coast, while the act which she had made possible, would be New-York-bound, to the World's Fair, to fame, publicity, adulation. All this, unless—but Pokey, by now, was afraid to hope.

Three o'clock came. From a distance sounded the long-drawn signal of a locomotive whistle, as the local freight headed into the town of Bluebird, two miles away.

Mr. Mulgrave turned to greet the Big Geezer. "Well," he announced cheerfully, "here's where the big journey starts." Then, with a dramatic gesture, "All right there, elephant men. Get old Potato Puss there and let her lead the gang down to the cars!"

"Okay, Mom!" shouted Pokey. "Pick it up there!"

Old Mom trumpeted happily. She shambled forward, while Massivo, now unchained, ran eagerly to her side. One by one, the Quintuplets were herded into line, the Twins in the lead, their stubby trunks wiggling with nervousness. Mr. Mulgrave shouted another command. The march to the cars began. Out through the big gate went the old queen and her African boy-friend on a half run, the Quintuplets scampering after. Mr. Mulgrave, however, paced his gait to that of the Big Geezer, whose double stomach did not permit speed. After a time he edged a few steps into the lead. The sound of mighty trumpeting had come from the railroad siding.

Unconscious came through the gate on a run. "Pokey Boanes wants to know how he should load these here bulls," he called.

"Why, just load 'em. Massivo first, and block him off, and then—"

"Yeah, that's the way we started. Only, Massivo don't want to go."

Mr. Mulgrave gasped and, leaving the Big Geezer flat, ran for the siding. Two elephant helpers were hanging to the bellowing Massivo at the runway of his car, while Pokey Boanes was swinging wildly on the end of a bull hook, the other end of which was fastened into Old Mom's ear, who bawled and took on mightily.

Pokey Boanes shouted over a shoulder, "Massivo won't load. He wants Old Mom."

"Well, what about it? He's always afraid of freight cars. Have Old Mom lead him in there and calm him down."

"Pick it up, Mom!" snapped Pokey, and ceased attempting to hold her back.

GAILY Old Mom went up the runway, the long-legged Massivo in her wake. Pokey crowded them both into one end of the car.

"Now block off Massivo," commanded the menagerie superintendent. "Put up them bars."

Men hastened to obey, while Old Mom watched them with wide-eyed concern. It was not until they had finished their work that she realized what was happening. Then suddenly she whacked her trunk and let out a bawl which shook the freight car. Massivo joined her. From the distant railroad station came the whistle of the freight train, indicating that it had finished its switching.

"Okay!" shouted Mr. Mulgrave. "Time to shove off. Take Old Mom away."

Pokey Boanes hooked her. She refused to move. He shouted for her to pick it up. He tried to swing her about. But she merely stood there bawling. At last, with two helpers assisting him, the sweating bull boss dragged her, protesting, out of the car and down the runway.

"All right with those punks—hurry up with those punks!" shouted Mr. Mulgrave.

Helpers started forward with the Quintuplets, only suddenly to halt. A sound of great bellowing and crashing had come from within the car. Then Massivo appeared at the door, his eyes wide with terror; wildly he

swung down the runway and straight for Old Mom, who cooed and chirruped and stroked his shivering hulk with her trunk.

"Get a new set of bars!" yelled Mr. Mulgrave.

The Big Geezer interrupted from the side lines: "While they're bringing them up, maybe Old Mom could get him used to the car."

So Pokey Boanes and Mr. Mulgrave led Old Mom and Massivo inside once more. The herd queen stroked her Romeo and cooed him into a semblance of calm. Pokey threw them some hay. Old Mom ate greedily; Massivo partook only after a fashion. The freight train whistled in the near distance and pulled to a stop. The engine uncoupled, preparatory to the switching of the elephant cars.

"Just a minute," shouted Mr. Mulgrave encouragingly. "We'll be all set for you in a minute."

BUT an hour went by without results, while the train crew swore, and ran the engine back to town, to notify the dispatcher of unusual delays. It had been the same old thing over again. Old Mom objected to leaving Massivo, and when they did yank her away, Massivo followed, in spite of bars, shouts, cuss words, and bull hooks. Meanwhile, the Quintuplets were becoming more fretful, especially the Terrible Twins.

Mr. Mulgrave wiped his forehead. "It seems they don't want to leave each other," he said finally.

"Yes, I rather noticed that," answered the Big Geezer in a thin voice. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, maybe we could take Old Mom along as far as New York—until we got Massivo in the Menagetorium. Then ship her back to the circus from there."

The Big Geezer turned. "What do you think about that, Pokey?"

The elephant man touched his cap. "Mr. Mulgrave, here, is boss, sir. Except I don't think it'll work."

"Well, that's the way it's going to be," growled Mr. Mulgrave. "Get Old Mom in that car with Massivo. No," he added on second thought, "I'll take her."

Pokey Boanes pressed his lips together and handed over his bull hook. It had even come to this—that another master should lead Old Mom. "I suppose I ain't going along?" he asked.

"Only got tickets for myself and two helpers," answered the menagerie boss. "Come on, here, Mom!"

SHE obeyed, stepping forward to the prodding of Mr. Mulgrave, the giant Massivo pacing nervously beside her. Mulgrave called to his helpers, "Plenty of hay there, now—they're okay. Now bring on those punks."

"Bring on the punks!" echoed Pokey; then started forward to do the job himself.

Unconscious had turned his back, and was suddenly engrossed in slingshot practice on blackbirds. Everyone else was busy inside the boxcar. The elephant man grasped Babe and Eva by an ear apiece and started forward, commanding the rest to follow. Up the runway they went, jamming in the entrance. Just then a blackbird alighted on the roof of the car. Unconscious, tongue between teeth, inserted a heavy pebble in the sling, pulled hard, and let fly.

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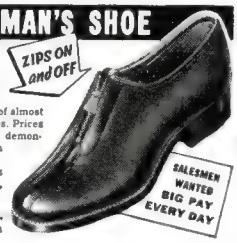

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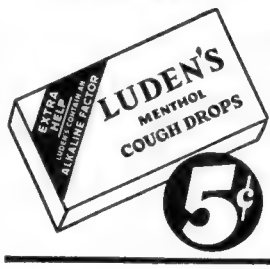

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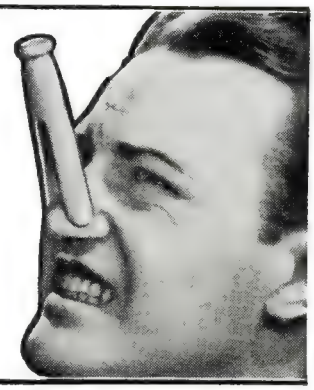

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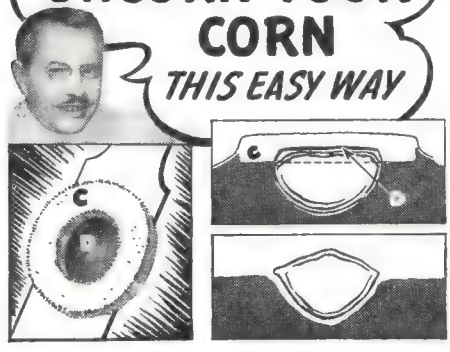

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low, zinging within the boxcar, and came to a stinging halt on a tender spot behind Babe's ear. The Twin yowled with pain and terror. Into the air she went, upsetting Pokey and knocking Eva to one side. Immediately the other brat countered with a baby bellow and a vicious slap of her trunk. The fight was on.

Wildly elephant men sought to separate them. It was useless. Shortly afterward the boxcar began to burp, emitting scrambling men and squawking elephants, five little ones in the lead and heading, as fast as their short legs could carry them, for winter quarters.

"Pick 'em up, Mom!" shouted Pokey. "Pick 'em up!"

Old Mom bawled tremulously; things were happening terribly fast, even for her. She hesitated for a moment, then took confidence; the great Massivo had disentangled himself from the wreckage of the runway and was heading for her with great strides.

Mr. Mulgrave let out an agonized shout: "Massivo's going with her. Somebody head him off!"

"You head him off!" answered Pokey Boanes, running hard after Old Mom. "You're his boss!"

"Cut out this everlasting stuff about who's boss!" bawled the Big Geezer. "Catch those babies. And bring back one elephant to go with 'em—I don't give a damn which!"

THAT was not easy to do. The Quintuplets had shied through the big winter-quarters gate at race-track speed, wheeled around the office building, skirted the menagerie house, and were now popping through a hole they'd made in the fence.

Old Mom was having difficulty in catching up with them. Massivo kept bawling for her to stop, and she was forced to run back to him, and coo and chirrup and persuade him that this was a necessary job. Massivo's knock-knees were not standing up well, and he didn't want to be running like this, but he couldn't help it. By the time they reached open ground the Quintuplets were far away, over by the cypress trees, and, their fright now forgotten, were heavily engaged in rolling in a mud puddle. Old Mom turned on full speed, trumpeting encouragement to Massivo, who was having a hard time to keep up with her. At last he stopped flat, and bawled piteously.

They had struck a stretch of soft ground, nothing dangerous, but terribly disconcerting to the big, weak-kneed African. Again Old Mom gave up her mission that she might return to him and, prancing gaily about, prove that there was nothing to fear.

Far in the background the pursuing Pokey Boanes slowed his pace. "I got to let Old Mom work this out herself," he called to the Big Geezer, wheezing along in the rear. Mr. Mulgrave had remained at the boxcar, to set up a new runway.

Old Mom, however, could find very little sanity in any of it. The bulky Massivo had struck another soft spot—and just at a time when Old Mom was within campaigning distance of the Quintuplets. But she gave that all up and returned to her bawling consort. Moreover, she repeated it a half-dozen times in the next hundred yards. By now the Quintuplets had moved on toward the marshes leading to the distant swamp.

A half-hour passed, in which Old Mom made advances through the muggy soil, only to renounce them that she might aid her frightened comrade. Again and again she almost reached the Quintuplets, only to be recalled—thus giving the runaways a chance to move on anew. An irritated, harrassed quality came into her trumpeting, which caused the Twins trepidation. But every time they were almost frightened enough to surrender, Old Mom ceased her activities and dropped the chase. That gave everything a fresh start.

The sun began to sink. Old Mom, dead tired after a shuttle-like course of nearly three hours, raised her trunk for a series of blasts which shook the Spanish moss on the trees of the cypress swamp. Anger surmounting everything else, she plunged on anew. The Twins were at the very edge of the big morass. If they progressed within it she might never get them out.

Forward she went, floundering, feeling her way, plunging when the ground seemed safe, or walking on elephantine tiptoes when the ground became shaky and unsound beneath her. Meantime, she called encouragement to Massivo and damnation to the Twins; sometimes she became confused and reversed the process. Once, when this happened, Massivo stopped short, raised his trunk, and bellowed in rage. But he strove to follow, nevertheless.

Deeper the herd queen went, with the Quintuplets almost within reach—but always out of it. Old Mom, dizzy, tired, fraught with worry, essayed a swooping flank movement to head off the Twins, who, with wild squeals, sought to avoid her. Then Babe missed her calculations, rolled off a tussock of raised earth, and lay scrambling. It was Old Mom's chance. She lunged forward—and flopped, over her head in a mudhole!

Wildly she floundered there, bawling with fear; deep swamp means panic to an elephant. More and more desperately she thrashed about, at last to gain a footing, scramble hard to raise herself, and then scream with anger as she felt a heavy weight strike hard against her, pushing her back into the hole. It was a Twin, she felt sure, and that was too much for any herd queen. With all the spleen which the afternoon had stored for her, Old Mom bellowed and lashed out with her trunk. She felt the impact, and trumpeted with satisfaction, pulling back for another wallop. But, before she could execute it, a raging tornado of bellowing struck her ears, and the whack of a giant trunk all but knocked her flat. It had not been Babe she had struck, but Massivo, who, following dully, had wallowed into the same hole as she.

OLD MOM shook herself, until the mudhole quivered. She trumpeted as if in apology. But Massivo was panic-stricken. Like a spoiled child, he bawled and struck at her again. She took it. For a third time he hit her, and a fourth, his rage mounting. That was too much. Old Mom slopped about into defensive position. Another blow from Massivo knocked the mire from her eyes, and she saw that the big African was in mud to his belly. With a final effort at peace, she pushed forth her trunk to him in a gesture of aid; the flighty African was crazed now. He slashed out viciously, and, in that moment, Old Mom found a footing.

She braced herself. She reared back. She let go with her trunk and knocked Massivo reeling. She waited until he floundered her way again, until he was even half out of the bog. Then she backed up, snorting and gusting. She lowered her head. Her legs began to move with quick, short steps, growing swifter and swifter. Then, putting every bit of speed and strength she could

summon into the delivery, she butted her Romeo a good ten feet into the deepest and slimiest part of the mudhole, and watched him sink to his shoulders without a qualm.

"Easy, Mom. Don't murder him!" Pokey Boanes was slopping toward her. "Easy, now."

For Old Mom was pacing, head low, muddy eyes rolling, trunk splattering slime as she whacked the ground. Gone was her love affair, gone was everything except a desire to give this big, ungrateful bum the beating he deserved. But she could not reach him—and, besides, there was Pokey with his bull hook, dragging at her, as he shouted, "Come on, sweetheart! Have you gone nuts? Get them babies. Pick it up now; pick it up!"

Old Mom wheeled and raised her trunk. From her throat came a shattering blast of command. In answer, five contrite babies, terrorized by the fight which they had just witnessed, came whimpering and squealing toward her.

After a long time, they were all back at the runway. That is, all but Massivo.

"You can get that big African bum out with a block and tackle and about twenty men," Pokey announced to Mr. Mulgrave as they loaded the Quintuplets. "Or I can hook up Old Mom to a hawser—"

"Hook her up nothing," bellowed the Big Geezer. "I'm through with Africans. We'll take our time about getting him out. And another thing I'm through with," he snapped, glaring at Mr. Mulgrave, "is persons from one department butting in on somebody else's business. . . . Load up Old Mom with those Quints. Give me a line-up of the kind of a costume you want for her, and I'll wire the Major in New York to have it made. That's how it should have been in the beginning!"

A HALF-HOUR later a tired freight conductor gave the highball signal to an equally tired engineman; the train headed out of the siding six hours late. Deep in the boxcar the Quintuplets grunted and snorted and gobbled and squealed at their night portion of hay. Pokey Boanes stood at the open door, close to Old Mom, tired, listless, her eyelashes caked with mud.

The engine whistle moaned against the softness of the night, and the throat of Pokey Boanes constricted. New-York-bound! To the World's Fair; perhaps Old Mom's name in lights! He patted her trunk, and, with consternation, noticed that she was quivering. From away out there in the swamp had come sounds of tremendous bawling, surmounting even the noise of this rattling caravan. Old Mom blinked. Her ears wagged. A querulous note came from her throat. Pokey Boanes whirled, tightening his arms about her rough trunk, and stood thus a long time.

The distant bawling became fainter, fainter, and died away. Old Mom gave a great sigh. Her trembling ceased. Pokey Boanes rubbed the back of a hand across his eyes.

"Atta girl!" he said huskily. "Just forget the whole mess. You've got your career to think about now, baby!"

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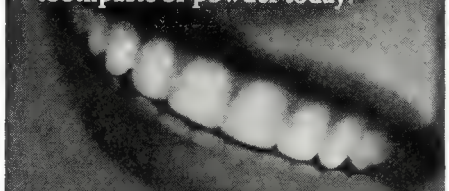

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ILLNESS in the home calls for the clearance of all bric-a-brac, pictures, and unwanted furniture from the sickroom. But a bridge lamp is a mighty useful object to keep around. It makes a handy rack on which to hang tubing, or a mirror, should the patient wish to shave or primp.

IF YOUR patient is well enough to write letters but his fingers are stiff or painful, a pen stuck through a cork stopper will facilitate writing.

ALWAYS keep a stock of dry mustard in the house. A mustard footbath, when you are thoroughly chilled, may help ward off a bad cold. Mix mustard and cold water to form a smooth paste before adding it to the hot water. Use one tablespoonful of the mixture to every gallon of water. But don't forget that common colds can be dangerous without a doctor's supervision.

MUSTARD plasters will often relieve pains in the chest before the doctor arrives. Spread an old piece of sheeting on a plate. Mix one tablespoonful of dry mustard with four tablespoonfuls of flour and enough tepid water to make a paste that will drop from the spoon. Spread this one-eighth of an inch thick on the center of the sheeting; fold each side toward the center, turn up the bottom and tuck in the top. Leave the plaster on for 10 or 15 minutes, or until the skin becomes reddened. Cover plaster with a towel. Be careful not to leave it on too long or you will be burned.

SOMETIMES a baby or small child thrashes around so much that it is difficult to give it medicine or treat its ears, eyes, nose, or throat. Mummying is the remedy. Fold a blanket

or sheet wider than the length of the child and long enough to encircle his body twice or more. Place the child in the middle of this strip. Bring one end of the strip over his shoulder, across his chest, under opposite arm, and well behind his back. Bring other end of strip over uncovered shoulder, wind snugly around the body, and pin. The blanket hanging about the feet should be turned up in back and pinned.

DON'T believe the old wives' tale that a gold wedding ring rubbed on a sty will cure it. A sty on the eye should be bathed with applications of gauze dipped in *hot* water. A crop of sties usually indicates an underlying cause and is a warning to see a doctor. Never try to open a sty.

NO ICEBAG in the house? A bathing cap, rubbers, a piece of slicker gathered into a pouch, or even a section of an inner tube, filled with ice, will serve your purpose.

PETS are grand playmates, but don't let the animals kiss the children, or vice versa. Worm eggs may be introduced into the system.

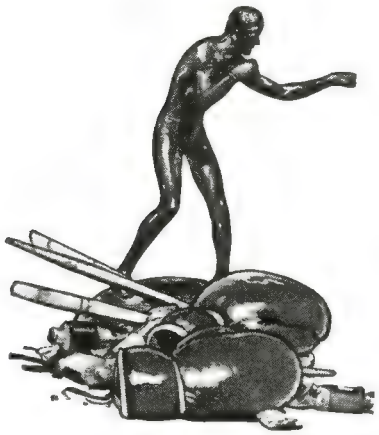
EVEN if you have always considered yourself "absolutely useless in an emergency," you can do your bit by remembering to cover up an injured person—even in the summertime—and to give him a hot drink. But you should never force fluids down the throat of an unconscious person.

BEDSORES occur most frequently at the heels and the base of the spine, where circulation is cut down by continual pressure. You can help the patient by using small pillows under the ankles and a large one to prop him up on his side.

DEEP injuries acquired from nails, rusty or otherwise, should be given prompt attention. Until the doctor comes, make the wound bleed freely and apply iodine.

IT IS often necessary to improvise a stretcher. Out of doors an automobile seat or a ladder can be used, while indoors there's the ironing board.

LOUISE SKENE, R. N.



Slap Happy

(*Continued from page 21*)

secret that he knew this need of hers to put bright colors upon white canvas. He would sit by the hour and watch her and never say a word. He could not understand the finished work, the modern approach to art. But he understood the toil that went into it, the pride of accomplishment when it was done. That was the same as boxing. He would never breathe it to a soul, even to Mary, but that was the way he felt about it.

She was content, also. He was kind and he did not demand too much from her. What she gave him she gave freely, and that was what made life easy. She was so constructed that she needed much respite, needed spare strength for the painting, for her bursts of energy. He protected her and satisfied her and made her happier than, she sometimes humbly thought, she or any woman deserved.

The golden years slipped by. They took the world and examined it carelessly and used what parts of it they could. And one day Ike was thirty and he was fighting in Milwaukee, and Mary was in New York listening to the radio.

It was the semifinal, put on after Toughy Muddle had hammered Dan Bettle to pieces and removed the mythical crown from the champion's head. There was some spare radio time, and through the excitement attendant upon the changing of the title the announcer drawled a running account of the bout.

Ike was going against Happy Meredy, a young kid on the way up. The wise guys had their eye on Meredy, and many of them stuck around to see what he would do against Ike.

Ike caught the words as the announcer below him spoke into the microphone: ". . . the veteran George Pate . . ."

He grinned. He was a veteran now. He went out and played a pattern of lefts neatly spaced against the face of Happy Meredy. He moved about loosely and easily and made the kid miss.

The rounds flattened out in this manner to eight, nine, ten. The kid still came on in the tenth. He had strength and bravery, Ike saw, and eternal spring in his step. He was bloody and his eyes were baffled at the steady chop, chop of the left. But he had something for the finish, and he brought it out and gave it.

Ike went into the shell and then onto the bike. The fight was in. He had only to ride out this storm of hard, battering punches. Just tin-can and ride it out. The old story of the boxer against the slugger.

A random right hand magically got through and belted against his abdominal wall. It was a terrific right hand. He backed hastily away. The breath whistled through his teeth. Happy Meredy was plunging at him like a young colt, and the announcer was suddenly excited into staccato chattering. Ike tried to move his arms, and they would not respond. He was paralyzed by the blow at his nerve centers.

His head was clear. Meredy was winging away wildly. Ike was powerless to block the blows. One caught him on the head and turned him half around. He made his legs go forward. He feinted with his shoulders, knowing he could not punch. The kid went off balance, hesitated. Ike got inside.

He stayed there, riding it out. The kid did not know what to do. Ike rode it out as the minutes ticked away, one eye on the big clock. At the bell he found the strength to land a looping right to Meredy's chin. The youngster blinked and went down. Ike turned and walked firmly to his corner.

Pittsburgh and young Donny Smith, who knew what it was all about. It was a straight right and down the groove, but it should never have landed. He forgot to box when that one stopped bothering him. He almost killed the amazed Donny with a smashing, two-fisted attack. . . .

MARY met him at the station. She was the same as ever, bright, eager, loving him. He held her off and stared at her, but she only said, "The kayo king. You've been layin' 'em away, baby."

He said, "The old boy packs a wallop."

She didn't know, then. He got out his bankbooks and looked at them as soon as he was alone. He figured over them for a long time. Then he leaned back and stared at *Boxing Men*, Mary's only attempt to paint what she felt about the ring. There wasn't enough to quit. He looked at the figure for which he had posed, the Master Boxer, leaning almost daintily with the long left flicking out. That was the way Mary saw him.

That was the way it had been. Through it all, down the years, he had been the boxer. He had not traded it for a title, for the money tainted with gamblers' dirty hands. He had held aloof and boxed and given honest shows for the faithful who came to see him perform.

It hadn't been enough. The trips for Mary, the little luxuries, the things that made their happiness could not be bought with that which was left. They had not thrown it riotously to the winds, but they had eaten into it with the gay things, the bright things of their life together. He could

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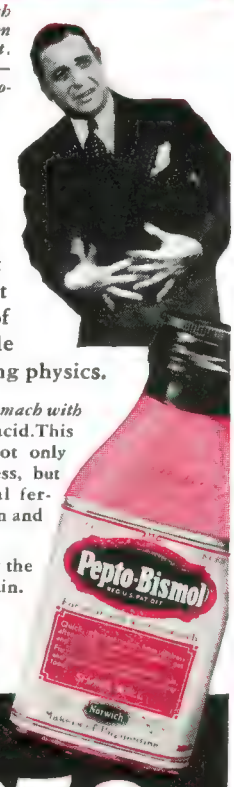

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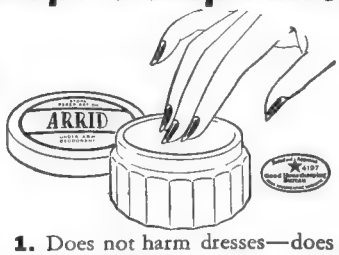

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not tell her about it. Their life together had been untouched by the verities. He could act, but he could not talk.

He acted, and he came into the little house in Jersey and said to her, "I'm boxin' Muddle in July. At the Stadium. It's fifty thousand bucks in the clear, baby. Even after I cut back to Stick Jamison and the boys. We can use all that cabbage, baby."

She said, "Use it? We can go around the world with it. Ike, you're my hero. Those knockouts did it. Chicago—Milwaukee—Pittsburgh. You're wonderful."

"Sure, I'm wonderful," he grinned.

She looked at him, and her eyes were clear and merry. She said in mock conspiratorial accents, "Off the record, Ike. Can you beat him?"

He leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Between you an' me, baby, I can't lick one side of him."

"He won't hurt you," she said. "That's one thing, Ike. You'll box his ears off. He might out-busy you, but he can't hurt you. You'll be all right, hero."

He picked her up and kissed the tip of her smudged nose. He said, "You know it, sweetie pie. They can't hurt us."

When he was gone to get ready for dinner she sat on the edge of a chair and stared at her betraying hands. She would, she knew, have to be careful about them. She could carry it off all right if they would be still. The worst of it was that he knew her so well and would be watching. She would have to be very careful. . . .

DURING the training session and all the fanfare of the build-up she bobbed around and was bright with the newspapermen. She was even bright with Whitey Cowl.

Whitey said, "This is a damn' shame, Mary. Ike's through. His reflexes are gone. Why do you let him do it?"

She said, "Anguish and arnica. The rewards of pugilism. Ike's entitled to his chance. Don't you go spoiling it by saying he's through. We need the money."

Whitey said, "Sit with me in the press row, Mary?"

"That's a date," she said gratefully.

She would need someone. Whitey was better than anyone else. She supposed they all knew about it. But Whitey was homefolks and he had been in on it from the start. It would be best to have him. . . .

She went down to the Stadium alone on the night of the fight. She mingled with the vast mob that milled outside, being shoved this way and that, drifting toward the press gate. It was all clear in her mind, what Ike was doing for her, for them; what he would pay.

It rode her, and she was reluctant to go in, knowing all the time that she must. The preliminary went on, and the quick shout of the crowd was explosive in her eardrums. The special officer at the press gate said, "Why don't you go into the office, Miz' Pate? Jamison'll let you in there."

SHE found the little office under the stands. The big ball park throbbed to the grumble of the crowd, but in the small room it was quiet enough.

Stick Jamison was a bald man with a kindly face and hard eyes which softened at the sight of her. He said, "You look mighty pretty, Miz' Pate. Gonna root your hubby inta the champeenship?"

She said, "Don't kid me, Stick. I'm going to pray he doesn't get murdered. Ike's through. He was through in Milwaukee when Meredy tagged him. I'm no fool, Stick. This is Ike's way of getting enough money to make things easy for me."

"Fifty grand ain't hay," said Jamison.

Mary said reasonably, "I'm not blaming you, Stick. Ike went into this with his eyes open. It's just that—he was the greatest boxer of them all. He wouldn't play your dirty game while he was good. Now that he's finished he has to play it. And it's my fault—you know that, don't you?"

Jamison said, "Now, don't get excited, Miz' Pate."

"Excited? Ike may get killed in there tonight, Stick. Yes, killed. Ernie Schaaf got it, didn't he? Against the man who couldn't hit. Toughy Muddle's a hitter. And if he doesn't get killed he may get pushed over the edge. He may get his poor brain addled. He may think he can go on and fight again. And you know where that leads, Stick. It leads to Queer Street."

"George ain't never goin' slap happy," said Jamison. "He's too smart, too clever."

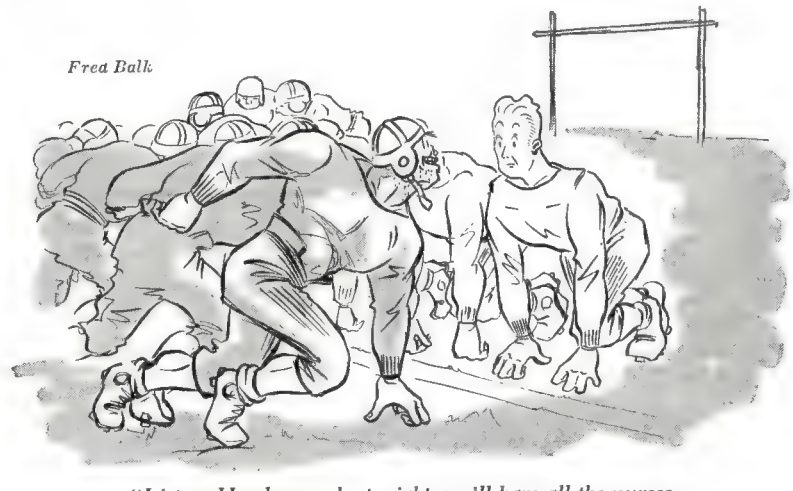
She sighed. She said, "Thanks for the sanctuary, Stick. I'll go in now. I hope you choke."

She found her seat beside Whitey. She thought the other members of the working press were especially polite and solicitous.

She said to Whitey, "How's it going, pal?"

"Lousy prelims. Crowd's gettin' restless."

"Ike'll give them a show."



"Listen, Handsome—by tonight you'll have all the nurses at the hospital fighting over you!"

They were silent, then. She made herself be calm, and waited. The semifinal ended, and she put her trembling hands under her and sat tight.

He came popping out from under the ring at last, wearing the robe she had bought him for the occasion. It was a bright red robe, the brightest she could find. He looked almost handsome under the lights, his hair brushed back, his long, Indian muscles rippling under the light coating of oil.

He was superb in his lithe movements. She devoured him with her eyes. After tonight, she knew, his symmetrical perfection would never be the same. It was his last stand, the last show of the master boxer, the perfect performer. He had come late to his great opportunity.

Toughy Muddle was chunky and his neck was nonexistent. To Mary's eyes he was immediately the Abysmal Brute, floundering up from primeval ooze. This would have amazed the ice-cream-loving, father-of-four-children Toughy. His hairy chest, slightly bowed legs, thick wrists and forearms should have appealed if only as sharp contrasts to her artist's eye. Tonight they repelled and appalled her. She shuddered, and Whitey said, "Take it easy, Mary.'

"I'm all right," she protested. "It's just that . . ."

IKE saw her and waved a bandaged hand. His smile was thin, but he gave it all he had. She smiled and shook clenched hands over her silly little hat in token of anticipated victory. The crowd spotted the gesture and cheered frantically, if ironically.

And then the fussing was over, and the referee was holding Ike by one arm and had his hand on Toughy's shoulder and was rattling off his set piece into the hanging mike.

Then Ike was testing the ropes and shuffling his big feet in the resin and looking down at her, and he was not smiling now, and there were lines alongside his mouth. She could only stare back at him, horror in her eyes.

And then she wished frantically that she had spoken or that he had spoken to her. She wished that they had taken it out and looked at it and discussed it sensibly, lying in each other's arms or sitting in the comfort of their living-room in the house in Jersey.

It couldn't have been so bad if they had weighed it together. And now, she thought frantically, it was too late. Ike had thought it necessary to do this thing, and all alone he had gone out to do it. She had not thought to stop him. Until too late she had not thought of the cost.

His body, that beautiful, well-kept organism which made pictures under the lights—it would be destroyed by the batterings of the indomitable champion. She would see that, and never again would it bring to her the thrill of sheer beauty, of perfection in motion and in repose.

This she had let him do, knowing that it was going to be that way. She had let him come to the door which led into the street named "Queer," where shambling wrecks of men walked heavily on their heels and muttered, "One more bout, just one more t' show them guys."

The bell clanged loudly, and she moaned a little as Toughy Muddle socked home a short left inside.

Whitey said sharply, "Toughy's bad in close. Ike has always handled 'em in there. But Toughy's bad."

That was the danger, she knew. At long range Ike had him. The spearing graceful left went home solidly again and again. The first three rounds were a succession of jabbing lefts against Toughy's ugly, willing face.

It was in the fourth that Toughy got inside. He was inhuman. He was a ripping, tearing animal, clawing at the guts of the lean body before him. She saw Ike's left foot come an inch off the floor as the blows went home. She saw the quick flicker of pain on the set face.

He tin-canned expertly, keeping his back to two of the judges so that they would not know, trying to brave it off with a flurry of light lefts and rights to the head. Toughy took the punches grinning and kept coming forward. Toughy knew.

The fifth and the sixth were not bad. In the seventh Toughy got in close again, and Ike backed away hastily. It was in the backing away that the right hand got through. In the old days, Mary knew, it would never have connected. It was telegraphed and labeled. Ike should have slipped it with ease.

But he could not slip it. He caught it on the jaw. He caught it square, Toughy's Sunday punch. He sat down on the canvas, and his face was blank.

She wanted then to get up and climb into the ring and stop it. She wanted him to take ten, kneeling there. She wanted it to end before the holocaust, before the awful things could happen. Yet she knew that it could not be. Ike was her husband, her lover, but he was also The Boxer. He was being paid to perform, and perform he would until he could move no longer. That was the game, that was the job which he had to do, so that she could be protected. It was that for which he was to be paid.

IN THE eighth it got bad and she had to put her hands to her face once, briefly. Toughy got the range. He chugged them into the body, bringing Ike's guard down. Then he threw chopping-block blows at the head. There was a lump on Ike's face. It was a big lump, like half a grapefruit, like Louis in the first Schmeling fight. There was a tiny stream of blood running from the corner of his mouth.

Whitey said, "You wanta leave, Mary?"

"He's taking it," she said through tight lips. "He's taking it. Why shouldn't I?"

Ike took it, after the eighth. He was down three times in the ninth. He took nine each time, and got up warily and moved around. His legs seemed to be all right. Even when his arms were paralyzed from the terrible body punches his legs were strong and agile. She concentrated on the legs, of which he had always taken such care. If they could stand up he might not suffer so much. If they could carry him through in the old ballet glide he might make it.

Make it? Her eyes widened and her hands suddenly were not trembling. He was making it. It was the twelfth coming up, and Ike was on the stool and the seconds were working with deft hands. There were four rounds to go. She focused her gaze upon Toughy Muddle. The champion's eye was closed. There were cuts on Toughy's blunt features and he was breathing hard.

She said tensely, "How's the score?"

Whitey looked at his card and said, "Six for Toughy. One even. Four for Ike."

She said, "He's making the fight. He's doing all the leading."

Whitey said, "Take it easy, Mary."

"He won't be knocked out. He may even

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may bring penalties

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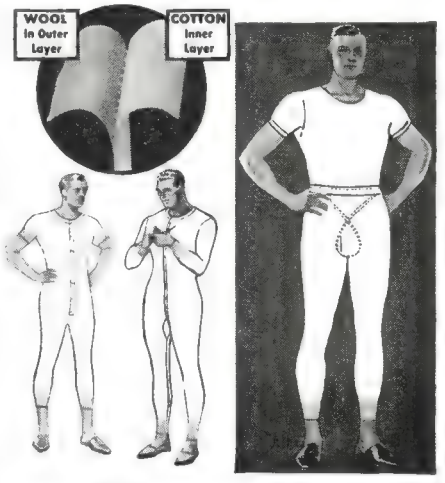

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The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

ders told him. "I'll need you to help me carry the children's presents."

Pushing her way through the crowd, Flanders entered a little store, and soon had laden both Dexter and herself with a varied assortment of gifts—horns, firecrackers, tiny dolls for the girls, and pounds of candy.

Dexter smiled. "With all that candy, you ought to throw in a couple hundred pills."

She laughed, and led the way outside. A gang of deck hands from one of the boats, noisy and partly drunk, was shoving its way through the crowd, and at sight of Flanders one of them called, "Hello, gorgeous! Is all them things for me?"

Flanders smiled and shook her head, and the men surged on into a native saloon.

"There'll be a lot of sore heads in the morning," Flanders said, as Stockton drove up in the car.

Throughout the drive Dexter sat silent, his thoughts busy with Hogan's warning words. Why didn't he want Flanders to go to the village of her workers that night? He had found no answer to his question when they reached the house, but one thing he had decided—the fact that Hogan did not want Flanders there might be an excellent reason for her to go. He helped her from the car. "I'll put these toys in sacks and get your horse."

And twenty minutes later, when Flanders had changed into riding togs, she saw with great surprise that Dexter had saddled two horses and was dressed in his field clothes.

"I didn't intend you to go," she objected.

He pointed to the flour sacks, crammed with toys. "You can't carry all this junk by yourself." He was in the saddle before she could reply.

Skirting the pasture, she took a short cut through the jungle, over a dim path.

EVEN without a moon the sky was luminous, but here beneath the canopy of jungle growth he could barely make out the white-clad figure riding ahead of him. They clattered over a wooden bridge, then crossed a span of railroad tracks that led back to the main line, and, following it, emerged upon a knoll where stood the village which for twenty years had housed the workers on the White plantation.

With good reason it was known as the model labor village of the Central American coast. There were about fifty cottages in all, each well built and well painted, set up on their high supports to allow the air to circulate beneath. The space between the ground and the floor level made a large outdoor room where the family could string hammocks for a siesta and eat their meals.

Each house was set apart from its neighbor and thoroughly screened. Each had electric lights, supplied from a modern powerhouse that stood on the edge of the village and served Flanders's home as well. A roadway, well surfaced to withstand the torrential downpours of the rainy season, separated the village from the jungle. At one end was a communal laundry with running water, and at the other a field where the men played soccer and baseball. A careful system of drains had practically eliminated mosquitoes and replaced the usual sea of red mud with a thick mat of Bermuda grass.

It was an environment the workers responded to wholeheartedly. Of their own volition and on their own time they had planted hibiscus hedges and fringed the road with palms. Gaily painted pots of plants stood in the windows. Everything was clean and well cared for.

At the powerhouse Flanders dismounted and tethered her horse, while Dexter unfastened the sacks.

The village itself was almost empty. The men and most of the women were in town. But down on the edge of the ball field an itinerant circus was doing a thriving business among the younger people and the children. From where he stood Dexter could see an acrobat and clown performing beneath the light of innumerable lanterns, and a tiny merry-go-round crowded with shrieking children.

Dexter picked up the bags of toys. "Those kids will have a swell time smashing these up," he predicted, and Flanders laughed.

She walked down toward the circus, and almost instantly the children sighted her. A delighted yell signaled her approach, and in another minute the circus was deserted as half a hundred barefooted, almost naked children came whooping madly toward her.

Five deep they crowded about her, all talking at once in shrill Spanish, as Flanders began handing out the candy and toys, calling each child by name. To Dexter she had never seemed so happy. Her eyes were sparkling.

Intent on helping Flanders empty the sack, Dexter did not notice the commotion at the circus until a roar of laughter made him raise his head. Watching the clown and acrobats was the same group of sailors and stevedores that Dexter had seen outside the casino, and as Dexter caught sight of them a sailor snatched off the clown's wig, amid the profane laughter of the others.

Dexter frowned. There was no good reason for these men being in the village, even on a night of fiesta. Unless—he remembered Hogan's warning.

Busy with the children, Flanders had not noticed them, and presently the men moved up into the village. Once more Dexter was about to dismiss them from his mind when the crash of shattered glass told of a broken window. This time Flanders looked sharply up. The men had halted before a cottage where a young Guaturan girl and her sweetheart were sitting on the top step.

One of the men raised a beer bottle and hurled it at a flowerpot close by the couple. It struck, shattering both pot and bottle, while the crowd began calling in broken Spanish to the two natives, and one of them, climbing the steps, offered the girl a bottle of beer. She shook her head and drew back, visibly frightened, while the boy sat watchful and silent at her side.

All doubt had left Dexter's mind—the gang from the steamer had come to the village with one purpose: to make trouble while Flanders's workers were away celebrating the fiesta.

FLANDERS had dropped her gifts and picked up the riding crop. "Something's wrong over there."

She ran across the road, Dexter behind her. Already two sailors had climbed the steps and pulled the youth roughly to his feet, while the native girl cowered back, screaming in terror. A second later Flanders reached the steps, and without a word struck the sailor full in the face with her riding crop.

With an angry curse he dropped the boy's arm and turned, a white welt standing out on his cheek. Again Flanders lashed out at him with all her strength, but this time the sailor jerked the crop from her hand and broke it across his knee. Mad with pain, he seized Flanders's blouse with one huge hand, while the other rose savagely above her head.

That blow never fell. Dexter had reached the top step, and in that instant he struck. The sailor's chin jerked back, his hand flew upward, ripping the blouse from Flanders's shoulder, and, lowering his head, he lunged at Cloud like a maddened bull. Coolly Dexter waited, then his arm flashed in a short arc, and the sailor slid limply down the steps.

But now the pack was on him, and for Dexter those next few seconds were a blur of swarming, fighting men. The steps were thronged with raging figures. Twice more he struck. Men went down, but others took their places. Dimly he was conscious that Flanders had recovered her broken riding crop and was laying about her like a tiny fury. He pulled her behind him, but she squirmed from his grasp and was back in the thick of it, her blouse ripped to the waist.

But step by step they were being forced back. A dozen hands were groping toward them, a dozen burly forms came pressing on. They were hemming Cloud in. A blow spun him back upon the porch and a yell of triumph rose from the steps. He saw the Guaturan boy throw himself on a sailor, only to fall back with a groan as another struck him down.

Long odds. Impossible odds. It was either run for it or go down fighting. A grinning face loomed suddenly before him; Dexter's fist flashed out in a slashing blow, and the face shuddered back into darkness. In that brief breathing space before they could rush again, Dexter snatched Flanders up, ran the length of the porch, and jumped. He struck the ground heavily and fell to his knees. There was an ominous stabbing pain

"Abner's got a queer notion about meeting 'em on their own ground!"

Ike was back a step, his head lowered, his graceful body poised. There was menace, power in the picture. Mary's eyes were avid upon it.

Toughy rocked on his heels. Ike stuck a long left delicately under the blunt chin, tilted it. Again the right like a stone from a catapult, slamming, crashing. Toughy shook like a palm tree in a hurricane. Ike was still flat-footed, the blood flecking his face and chest, the white lights carving him into sharp outlines.

It seemed that Toughy would never go down. Then his knees folded and he began to sink. Ike stepped around him and went rapidly to a neutral corner. He draped long arms on the ropes and leaned back, his head high and proud.

Toughy tried hard, and at nine he was up.

Mary found her voice: "Finish him, Ike! Oh, Ike, finish him now!"

Toughy stood there while the referee rubbed resin from his gloves. Ike went forward, frowning, deliberate. Toughy got his hands up, took a step. Ike reached out the left. Toughy's gloves dropped like plummets to his sides. He pitched forward with blank eyes and fell into Ike's arms.

There was chaos then. Unbelieving thousands were splitting their throats, and the newsmen fought for place and the radio announcer was going mad into his microphone.

Whitey got her out of it and down under the ring. He had some help from a red-faced cop who yelled in Mary's ear, "I took four to one, Miz' Pate. I knew The Boxer'd get him. Ye can't beat the boxin' men, Miz' Pate."

She managed to congratulate the cop and hang on to Whitey. She got through the ordeal in the dressing-room somehow.

Surprisingly, it was Stick Jamison who cleared the room for them. The promoter said, "No use sayin' I ain't s'prised, George. But I ain't sorry. It was a show."

Ike said, "I came down on my heels when he tired. I knew I had him in the twelfth, after Mary yelled."

Jamison shook his head. He said, "It cost me plenty. But I ain't sorry. It was a fight."

THEY were alone. Ike sat on the rubbing table. His hands were red and the left was swollen. Mary perched beside him and swung her long legs. She said, "Hiya, champ!"

The lump on his face made him gargoyle-like. There was a cut over his eye she had not noticed. He put a hand to his mouth, and blood ran through his fingers. He said, "Have t' get stitched a bit, baby. Toughy c'n sock."

She said, "You did it, though."

He looked at her. He said, "Yeah. I'm the champ, baby."

He was so boyish, so proud, that her heart constricted and she could not say the things she had planned to say. She put his bloody head upon her breast and held it gently. She said, "Anguish and arnica—and stitches. But you did it, Boxer. You showed 'em. They couldn't beat you, baby. You're the Champ. You hear that? The Champion of the World!"

She kissed him hard, on the back of the neck. Time enough later to talk, time enough to plan. It was his moment now. She couldn't spoil his moment. She held him and let the blood ruin her smart tweeds, and was proud of him.

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Poodle ON A LEASH

(*Continued from page 47*)

see where I'd better get busy booking some vaude dates."

"I don't think you'll have to, Jimmy."

She lit a cigarette and said nothing more until we reached her apartment. Then she asked me to come up, and the maid got out of bed and stirred up a few highballs and scrambled some eggs for us. We sat in the kitchen, and Lou kept watching me as if I were about to say something important. I got a little embarrassed, and finally asked her what was up.

She leaned back and said, her eyes half closing, "That's up to you. It won't hurt you to say it, Jimmy."

"I feel it, Lou, but, look, I'm only a hoofer."

"Does it matter?"

"I don't know—that's the trouble."

"Not to me, Jimmy. We've been in love with each other ever since that night on the balcony. We've had fun together and it can keep on being—fun."

There wasn't much I could say after that and, anyway, it was action that counted. I forgot all my worries, show business ceased to exist, New York was only a place you read about, Hollywood was three thousand miles away, and the world consisted only of Lou and myself.

We were married in Connecticut two weeks later.

It was like an explosion, that marriage. The newspapers had a Roman holiday, flashlight bulbs lit up our faces every time we dared show them outside. We chartered a plane to Norfolk, drove from there to Richmond, and found a peaceful little place just outside the city and managed to spend the rest of our honeymoon in comparative peace and quiet.

Have you ever held a glass of champagne to the light and watched the bubbles go up? That was what those next few weeks were like in my head—bubbles.

But they were over all too soon and we had our first argument when we got back to New York. Lou won. I wanted to go to a hotel, but she explained that she had a year's lease on the apartment, that it would be ridiculous to let it lie there empty, and, anyway, she had a certain position to maintain. She was right, and I took one of the closets and a dresser and was home. I've lived in some pretty fancy places in my twenty-eight years, but nothing quite like that apartment. The sort of thing you see in a movie.

Phil Austin was the first person to call on us. That man was a raving maniac inside, but you could tell it only from his eyes. He took a cigarette from a monogrammed case and said, "Well, Wright, I suppose you know that you've just about knocked the foundations out from under me. I've been after Lou for years. And there's no use saying the best man won and congratulate you and all the rest of the bunk. I don't feel that way at all."

"That's not hard to see."

"Good. We understand each other." He grinned and said, "Whenever I can stick a knife in your back let me know."

"I'll drop you a line."

Lou said, "By way of China," and that washed up that bit of unpleasantness.

AUSTIN dropped into a chair, and I mixed some highballs at the chromium-plated bar and he and Lou talked about the coming show. It was going into rehearsal in a week. They chattered about songs, spots, costumes, and the rest of it and then got around to billing and money. Lou said, "You'll have to fight that out with Jimmy."

"Jimmy? Why?"

"I fired my managers the day we got married, poor boys. Jimmy will be handling things from now on."

Austin gave me a funny look, and I downed my highball and sat on the couch at Lou's side. "What," I asked, "is this all about?"

Lou patted my hand and said, "You can't go on at two-fifty a week. Anyway, Phil wouldn't have you in the show now if he had to close it."

"You're damned right I wouldn't."

"Sure," I said, "but there's still vaudeville. After all, honey, I was born and raised in show business. I know my way around and can keep plenty busy."

"Out of town?" she cried. "You're staying with me. This is going to be no long-distance marriage if I have anything to say about it."

"But look—I'm no manager."

"Anyway," Phil said, "it's sponging. Isn't it, Jimmy?"

"You keep out of this or you'll get clipped on the chin."

"He'd do it, too," Lou said. She turned to me and ran her smooth fingers down my cheek and whispered, "Help me out, Jimmy."

"Help *you* out!"

"Of course. You can't leave me stranded without representation."

Austin snorted, and growled, "That's one way of putting it," and that was why I took the job of manager at the old ten per cent. Austin certainly did not care to do business with me, and my growing dislike for him was so strong that I lost all sense of reason and was determined that he would do business with me, or else. We did business.

ACTUALLY, there was nothing to it. Lou got a guarantee of twenty-five hundred a week and a percentage of the gross, and the only items left to take care of were absolute top billing, even over the name of the show, choice of dressing-rooms, our right to pass on her spots in the show, also the songs, the agreement that she was to select her own dress designer, and that her salary would not be docked pro rata unless she was out for more than three consecutive performances. Attorneys were called in, and contracts were signed within an hour of their appearance. Business was over with, my end of it.

But I helped Lou out with her work. I know the business and I know what will go over and what will dive. Also, I play the piano enough to get by, and helped her with the songs. She worked on them day and night and I could easily see why she was such a great star. She left nothing to chance. Every line, every word, every inflection was talked over, worked over, and mulled over until it was absolute perfection. When she sang a polished number it was a work of art.

Most of this, of course, was done in the apartment, even after rehearsals had started. I began to eat, sleep, and dream Louella Banks. It got to be too much for me, this business of submerging my own identity, and I called my old agent, packed my bags one evening, and sneaked off to Albany for a three-day stand in a "shooting gallery." I got back to New York the evening the musical had its opening night break-in in Atlantic City. I sent Lou a wire of congratulations and received no answer. It looked bad.

I hung around the apartment the rest of that week, playing with an idea of mine to write a musical, and drinking highballs. The show closed in Atlantic City and came on to New York, and Lou stalked into the apartment about two in the morning as mad as hops. She hardly looked at me, flung herself into the bedroom, and banged things around in there that you could hear on the floor below. Then she came out in a nightgown of practically no substance at all and a violently colored robe. She had creamed her face, and she was still mad, and I couldn't help but grin.

She threw a very small vase at me and screamed, "It may be funny to you, but it wasn't to me! I almost went crazy, wondering where you were and worrying about you. Anyway, what do you think a manager is?"

"Someone you marry."

She looked at me peculiarly and dropped down on her knees to the floor at my side. "Jimmy, do you feel that way?"

"I feel like a phony. What business have I being your manager and taking ten per cent from you? It's an act of charity, that's all. And it is not making my own living. It won't work out this way, Lou."

"But, darling, of course it will work out. I have to pay that ten per cent to someone. Anyway, you're a good manager and it keeps us together. Jimmy, don't you want us to be together?"

That finished that argument. There was nothing I could do but say "Yes." Later I explained my idea for a musical, and she got enthused about it and we sat up most of the night talking it over. She told me I was crazy if I didn't start putting it down on paper, and I promised that I would. But that business of the world revolving about Louella Banks was still in my mind. I couldn't get it out. . . .

THE Manhattan opening of the show was held two nights later, and I sat out front, white tie and all, and enjoyed myself. You could tell it was a success before the first-act curtain came down. I circulated around in the lobby during the intermission, and that seemed to be the general consensus of opinion.

Austin was also in the lobby, talking to a critic a few feet behind me. I didn't pay much attention to what they had to say until the critic asked, "Isn't that Jimmy Banks?"

"Yes," Austin replied. "Mr. Louella Banks."

I turned and looked at them, and Austin was smiling and the critic looked away from me, slightly embarrassed. I felt like clipping someone, but went outside to cool off. There I heard another crack. Two old-time vaude performers were standing with their backs to me and one was saying to the other, "Soft berth he picked up, all right. He'll have a nice run with that baby."

"Yeah," the other said. "Good bookings. Understand he's her manager now and takes ten per cent of the family receipts. That's the idea. You get a dame like that ga-ga about you, marry her, then make yourself her manager, and you're set for life. It's better than Saratoga."

When the gong went off I couldn't force

WORD TEASERS

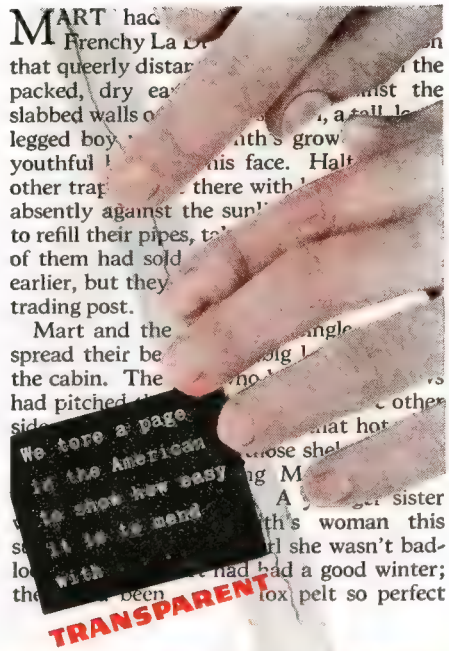
★

Answers to test on page 124

★

ART—TRA

BRAGGART	1.	TRAVESTY
RESTARTS	2.	STRATEGY
REPARTEE	3.	ENTRANCE
UNARTFUL	4.	RESTRAIN
CARTHAGE	5.	CLAPTRAP
ARTISANS	6.	FENESTRA
ARTIFICE	7.	PALESTRA
PARTICLE	8.	ALCATRAZ
QUARTERS	9.	CONTRACT
THWARTED	10.	BETRAYAL
COMPARTS	11.	STRANGLE
STALWART	12.	TRANQUIL



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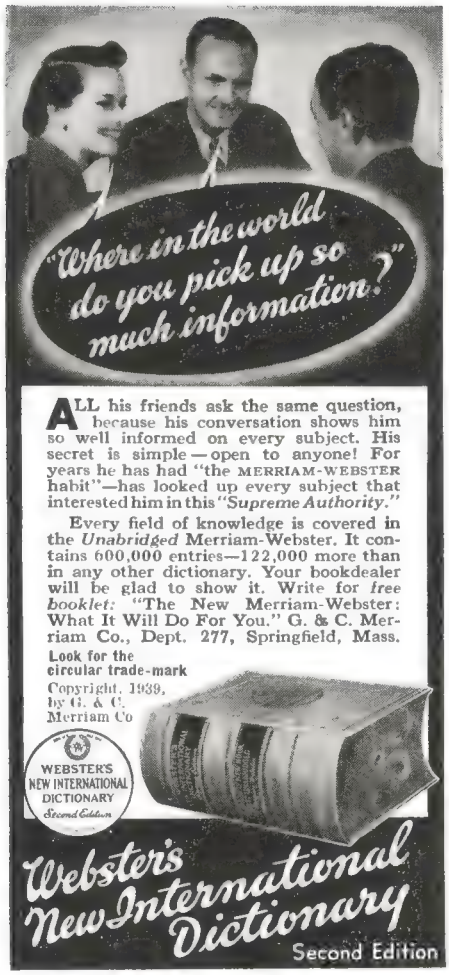

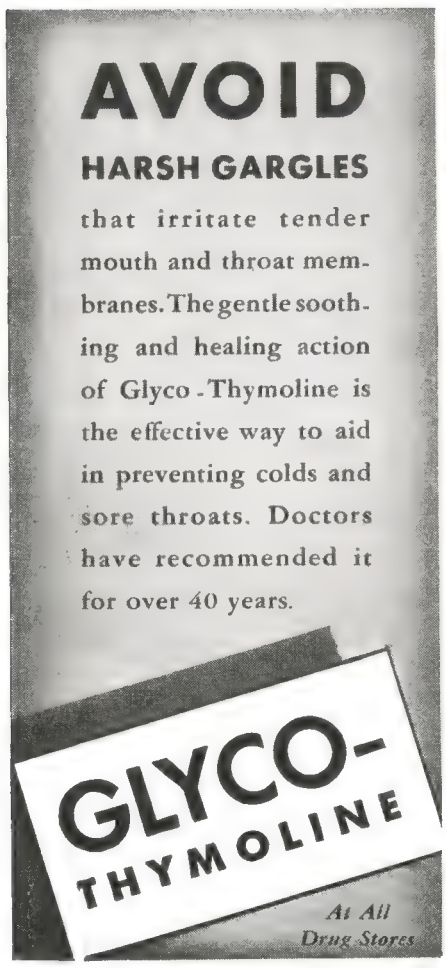

myself back inside, and went down the street to the closest bar. From there I went to a few others, and then I lost count and only remember stumbling into the apartment a bare jump ahead of dawn. My evening suit looked as though I had slept in it, my knuckles were bruised, and I had a beautiful shiner, so I guess I must have had a fight with someone during my tour. I was a beautiful-looking mess and Lou was there waiting for me, sitting before the fireplace and staring into the dying embers.

I tried to stand on one spot in the middle of the room and had a hard time doing it, and Lou glanced up at me and said, "Austin had a very nice party at his place. You could have gotten just as drunk there."

"Sure," I said, "and be Mr. Stooge. No, thank you. The places I went to they still remember me as Jimmy Wright, not Banks."

Lou started to cry and I clumsily tried to pat her on the head, but she shoved my hand away and the room was beginning to spin around, so I went to bed. My mouth felt like the bottom of a bird cage the next day and I couldn't even look at breakfast. But I was alone, and that was something. By midafternoon I had straightened myself out pretty well and Lou came in from a walk.

I told her, "I can't take it, this being the star's husband, the poodle on a leash."

She yanked a bandanna off her head and said, "It wasn't very pleasant for me, either. Everyone at the party wanted to know where you were. Don't you think you're exaggerating the situation and making it tremendously difficult for me?"

"Okay, honey; we'll call it off."

"Would you like to?"

IT WASN'T hard to see that I would not like to, and then we were in each other's arms and making a couple of fools of ourselves. But we still had it out. I told her what other people were thinking of our marriage, particularly of my end of it, and that something would have to be done before it all blew up in our faces.

"How about your musical? If you could get your own show on Broadway no one would call you Mr. Banks again."

"There might be something to that. I'll work hard as hell and see what can be done."

There we let the matter rest, and I bought a typewriter and went to work. Now, as I've said before, I was born and raised in the business and thought I knew something about it, what an audience would go for and so on. I had also had this idea for a book-musical for some years and had mentally worked out everything that would cross the footlights. It was only necessary to put it down, but that was where I ran into difficulties. It took time, a lot of time.

Mansfield and Lawrence, the two fellows who wrote the score for Austin's musical, got interested in my idea and worked out the song end of the thing. That took more time, and the blizzard season came in and went out again, and the little birds were coming up from the South by the time we had finished. But we had something and knew it. The book, the score, everything. It was strictly show stuff, every word of it, and would get across. No turkey there.

But try and place it? Lou had Austin at the apartment one evening, and he looked it all over and told Mansfield and Lawrence, "I'll buy the songs for my next show." Then he looked at me and said, "But not the book. It's lousy."

I had expected that, however, and managed to prevent my inner self from having its way and dropping a table on his head. But it was the same story with the other producers. "Louella Banks's husband? Oh, yes. . . . Musical? Let's see. M-m-m-m-m. It's good. I like it, mind you, but not well enough to . . . Now, you know how tough things are. When you lay out close to seventy-five thousand in this day and age you want some of it back, or you go out of business for keeps. Nice musical, though. Why don't you try . . ." And so it went. Why don't you try the other fellow? And the other fellow pushed me on the next. The musical gathered dust. . . .

LOU was due for another picture in June and I grabbed an airplane and beat it to Hollywood. The studio gave me the old stall and the usual run-around, so I sent a wire to the president of the company: "CATCHING NINE O'CLOCK PLANE NEW YORK STOP WILL SIGN OTHER STUDIO ON ARRIVAL IN EAST." Still nothing happened, and I went to the airport.

Sam Glatz, head of the company, was waiting there in his limousine. He came up when I got out of the taxi, took my arm, and steered me to his car. "Thought you was kiddin'," he said.

"That's why you were sitting here—to find out?"

"Sure. In business, you know . . ."

"I'm still catching that plane."

"Now, now, Mr. Banks . . ."

"Wright is the name, James Wright. You have a contract with you?" He nodded, and I said, "Make it out with the new figure of ten thousand a week. And better make it fast. I haven't much time."

"Ten thousand!" he screamed. "You gone outa your head?"

"Sure. See you later, Mr. Glatz."

I started for the plane, and he ran after me and argued every step of the way, and I would not come down a cent. Because of her tremendous success in the new musical Lou was worth every dime of it. Glatz knew it, and we signed the contracts against the metal side of the plane and I got aboard, but not before Glatz shouted, "Fine rummy she picked for a husband. Cheap hoofer. Chiseler! Snake in the grass! Stooge! Sponger!"

He was plenty sore about the contract, but I had sense enough to realize that he was only speaking his mind, angry or not. And I felt about the same way. To make it even worse, there was an old vaude acquaintance of mine on the plane, Joe Manning, monologuist. And a good one, in his day.

We shook hands and he took the seat across from mine after the take-off and wanted to know what I was doing for myself. "Still milking the customers, Jimmy?"

"Not any more, Joe. I'm managing my wife."

He stared at me blankly. "Your wife?"

"Louella Banks."

"Oh. I heard she got married. Didn't know it was you." He paused for a moment, then murmured, "So that's what you're doing. Pretty soft, I'd say."

Maybe he was burnt because he wasn't doing so well, but it got under my skin nevertheless, and I sulked like a school kid all the way into Newark. Joe hardly said good-by to me, and I caught a taxi into town and had a few quick ones before going to the apartment. Lou was there, entertain-

ing Graham and Austin, and the three of them blamed near fainted when I handed her the new contract for ten per. Even Austin unbent for a moment and said, "I have to hand it to you, Jimmy. No other star's husband could have pulled a neat deal like that."

They were all pleased about it and I should have been too, but that "star's husband" was like a slap in the face, and I downed a few more quick ones and finally made up my mind.

When the musical closed a month later and Lou was packing for her trip to the Coast I told her, "Stop in Reno on your way, honey. I'm staying here."

"Jimmy!" Her face went pale and she held onto the lapels of my coat.

I dropped to the couch and took her on my lap and said, "A man can marry money and work things out okay, but you can't marry money and an international name and expect to get away with it, and I'd rather break house now before . . . well, before we wind up hating each other."

"You still love me?"

"I always will. But you can see . . ."

She nodded and brushed the tears out of her eyes, and I had a lump in my own throat that was almost choking me. She had seen how things were going, though, and there was really nothing to say. We clung to each other like a couple of frightened kids, and I put her on the train the next morning and promised to write to her every day—in Reno. . . .

IN SIX weeks it was all over and I was making the rounds to see what I could pick up in the way of a job. A date here and there, and the summer dragged itself on, and New York, somehow, was the drabbest place in the world. Show business was in a mess, but I managed to keep going, and that was all I was interested in. A two-fifty hoofer is not supposed to have ambition.

Lou, of course, kept writing to me all during the early summer, telling me how her picture was progressing, how nice it was to have an early-morning swim in her pool,

IT'S THE LAW!

By Dick Hyman

O. Soglow

Outer garments which allow the arms to go bare, are prohibited by a Massachusetts law

and of the small evening parties where Hollywood royalty got together and lied to each other. She wasn't rubbing it in, but those letters made me feel none too good. Then they got farther apart and we were hardly writing at all. I read in the gossip columns that Phil Austin was in Hollywood and that Miss Banks seemed to enjoy his company. That was the end, as far as I was concerned.

FROM there on I lived as much in Mike's bar, on 47th, as I did in my hotel room. In fact, that was where Mansfield and Lawrence found me, in the bar. They had a little fellow with them and we shook hands all around, and the other fellow was introduced as Herb Meyer. I remembered him; a small-time producer who had good ideas, a slight bit of success, and no capital. He had one musical to his credit, a good one, but he hadn't had the chips to buy good names with, and it had folded early.

But, I was informed by Mansfield, "Herb, here, would like to produce our show."

Meyer nodded his head and grinned and said, "You bet, laddie. I seen the book and it's got something. Say the word, Jimmy, and we'll have a hit."

The three of them looked very pleased and I wondered, for a moment, why Mansfield and Lawrence, who always rated the biggest productions, should fool around with such small fry as Meyer. He must have picked up some capital somewhere.

I said, "It will cost plenty, Mr. Meyer. It's an expensive production and you can't put it on any other way."

"I know. I know. I got the dough."

Lawrence said, "He has it."

"Um-m-m. Then there's something else. The starring role was written for only one person: Miss Banks. You could switch it to some other personality, but I don't think . . ."

Meyer interrupted with, "We've already sent her a wire."

"And her answer?" I held my breath.

"She'll take it." . . .

New York wasn't so bad after that. We dived into production at once, lined up scenic artists, costume designers, a dance producer, a good leader, a theater, an excellent backstage crew, and all the hundreds of other things you have to get ready before starting rehearsals. Then we posted a chorus call, picked out a good-looking "line" and a really beautiful lot of show girls, and started them to work. Word spread around Manhattan that Meyer had the money for this one and that it wasn't going to be run on a shoestring. Agents of good performers dropped around and the cast took shape, and before I had time to get my bearings we had a show that was complete and all set for the races.

THEN Lou flew in from Hollywood and I was at the airport to meet her. It was like the sun itself coming out of that plane and I started toward her, but Austin was right at her elbow, one sophisticated eyebrow cocked in my direction, and I turned and tried to duck away. But they called me and we had to ride into town together, and Lou was embarrassed and our conversation was as inane as we could possibly make it. Austin hadn't a word to say until we dropped Louella at her apartment. Then he rode downtown with me and had plenty to say.

"She thinks," he said, "that she owes you something. That's why she took the role in

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your show, to help you get on your feet. But you'll ruin her. I can't put her in my show if she flops in yours."

If it had been anyone else I might have listened, but Phil always seemed to hit me wrong, and I let him talk himself blue in the face and told him, when he was through, that we were still putting on a show with Louella Banks. Then he said, "Well, anyway, as Mrs. Austin, she won't have to worry." I traded his face for Mike's, at the bar, and missed a day of rehearsing. . . .

THOSE four weeks of whipping the show into shape dragged on like four months. Everything went wrong. I tried to steer clear of Lou, and that started it. She took offense at my attitude and it was like pulling a tooth to get any co-operation out of her. She sulked and she pouted, and the rest of the cast was affected, and I told her, one afternoon, "I'll be damned glad when this is over with."

"So will I," she cried. "It can't end too soon for me. But a contract . . ."

"You can break it if you want. It's okay with me."

"Very well. I'll do that."

But Meyer talked her out of it and asked me, please, to behave myself and stay away from her. She changed, after that little outburst, and the tone of the rehearsals improved. Meyer even seemed to think we might have a hit.

I couldn't agree with him, as we hadn't the money to open out of town and had to open in New York, cold. That's the toughest thing in the world to do, but we at least had an audience. The situation between Louella and me was well known to the average New Yorker and the columnists had made a great deal of it. The publicity was more than we had bargained for, or could have bought, and the first-nighters turned out en masse, white ties, ermine, and all the rest of it. Ex-hoofer producing his own show starring ex-wife. That brought them in.

I was in front when the prologue started, but my hands were shaking, my stomach acted like it was doing nip-ups, and I couldn't have stayed in that theater if Lady Godiva herself had ridden out on the stage. I stood on the sidewalk out front and smoked cigarettes chain fashion, and had all the cops on 42nd Street eying me up as a suspicious character. Talk about the strain of having a baby! Giving birth to a Broadway production tops it.

Meyer found me out there and dragged me back inside, and explained, on the way, that the show was a hit, at least five of the songs were sure hits, the audience had been wild over everything right from the jump, Lou was "rolling 'em in the aisles," the show girls were more beautiful than ever, the line numbers were better than ever, and we had a show that would run six months if it ran a day. . . . He was right.

Austin was waiting in the dressing-room runway and had the decency to congratulate me: "Didn't think you could do it, Jimmy. Good work and . . . well, keep it up. I mean it."

We shook hands and I tried to say something in return, but couldn't. It was too obvious whom he was waiting for, and that put a blanket on my sudden feeling of friendliness.

I left him waiting there and went to Lou's dressing-room, and opened the door without knocking and stepped in. She had very little on, but it didn't seem to make much difference to either of us. She just stared at me, and the sight of her highly stylized beauty brought a pain somewhere in my chest, and I stuttered and stammered around before I could find anything to say.

She beat me to it and took my hand and said, "You've really done it, Jimmy. Congratulations."

"Thanks. I . . . I feel like the mouse that has caught the cat and eaten it. Only, I didn't catch it alone."

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, Meyer got the money to put this on somewhere, and it isn't hard to figure out where it came from. Thanks for taking the risk."

"You think I backed the show?"

"Who else?"

"Jimmy," she smiled, taking my other hand, "remember the swell job you did on my new contract with the studio? Ten thousand a week is not exactly peanuts, and ten per cent of that . . ."

"My money?"

"Exactly half of it. We own the show together. I saved that ten per cent for you, and added an equal amount and got in touch with Mansfield and Lawrence and . . ."

"That was swell of you, Lou."

"I thought so, too."

She looked into my eyes a moment longer, then turned away to finish dressing, and I sat down and watched her and shouldn't have been there at all. After all, we were divorced. But she never said anything and gave the final touches to her make-up and took her time about it. A couple of times she glanced at me, started to say something, then looked away. I had Austin in my mind, standing out there in the runway, and never said a word.

WHEN she was through I went out the door with her, and there was Sam Glatz waiting for us. He pumped my hand up and down and shouted, "Flew in this morning! Good show you got, Mr. Wright. Great show! Got picture possibilities. We can talk it over, huh?"

Austin was coming toward us, and Lou looked at him and at me and said to Glatz, "He'll talk it over with you, Sam. And keep the lead for me."

"You bet I will," he chuckled. "For you, Mrs. Wright, I'd do anything!"

Lou and I stared at each other, and then we were suddenly laughing, and she said, "That seems to settle it, Jimmy. I'm Mrs. Wright just like that."

She snapped her fingers, and the whole evening suddenly went to my head like a glass of wine, and I grabbed her arm, shoved Sam out of the way, managed to plant a beauty on Austin's noble chin, rushed Lou out and into a taxi, and shouted at the driver, "Home!"

"Home?" he said. "Sure, buddy. You tell me where it is."

"Central Park West, and make it fast."

Lou leaned back in my arms and pouted, "But we're not married any more."

"We once were and soon will be again. You worry about the morals end of it."

"Not me."

And she didn't.

COMING SOON: H. Vernor Dixon's exotic story, "Bali Love Song."

THE MOST USEFUL PERSON IN MY COMMUNITY

IN the July issue of The American Magazine we invited readers to send in letters about men or women who were devoting themselves unselfishly to furthering real Americanism in their communities. We received hundreds of letter about unsung heroes in every section of the United States. The first award of $50 goes to Kenneth H. Smith, of Moline, Ill., whose letter described such a remarkable exponent of unselfish Americanism that we are publishing it in full.

AN immigrant from Belgium, August DeDoncker, stood before the Rock Island County, Illinois, circuit judge in 1911 and repeated the oath which made him an American citizen. He had dug out the facts of civics and government, and he had found the digging hard. He saw his friends and neighbors, foreign-born like himself, failing to become naturalized, because of the difficult examination. And August DeDoncker, then as now a resident of East Moline, Ill., resolved to help them.

In 1912 he opened his "school of naturalization," a free school for all foreign-born. In its 27 years, more than 800 "pupils" have been "graduated," with their citizenship papers as diplomas. There are few naturalized citizens of East Moline—a city of 12,000—who have not attended his classes.

School is held twice a year, for a six-weeks period preceding the September and March citizenship examinations. There's no cost. Members of the classes don't even have to buy the 25-cent textbook, compiled by Mr. DeDoncker and typewritten by his daughter, Mrs. Ann DeWulf. It contains requirements for naturalization and the answers to 123 questions compiled over a period of 25 years. But the schooling isn't just a simple matter of learning routine answers to certain questions.

"After we've had a couple of classes we start to ask the questions in different ways—rewording them, so the applicants will actually know the meaning of both question and answer," the teacher explains.

About 25 new questions are studied each night. Sessions are held each Thursday evening in the back room of Mr. DeDoncker's general store. On the final meeting night of the six weeks the whole set has been studied, and there's a comprehensive review before the big day—examination time. The whole class goes to Rock Island, the county seat, and appears before the examiner. Most of them "pass." A few "flunk."

One wonders whether all who attend are Belgian-born, like the teacher. "No," says Mr. DeDoncker. "I suppose not more than half have been Belgians. There are Greeks, Mexicans, Poles, Lithuanians, Russians, and English. Slavs are among the best students."

When he first opened his free classes, his "hobby" used to cost him $100 to $150 a year. He had to make many trips, sometimes several in a week, to the courthouse, hiring someone to tend store while he was gone. Now, with stated examinations, the burden isn't so great. Still, a day rarely passes that he or his daughter isn't asked to write for the necessary facts and dates before an applicant can file a request for citizenship.

Often they get not even a "Thank you," let alone the cost of stamps.

KENNETH H. SMITH

August DeDoncker (left) teaching Americanism

TEN other readers received $10 awards apiece for their letters. These winners are: Harriet G. Cull, Jacksonville, Fla.; Naomi W. Houk, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Morton Townsend, Columbus, Ohio; William H. Shoemaker, Racine, Wis.; Nancy C. Woods, Old Town, Maine; Nellie Waldron, El Reno, Okla.; J. W. Hargrave, Mertzon, Texas; Kathryn Copeland, Anderson, S. C.; Mrs. F. W. Williamson, Juneau, Alaska; Beatrice G. Murray, Portland, Maine.

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MOTHER: So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax, myself, last night.

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CUTICURA
SOAP and OINTMENT

GOOD SAMARITANS OF THE *Highway*

(*Continued from page 120*)

insurance safety patrols. Night riders in the best meaning of the term, they are equipped and instructed to lend a helping hand along the hundreds of thousands of miles of roadways.

The idea of turning Joe Smith into a Good Samaritan is less than four years old. But already the winking red lights of safety patrol cars have become established as beacons of friendliness.

INSURANCE safety patrols are nothing new. Ever since trucks became an accepted mode of transport, they have had to be insured against accidents of all kinds, loss of cargo, and the like. The companies that wrote these policies naturally were anxious to have trucks operated as carefully as possible. So they employed squads of men to check up on trucks along the highways, to cruise around and see if truck drivers were toeing the white line. These men were the Joe Smiths.

But note this: All the while they kept both eyes glued only on the trucks they insured. They felt that their job dealt solely with trucks, and that other traffic on the highways was none of their darned business.

The change dates from January 1, 1936, when a tall, keen Texan named William Nelson Adams, a man with twenty years' experience in safety engineering, was appointed director of safety work and accident prevention for a large insurance company. Almost immediately he issued new orders to his Joe Smiths. They simmered down to this: "In addition to your usual duties in checking trucks, be on the lookout for chances to help the general motoring public as well." Those orders were no empty generalities, either.

Like any other innovation, Bill Adams's new system met with opposition and ridicule. But that died swiftly. Company after company took tips from his notebook, and today a life line of efficient Joe Smiths stretches from coast to coast, maintained by different firms, but united in common purposes, not the least of which is to help the public.

It is a great temptation to tell here the amazing story of how the new safety patrol program has helped the trucking industry itself. As a sample, there's a Texas concern, operating 200 trucks, which a few years ago had 50 or 60 accidents *each month*. After the new plan took effect it has *less than one accident per month*, and for the last ten months it hasn't had any. Consider what such a drastic reduction means in lower premiums, lives saved, injuries avoided, cargoes undamaged.

"My theory," explains Colonel Adams, "was that it was good business to keep the highways as clear as possible, to keep traffic rolling smoothly. Stalled cars are hazards; our trucks might hit them. Also, I had heard that a little act of kindness is like casting your bread upon the water. Lots of times it'll come back as a whole bakery.

"Anyhow, we planned to have to maintain a fleet of patrol cars for routine checking on trucks, and it would cost little extra to let the public benefit by our trained men and their equipment."

Perhaps the easiest way to see how all these theories work out is to take a ride some night with one of the Joe Smiths. By special dispensation I spent an entire night cruising with a safety engineer named J. Hollis McGuire, easily changed to "Mac." A big, husky fellow, with capable fists that he has had to use only twice in three years. A college man with a degree in engineering.

His car was a light gray coupé with red wheels. "Standard model," Mac explained, "but the motor is souped up a little. It'll hang right around 100 miles an hour."

In small lettering, the car bears the name of the company and, in large letters, "SAFETY PATROL." On the rear it has two large red lights, about eight inches in diameter. Mac flicked a switch, and the lights began blinking regularly.

"Whenever we stop along the road, those lights go on so that people in oncoming cars can see us easily. Also, when those lights are flashing as we pull ahead of a truck, it's a signal for the driver to pull off the road at the next convenient place for a little chat."

The rear compartment is packed with every conceivable safety device—selected after careful tests and arranged on a special rack. Red-burning fusees for danger signals, fire extinguishers, a towline, yards of stout rope, a husky jack, flare pots, a first-aid kit, a fire ax.

Up in front is a powerful searchlight, with a special camera arranged so that it will take a picture wherever the light is pointed. And a powerful radio which, by special permission in several states, is equipped to pick up state police calls.

MAC picked out a 50-mile stretch of highway to patrol all night. We had been out about ten minutes when he stepped on the accelerator and pointed ahead. "There's a fire up there." The powerful car leaped ahead, and in a few seconds we were on the spot. It was only a little grass fire, a tiny patch of flames started by a discarded cigarette. We stopped and extinguished it.

"You can't tell about a fire like that," Mac said, and he told me how one such fire had slumbered along and burned away a wooden power pole. The pole fell across the highway. A truck hit it, and there was a serious accident. A would-be rescuer was severely burned by touching the hot wires.

Half an hour later, our headlights picked out an automobile parked half on the road, half on the shoulder, not a light showing. We stopped behind it.

"What's the trouble?" Mac asked.

"Wire's loose, I guess," the driver snorted. "The lights just went out on me, and I couldn't see to drive."

"Sounds like a (*Continued on page 169*)

It takes ALL KINDS

JIM FOLEY recently opened in Minneapolis, Minn., a lunchroom which provides no silverware for its patrons. The "house specialty" is fried chicken to be eaten with your fingers. A sand pail full of water is provided for "dipping" purposes.

ANNOYED because drivers behind him seldom paid attention to his hand signals, a Fredonia, Kans., bus operator has carved a shapely leg out of wood, and adorned it with a woman's silk stocking and shoe. Now he signals with the leg and every motorist pays attention.

GEORGE BUTTERWORTH, 70, a retired contractor of Bloomfield, N. J., has paid cash-in-advance for thirty years for a Florida hotel room, where he expects to live to be 100 by taking things easy, playing shuffleboard, and going fishing.

IN a world of many hates, Oluf Hansen, of Alameda, Calif., figures he is contributing his share toward making people happier by giving away 5,000 lapel buttons bearing the motto: "I'm Not Mad At Anybody."

CHARLES E. DAVIS, a Hartford, Conn., optometrist, has a hobby of collecting tail hairs from elephants. At this writing he has 104 specimens.

CHUCK MARTIN, Western-story writer of Oceanside, Calif., maintains a cemetery of 80 "graves" on his ranch property. The headstones record the deeds and death of each fictitious "bad actor" who met his doom in one of Martin's stories.

THE Rev. Joe H. Carpenter, of Nutters' Fork, West Va., preached so effectively against crime that the town council recently made him chief of police.

MARY PFEIFFER, of Hoboken, N. J., makes money gathering spiders' threads. She persuades captive spiders to unwind their silk, which she winds on a spool. The silk is used for the fine cross-hairs in surveying instruments.

F. M. WEBBER, a railway station agent in Brattleboro, Vt., rids the station lawn of dandelions by collecting the fluffy seeds with a vacuum cleaner.

THE sons of J. F. Patton, of Coatesville, Pa., ranging in age from 13 to 32 years, recently held a family reunion in the form of a baseball team which won from the West End Firemen, city champions, by a score of 8 0. In the grandstand were six daughters and "Ma" Patton.

EARL CORYELL, Oklahoma City, Okla., service-station proprietor, requires all of his employees to wear roller skates to speed up service.

ALBERT BENJAMIN

We will pay $1 for each acceptable item accompanied by corroborative proof. Address IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries returned.

(*Continued from page 168*) bad fuse," Mac speculated. He reached into the compartment of his car for a flashlight and a box of fuses. "Let's see if this turns the trick." He fiddled under the dashboard, and in a moment the lights flashed on.

"Say, what do I owe you?" the relieved driver said.

"Forget it. Glad to help," Mac waved, and in a moment we were on our way. Then he turned to me. "That car was dangerous, a menace on the highway," he said. "And what did it cost to get it rolling along?"

"A couple of pennies."

"And what would it have cost if one of our trucks had hit it?"

ABOUT midnight we found a small truck, completely dark, parked barely off the concrete slab of the highway. Mac's powerful spotlight combed the hills and found a little white house on a hillside—the home of the owner of the truck. Some determined horn-honking brought him down to the road, half dressed and swearing. But Mac cooled him off and got down to business.

"Say," said Mac, "that's a kind of dangerous way to leave your truck parked all night, isn't it?"

"Can't help it, mister. They put a new road through here and left a ditch between the pavement and my property. I been after them to put in a culvert so I could drive the truck up in my yard. But seems like they won't do it."

"But they've got to do it," Mac replied. "It's the law. When they ruin your ingress, they've got to make you a new one."

"That's what I thought," the man said mournfully. "But it's over a year now, and I been to see 'em a dozen times, and there ain't no culvert there yet."

Mac said, "Well, I'll make a deal with you. You leave a flare pot burning beside your truck for a few nights, and I'll see what I can do about that culvert."

The truckman agreed, and we drove on. Next day Mac paid a visit to the state highway office. Ten days later the culvert was in. I have an idea that truckman has a pretty kindly opinion of the Joe Smiths. . . .

We spent most of the night "checking"—observing driving practices, seeing that trucks had proper lights, stopping a few drivers and chatting with them, finding out how long they had been at the wheel, and so forth. One driver happened to mention that he hadn't had any supper. "I run out of money. I'm near finished, though, just a hundred miles or so to go."

Mac fished in his pocket and produced a half-dollar. "Put something inside of you, brother," he said.

The driver protested, according to form, but finally accepted the loan.

"I'll have that four bits back inside of two days," Mac chuckled. "A hungry man is dangerous. He's not hitting on all four."

The sun was barely up when Mac decided to call it a day—or a night. I thought of what had happened on what Mac called a "slow night." A potentially dangerous fire had been extinguished. A blown fuse had been replaced and a worried driver sped along his way. A highway culvert (as it developed) had been put in. And a man had been advanced money for supper. Four good turns. Multiply that by 365 days in a year. Multiply that by all the Joe Smiths. The total would be impressive, but I went to bed without figuring it out. . . .

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by the Joe Smiths are simple little acts that don't make exciting reading, but make friends by the hundreds. Little things like lending a couple of gallons of gasoline, or starting a car with a dead battery, or lending a hand to help with a flat tire. Little things like putting splints on arms broken in wrecks, dabbing on iodine, applying tourniquets and bandages. Little things that save lives.

And, of course, like all men who work when most of the world is asleep, they have their share of exciting, dramatic, often dangerous happenings. More than their share, perhaps.

Take the case of Daphne—which wasn't her real name. Her father owned a department store in a large Midwestern city. Joe Smith found her in a wrecked car on a country road about three o'clock one morning, unconscious but not hurt. Beside her was a young man, badly injured. Joe Smith swung into action. He applied first aid, then found a telephone and called an ambulance. He had found drivers' licenses in the car, and telephoned Daphne's home.

"What's the name of the man with her?" the father asked.

Joe Smith read it off.

"What! She hardly knows him."

Joe Smith had found something else in the car, too. It was a marriage certificate, dated that same night. He broke the news gently to father, and a storm broke loose.

"You hold that girl until I get there!" the father shouted. "I'll have that marriage annulled! I'll . . ." He had hung up.

The engineer went back to the wrecked car. The man had been taken to a hospital and the girl had recovered consciousness. Joe Smith told her what he had done, and the girl cursed him and fought, tooth and nail, to get away. But Joe Smith was a husky young gentleman and he managed to hold her until Father came, whereupon Daphne collapsed. She told how she had gone to a gay party, where, some time after midnight, she had decided it would be a fine idea to marry the young man.

It didn't seem so fine in the gray dawn. The marriage was annulled, and both Daphne and her father were vociferously grateful to Joe Smith.

IT WAS a miserably cold day that another Joe Smith came upon a disabled car on an Arkansas highway. It was an amazingly old car, jammed with nine persons. In the back seat was an old woman, almost smothered in blankets.

"Grandma's purty sick," the gaunt driver explained. "We're taking her to the hospital, but the car here give out."

The engineer looked it over and agreed. The two rear wheels were in impossible shape. Two tires, two tubes, and two rims were needed—and one look at the sharecropper showed he didn't have a cent. Joe Smith didn't have to take this brood under his wing, but the pain-stricken eyes of the old grandmother decided him.

"Come with me," he told the driver. "We'll fix up something." They drove into the next town, and Joe Smith explained the situation to a secondhand-tire dealer.

"I'll pay for the stuff," Joe Smith said.

The dealer scratched his chin. "Tell you what," he said finally, "you get the rims and I'll fix up some tires and tubes."

So Joe Smith's company footed the bill for two secondhand rims. The dealer came through with his tires and tubes. And it wasn't long before the tired old car carried the grandmother toward the charity ward.

"Well, that got one more stalled jallopy off the road," the engineer told me, in an effort to bring things strictly within the line of duty. But I knew better.

Then there was the night when a Joe Smith happened to break up a hijacking ring, which police had been trying to catch for weeks. The robbers had devised an ingenious method of looting trucks in which the cargo was covered only with tarpaulins. The hijackers, operating in a small truck, drove up behind the van, and a man climbed out on a specially built bumper platform, slit the tarpaulin with a knife, and passed the cargo—mostly cigarettes and liquor—back to his confederates.

Joe Smith was driving along. Automatically his eyes watched the red lights of a big truck-trailer far ahead of him. Suddenly the lights were blotted out. Joe Smith pulled up and noticed the small truck trailing close behind the big one. The looter was out on the bumper, busily rifling the load.

Joe Smith tried a trick. Using his headlights, he flashed a signal ahead, hoping the truck driver would see it in his rear-view mirror. And it worked. Joe Smith drove stealthily up behind the raiding truck. The driver of the big truck set his air brakes. The robber truck crashed into it. Joe Smith drove his car up behind the other—and the hijackers were caught in a vise.

There was gunplay that night, but the Joe Smiths know how to handle their revolvers, too. The whole ring was captured and turned over to the state police. . . .

LATE afternoon in the Evangeline country of southern Louisiana. Joe Smith was hurrying along a road that crossed a deep, narrow bayou. He happened to glance into the water, and his blood froze.

Barely visible was the top of a car, bubbles surging up beside it. It had just gone off the bridge—and somebody was still in it.

Joe Smith slammed on his brakes. He saw a man's head break the water, then disappear instantly. It came up again, with a woman's head beside it. The two struggled and threshed at the water, but their clothes were dragging them down.

Joe Smith grabbed the 100-foot length of rope that every patrol car carries. He threw it out, so the end landed by the struggling pair. A moment later they were safe on the bank. He applied artificial respiration to the woman, gave the man a stiff drink of brandy.

"We went to sleep," the man gasped. "If you hadn't come along! . . ."

Almost every page in the report books turned in by the Joe Smiths tells another story to prove the worth of the help-the-public plan. A governor of a Southern state is grateful for first-aid treatment after a crash. The insurance company files are bulging with letters from appreciative motorists. Letters filled with "God bless you" and "Please accept my deepest gratitude" and "I shall never forget . . ." Besides paying rich dividends in dollars and cents, the new help-the-public scheme is paying even richer dividends in satisfaction.

So, the next time you're driving at night and you see a car lettered "SAFETY PATROL," or the next time you see the red lights of a car blinking away in the darkness, you'll know you're not far from an efficient friend, a Good Samaritan of the modern, concrete highway.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

NEW YOUTH AWARDS

(*Continued from page 23*)

the judges. Besides the 321 cash awards and 1,000 *Certificates of Honorable Mention*, there will be special awards for co-operating teachers and for the schools participating most actively.

There are no entry fees, and no entrant is obliged to read or buy THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, which is sponsoring the competition through The American Youth Forum. Numerous suggestions to contestants, however, will appear each month in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

If you are a teacher or student interested in The American Youth Forum and its awards, and you have not heard about it in your school this year, we invite you to write to the Director of The American Youth Forum, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Be sure to furnish the name and address of your school and the name of your principal. Detailed information, posters, and other supplies will then be sent either to the principal or to an interested teacher.

Complete details of the 1939–40 American Youth Forum competition will be found in the following rules. All entrants should read them carefully:

1. Every student under twenty-one years of age who is regularly enrolled as an undergraduate in a junior or a senior high school or in a comparable grade or form in any public or private secondary school in the United States, its territories, and the Panama Canal Zone is eligible to compete for The American Youth Forum awards. Excepted only are employees of The American Youth Forum and The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company (publishers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE), and members of their families.

2. The awards are as follows:

ARTICLE

$1,000 for the best article, not to exceed 1,500 words, on either of the two following subjects: *Today's Challenge to America's Youth*; or *How Much Security is Enough?*

$500 for the second best
$100 for the third best
$50 each for the 5 next best
$25 each for the 10 next best
$10 each for the 50 next best
$5 each for the 100 next best
500 *Certificates of Honorable Mention*

In addition to this choice of subjects, entrants may confine their discussions to single phases of the subjects, such as the following: Government, Education, or Personal Opportunities.

ART

$1,000 for the best painting, drawing, or photograph, NOT TO EXCEED 30 INCHES BY 40 INCHES in dimensions, on either of the two following subjects: *Today's Challenge to America's Youth*; or *My Community: Its Place in the Nation*.

$500 for the second best
$100 for the third best
$10 each for the 50 next best
$5 each for the 100 next best
500 *Certificates of Honorable Mention*

Each participant may limit himself to that part of the American scene which is most familiar to him or for which he feels most keenly. He may concentrate on the city, the village, the countryside, or the sea, as he may choose. On the other hand, he may treat the subject of his choice in a general way.

ADDITIONAL AWARDS

A week's trip to New York and the New York World's Fair of 1940 will be given the first-award winners in both divisions, at the expense of The American Youth Forum and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, the time to be designated later.

Sets of *The Harvard Classics* for the libraries of each of the following schools:

(a) The school having the highest number of its students to submit entries to The American Youth Forum.

(b) The two schools, with enrollments in excess of 500 students, having the highest percentage of their pupils to submit entries to the Forum.

(c) The twelve schools, with enrollments of 500 or fewer students, having the highest percentage of their pupils to submit entries to the Forum.

In case of ties, the principal of each of the tying schools will submit a letter of not more than 100 words giving the reasons why the effects of the competition will prove beneficial. The best letters will determine the winners. These books will not be delivered until September, 1940.

3. Each entry MUST BE CERTIFIED AS ORIGINAL by the principal or a teacher of the school regularly attended by the entrant. The principal or teacher sponsoring the winner of a first or second award in either division will be given an honorarium of $100. Sponsors of first-award winners will be invited to chaperon these successful entrants on the New York trip at the expense of the Forum. Sponsors of third-award winners will each receive an honorarium of $25. The principal or teacher certifying the entry is regarded as the sponsor of the student.

4. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 22, 1940. They will be accepted at the offices of The American Youth Forum, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., at any time prior to the closing date. NO ACKNOWLEDGMENT CAN OR WILL BE MADE OF THE RECEIPT OF INDIVIDUAL ENTRIES.

5. Manuscripts must be written in ink or typewritten (if typewritten, double spaced) on regulation 8½"x11" paper, and on one side only. In the upper left-hand corner of the first page there must appear the name of the competitor, his high-school grade, his age, his home address, the name and location of his school, and the handwritten signature of the principal or teacher sponsoring him. The same information required on manuscripts must appear on the reverse side of entries in the Art Division.

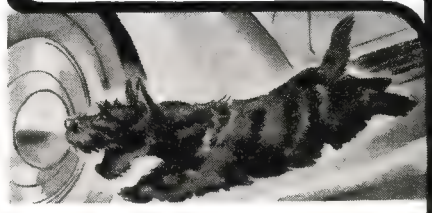
6. The results of this competition will be judged by two boards of three members each, appointed by the Director of the Forum, and their decision on awards will be final. All entries will be judged for their originality, sincerity, and clearness of thought. If there are ties for the student awards, each competitor will be given the full value of the award for which he is tied.

7. Since the Forum will return no manuscripts entered for the awards, competitors are advised to retain copies of their work. If an entrant in the Art Division desires the return of his work, and will accompany it by a letter containing sufficient funds in postage stamps or a money order to defray both the packing and return shipping costs (by either express or freight), The American Youth Forum will make every effort to return his entry after the completion of the judging. Excepted are art entries which win Forum money awards. The Forum does not assume responsibility for entries which might go astray en route to or from its offices.

8. The American Youth Forum and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE reserve the right to publish any entry winning a *Certificate of Honorable Mention*, and agree to pay space rates for any entry so used. All entries of students to whom money awards are made will become the outright property of The American Youth Forum and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

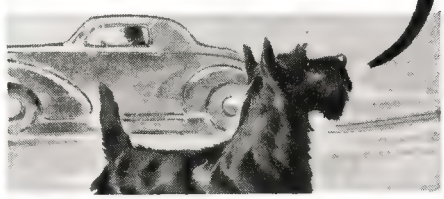
321 cash awards to students.
1,000 Certificates of Honorable Mention.
Expense-free trips to New York for four persons: two winners and two sponsors.

SURE—I USED TO CHASE CARS!



I had the habit — till the Boss read that Albert Payson Terhune article in the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK telling why I chase 'em and how to stop me.

The Boss is a swell guy — but he can't know everything, see? So — he gets the DOG BOOK and learns all about foods and medicines for me! All about training, and breaking bad habits.



Now I can take cars or leave 'em alone — and I haven't been off my feed for months. That BOOK'S got something. It's *free* to you at drug and pet stores — or with this coupon. Don't miss it!

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1 dollar... and a prayer

MY FATHER put me on the train one day with a straw suitcase, a letter, a dollar in nickels and dimes, and a prayer. The prayer came easy, because my father was a preacher, a Negro preacher. The dollar I had earned myself, selling black-eyed peas at ten cents a gallon. The letter simply informed "whom it may concern" that the bearer wanted more than anything else in the world to go to school, and the Lord would bless the one who made it possible.

The less said about the suitcase the better. My father got caught in the rain with it right after the country storekeeper wrapped it up, threw in two sticks of gum, and picked up my father's two-dollar bill—ten years before.

That's the way I went off to school, to a Baptist school, half college, half high school, in the backwoods of Louisiana. "Board," said the lady in the office, "will be $16; tuition, $5; entrance fee, $10; books, $8; hospitalization, $5; athletic fee, $5. Total—"

I just stood there and stared at her, and finally gave her the letter and told her about my father's prayer. It must have been a good prayer and the lady must have been the praying kind, because she didn't laugh out loud. She smiled at me. Her eyes had funny little wrinkles at the corners, and her peaceful mouth made me think about how my baby sister looked when asleep.

"So you want to go to school?"

"Yes, ma'am. More than anything in the world. But I only got a dollar."

Still she didn't laugh. She just kept smiling, and said, "This is a Christian school. . . . I think we can find a place for you."

How I stayed for three years without money is a phenomenon I still don't quite believe. Sure, I worked. I curried mules and wrestled with infernally obstinate plow handles. I dropped corn, grain by grain, in rows that seemed a mile long, nursed the stalks until they were higher than my head, and did my share of husking in the fall. I fed the crushing jaws of an insatiable cane mill and skimmed the froth from golden molasses. I mixed cement for concrete walks, scrubbed floors, dug ditches to keep the spring rains from flooding the campus, and planted young trees that are now on their way to becoming giant white oaks.

But I know I didn't work enough to pay for all I received. I played part of the time. One day my roommate said to me, "The coach needs guys like you."

I found the coach on the flat stretch of grass behind the barn. He taught me to obey, to co-operate, to play fair. He taught me to take it and grin when the other guy was getting the best of everything—and of me. And three times he gave me a football letter, and a trip to glorious New Orleans, and banquets. And when it was over I walked alone in forests carpeted with aromatic pine needles and sucked in great gasps of intoxicating air, and my skinny frame was now filled out with solid flesh and muscles that rippled.

I learned things, too. One day a man placed beneath my chin a violin, and in my hand a bow. He taught me to read music—and, better, to *make* music. Music that caused him to groan and tear his hair and rap my fingers, at first; but later to smile and nod. I learned to make my voice blend with half a hundred others in the deep, moving strains of "Deep River," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "Go Down, Moses," those throbbing melodies that were my heritage, my American heritage—only I hadn't known about it before. Music straight from the heart, music that was old when my grandfather was a boy, yet managed to retain for me all the freshness of a morning sunrise. . . .

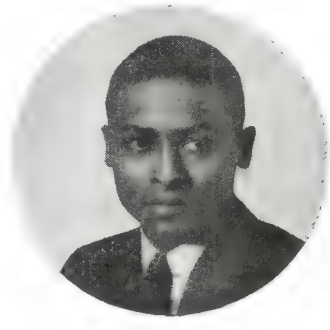
They took me in a pauper, and made me rich—in thought, ideals, and aspirations. They took me in blind, and showed me beauty. They took away my doubts and gave me assurance. They scoured my mind of fear and gave me courage to stand or fall by my own convictions.

And for these blessings, which came to me out of the goodness of American hearts, I am truly grateful.

As a Negro—a member of a minority group—I know that this land is the very best land in which I could have been born. I love America. I have even more reason to love America than a white man has. It's comforting to have at your back the kind of constitutional guarantees that have protected me here since I was born—not to mention the two amendments added to the books for the special benefit of black people like me. The fate of minorities in dictator states is something I shudder to think about—and my most fervent prayer goes something like this:

"Dear Lord, I thank Thee that I live in a land where I may earn—and no one takes it away with a sweeping decree. I am grateful for having first seen the light of day in a young nation, a growing nation; one that has its future in front of it—not behind it. I thank Thee for a tolerant land, one in which my color holds me back only when I have nothing but my color to offer."

BY OLLIE STEWART



Mr. Stewart, one of America's most promising young Negro writers, has held an astonishing variety of jobs since he was born in Louisiana, 32 years ago. He has been, successively, a stevedore, chauffeur, sailor, farm hand, professional baseball player, and newspaper reporter

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A FORTUNE FOR A BUG

(*Continued from page 52*)

Wyoming and sprayed the concoction on mealy bugs and pineapple plants. By all the rules of biology it should have killed both. Miraculously, the bugs died, the pineapple plant thrived. The new stuff was better than the old; it cut the industry's oil bill about $100,000 a year.

The moment he found that the mealy bug was to blame for all the trouble, Dr. Carter started looking for a parasite or predator to kill it. All this time entomologists employed by the pineapple people were searching the world, particularly the tropical countries where (a) pineapples were growing successfully; (b) mealy bugs, tended by ants, were in existence but in such small quantities that it was reasonable to assume something was keeping them from increasing.

Jamaica and Central America particularly fitted those conditions. Local entomologists and U. S. Department of Agriculture men co-operated, and *Eureka!* They found mealy bugs dead from a cause other than old age—some had holes bored in them. In Guatemala and Spanish Honduras they discovered five insects that undoubtedly were killing mealy bugs. Males and females were shipped to Hawaii, where their children would be loosed to fight for their adopted country. But heaven protected the mealy bug again. Incredible as it seemed (particularly to the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce), although the greeters in Hawaii did everything but hang leis around the parasites' necks and sing *Aloha* to them, *they didn't like Hawaii!*

They were glumly homesick and refused to produce children in any important quantity. One species never even got a chance to try. Dr. Carter put 50 in a jar with ants and mealy bugs, and the next morning 48 bodies were found neatly piled in a corner and the other two parasites were running for their lives. The ants gave this gruesome warning to show how they would handle *this* alien.

Dr. Carter and his men are sure they will find the right bug some day. They've even been experimenting with the capacity of small gray-blue lizards that they found eating mealy bugs in a pineapple field in Jamaica.

When I visited Hawaii, Dr. Carter had just returned from a round-the-world trip. In eleven months he collected bugs in Africa, Zanzibar, Malaya, Java, the Philippines, Australia, and Fiji. He brought 'em all back alive, although he had some close calls. Men were to meet him at ports along the way with fresh mealy bugs for the parasites to eat, and once or twice they didn't deliver and the parasites almost died.

IN THE experiment station in Honolulu are dozens of glass jars containing, all together, pineapples, ants, mealy bugs, and parasites. Most of the parasites are doing poorly. Scientists are proverbially conservative and Dr. Carter is conventional in this respect. He has two parasites which are reproducing slowly—under as skillful care as Dr. Dafoe gave the Quints. But when freed in a pineapple field they may promptly die.

That the experts don't see much relief in sight is indicated by the fact that the plant men are trying to produce a pineapple which the mealy bug won't like or which is strong enough to resist his poison. They might make good.

Men study hard and get college degrees, and spend years in laboratories and in field work. They invent the electric light and radio and airplane. Scientists are wonderful. Some day they may even outsmart a tiny, dumb bug that never had a day's schooling in his life.

HOW MODERN ARE YOU?

(*Analyses for questions on page 66*)

GIVE yourself credit for each group of questions in which you answered four or more with "Yes." For example, if you answered "Yes" to three questions in group A, to four questions in group B, and to five questions in group C, then your score is BC. You will find your analysis under your own key letters.

– A –

YOU have what might be called a streamlined heart coupled with a horse-and-buggy head. When you act intuitively, your behavior is modern. When you stop to think before you act, then your actions are conventional. And, since you generally follow your reason rather than your natural inclinations, you behave—with equal invariability—in a manner not modern.

Your tastes are bold. They aren't fooled by fads and frills and conventions; they are individual and adventurous. But you often squelch them. You often repress the unconventional impulse and act on the conventional idea. Perhaps it wouldn't hurt if you let yourself go—within reason, of course.

– B –

YOU are putting on something of an act for people and, maybe, for yourself as well. You behave in the latest style and sometimes go so far as to shock your friends. But this is mostly front, for your real ideas and your tastes are well on the conservative side. You like to think you are modern, but, bluntly, you aren't.

– C –

YOU are an armchair modernist, modern in theory but rather old-fashioned in practice. In the safe realm of pure thought you are brave to the point of rashness. But in the dangerous everyday world you are as cautious as a mouse.

When you talk like an archradical, you aren't fooling. You honestly think in modern terms. But you are too inherently old-fashioned to put your fiery words into action. Even your clothes belie the shocking speeches you make. What you actually have is a 1940 model mind in a 1908 chassis.

– A B –

AS LONG as you keep your mouth firmly closed, you appear to be as modern as next month's newspaper. You generally act on instincts which seem to have been designed by a futuristic architect.

But there is considerable lag between the way you feel and act and the way you think. Your ideas are a good 30 m.p.h. slower than your behavior. Possibly you, yourself, don't always approve of the way you act. And if you ever run into a real problem of behavior, this cerebral chaperon will probably assert itself.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

– A C –

YOU seem to be the timid modernist. Your tastes are in the newest fashion and you think as futuristically as the weatherman. But when it comes to action you'd rather be safe than streamlined. On minor matters you probably follow the dictates of your ideas and inclinations. But on major problems you generally bow to the restraints of convention. You aren't exactly afraid of public censure, but you just find it easier to move in the usual grooves.

– B C –

YOU are a self-made modernist. Underneath it all you are naturally old-fashioned, but you have read and thought enough to redecorate yourself in the newest style. You have completely overhauled your mind, so that it is now emancipated from traditional prejudices. And you have the courage of your convictions. You aren't in the least afraid to put your ideas into practice. Sometimes you have a twinge of conscience, but you seldom heed this reactionary voice.

– A B C –

YOU are the essence of modernity. You feel modern, you think modern, you act modern, you are modern. Your head is completely uncluttered with the traditional baggage that most of us tote around. Your impulses are fresh and unconditioned by any unreasonable conventions.

– NO LETTERS –

IF YOU answered all the questions honestly you are an authentic antique and probably would feel perfectly at home in the Smithsonian Institution.

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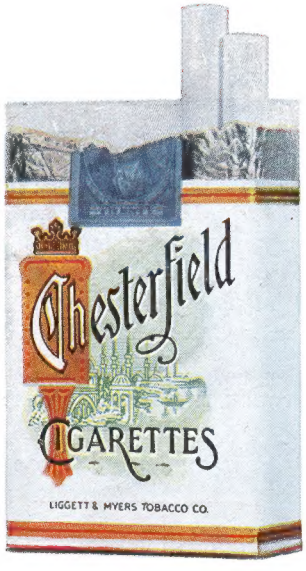

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